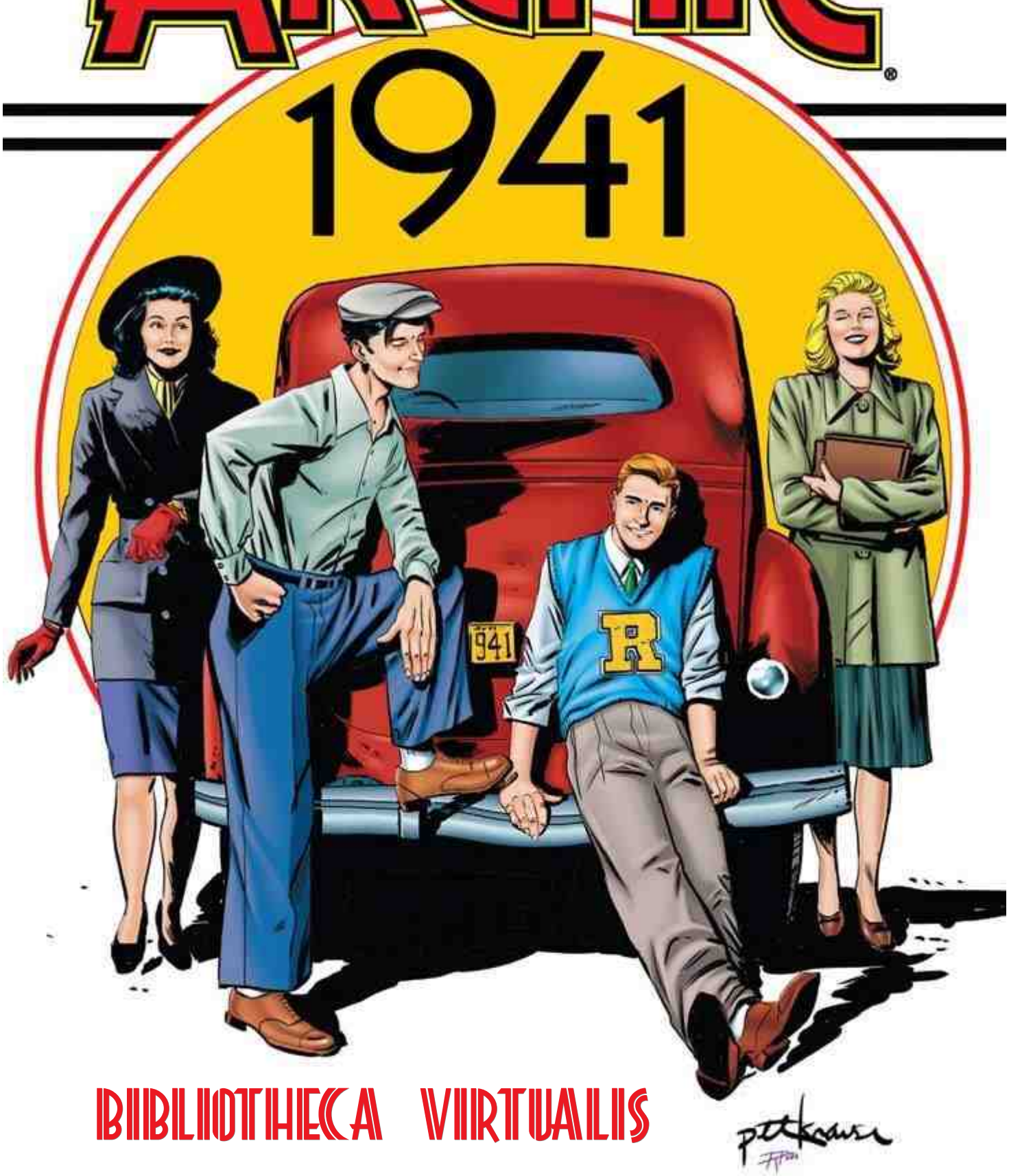
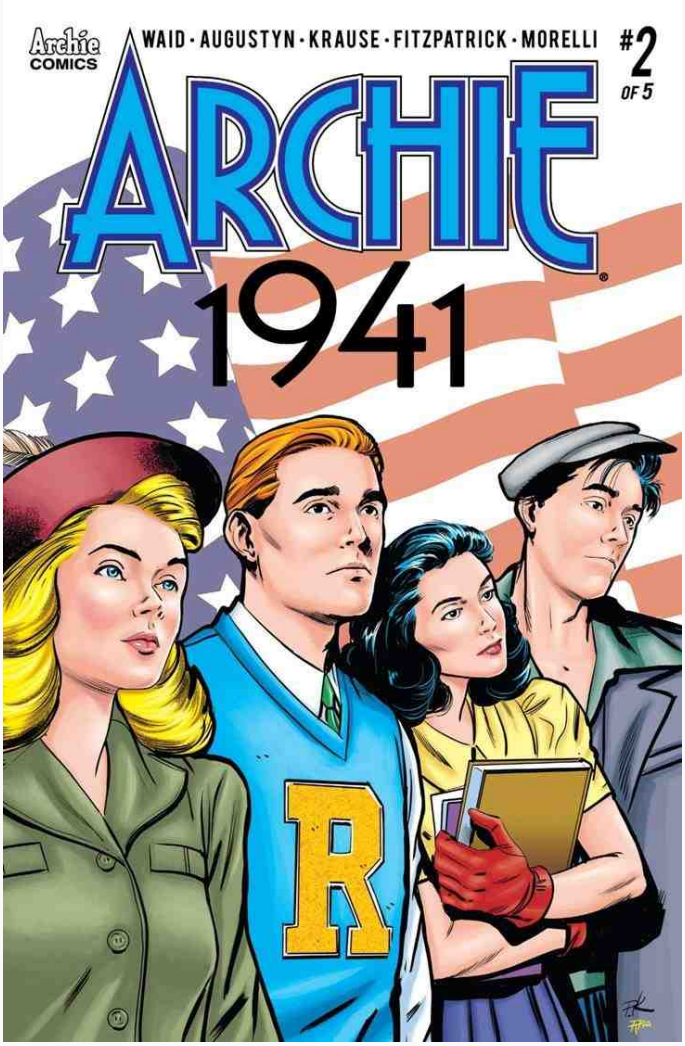
WAID · AUGUSTYN · KRAUSE · FITZPATRICK · MORELLI

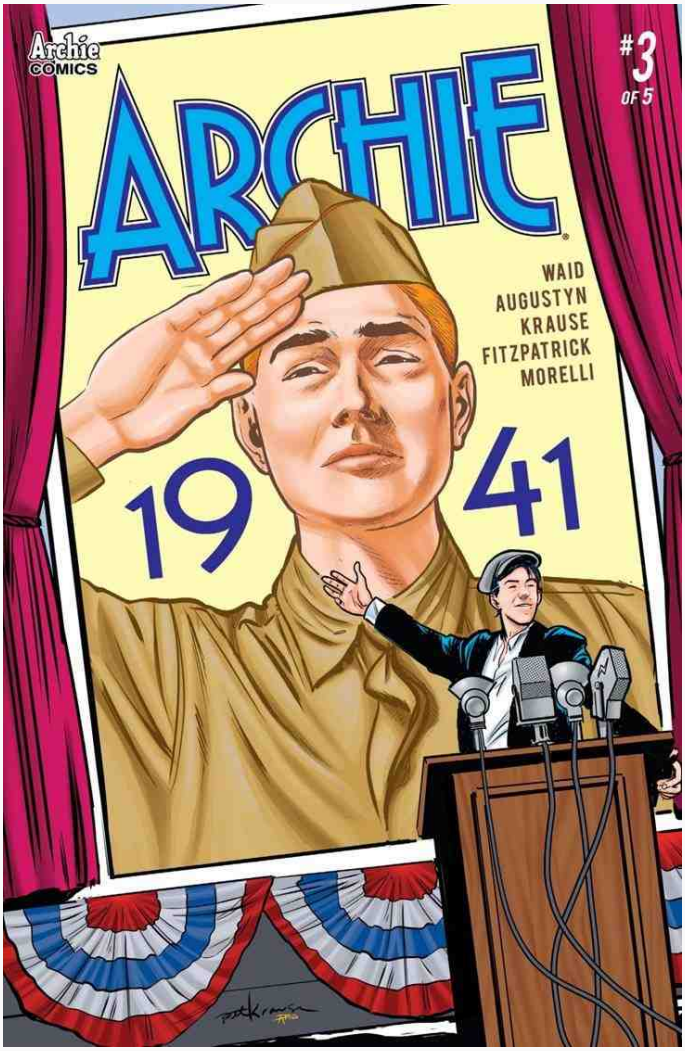
ARCHIE®

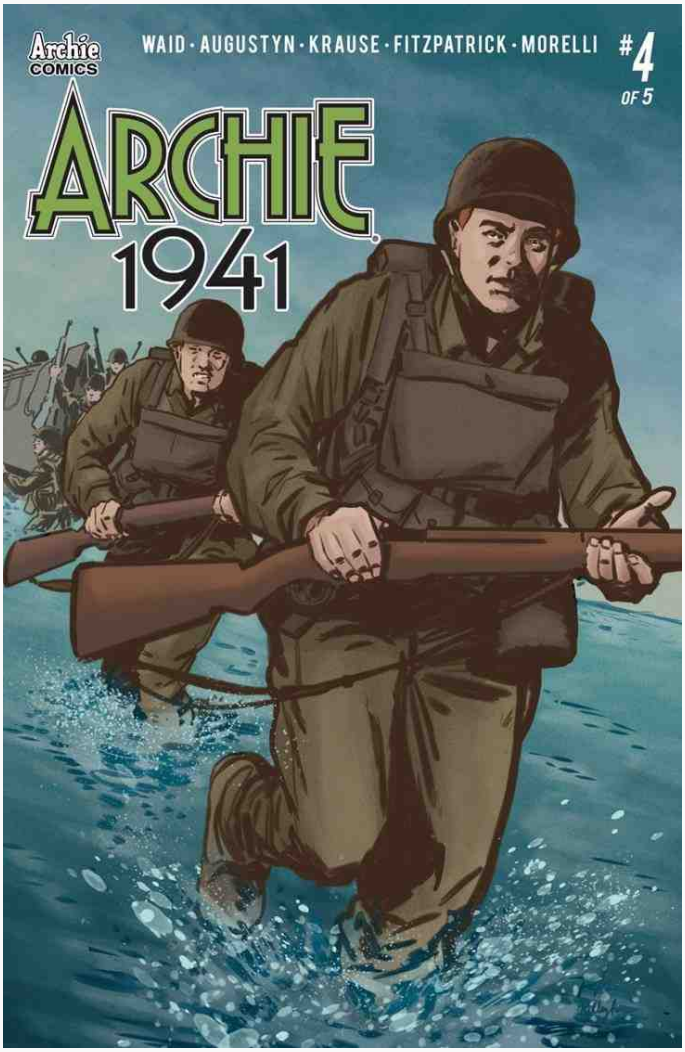
1941

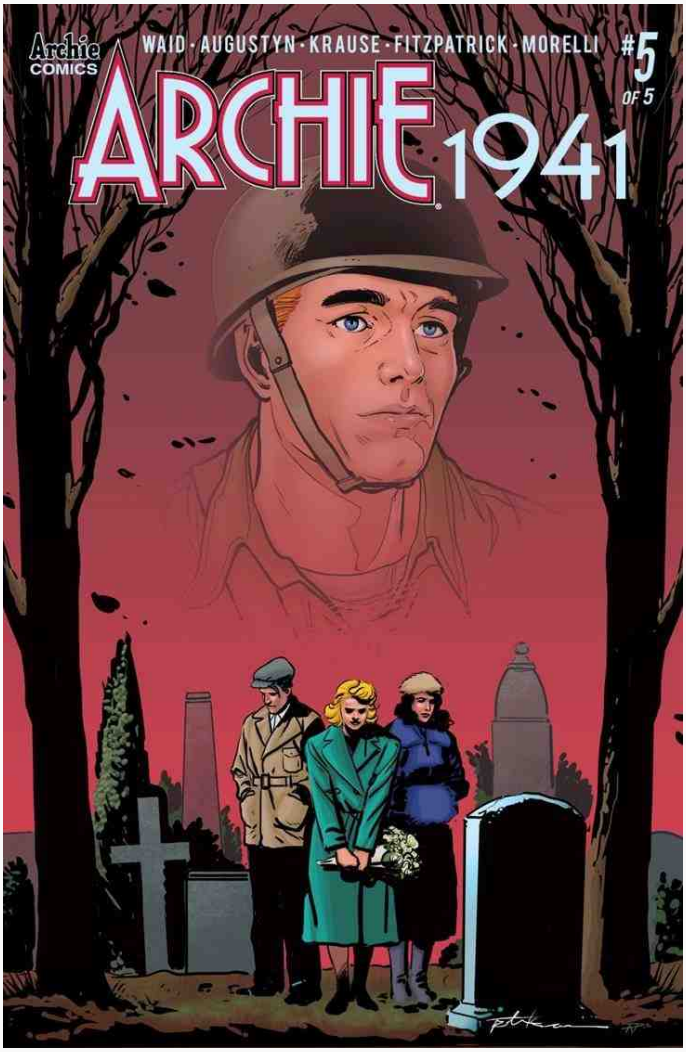


BIBLIOTHECA VIRTUALIS

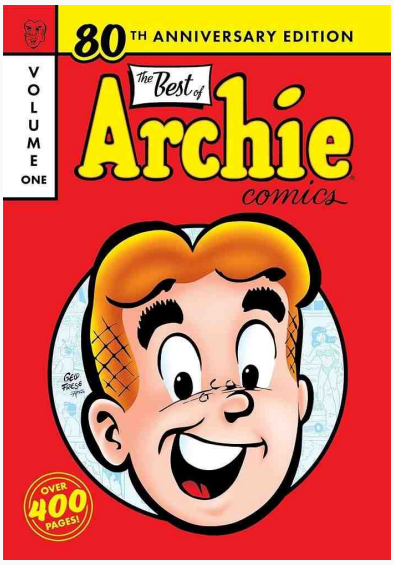

Archie COMICS
WAID · AUGUSTYN · KRAUSE · FITZPATRICK · MORELLI
#2 OF 5
ARCHIE 1941


Archie COMICS
#3 OF 5
ARCHIE
WAID
AUGUSTYN
KRAUSE
FITZPATRICK
MORELLI
19 41


Archie COMICS
WAID · AUGUSTYN · KRAUSE · FITZPATRICK · MORELLI
#4 OF 5
ARCHIE 1941

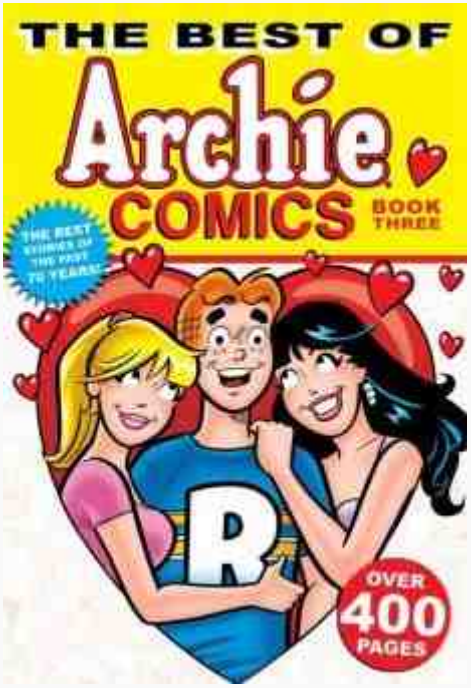

Archie COMICS
WAID · AUGUSTYN · KRAUSE · FITZPATRICK · MORELLI
#5 OF 5
ARCHIE 1941

Archibald Andrews est né en même temps que les Etats-Unis entraient en guerre. Nous étions en décembre 1941 dans le numéro 22de Peps Comics. Archie est un lycéen de 17 ans, assez maladroit, qui a un bon copain, plutôt goinfre, Forsythe Jones surnommé Jughead et deux petites amies potentielles Betty Cooper et Veronica Lodge qui se tirent la bourre pour conquérir le cœur d'Archie. Il a aussi un rival, pire un ennemi, Reggie Mantle.



Ajoutez à cela les autres copains, les parents, les parents des copains et vous avez le petit monde de la ville fictive de Riverdale. Le personnage a suffisamment de succès pour qu'une revue porte rapidement son nom et que l'éditeur change également de dénomination sociale passant de MLJ Comics à Archie Comics.

80 ans plus tard la série existe toujours et les publications se sont même multipliées. Elle se caractérise par une Amérique blanche, sans réelle violence, et plutôt en phase de plein emploi. En un mot comme en cent, il s'agit d'un pays fantasmé qui a eu sans doute cours dans l'Amérique profonde des années 50, telle que dépeinte dans Retour vers le Futur.



C'est pourquoi cet Archie 1941 est une sacrée surprise. Cette année là en Amérique les nuages annonçant la guerre s'amoncellent et Archie va être amené à faire ce que des millions de jeunes boys ont fait : partir à la guerre avec la possibilité de mourir sur l'un des nombreux champs de batailles.

L'histoire que nous présentons est faite de bons sentiments et peut paraitre fade au regard des productions actuelles qui n'hésitent pas dans la surenchère de violence ou du courage intrépide. Ici l'accent est davantage mis sur les relations entre parents enfants, entre amis, etc.

Archie, aussi maladroit que d'habitude se fait copieusement réprimander par son père qui bien évidemment sera aux affres de voir son fils parti au combat. Il y a ainsi mille petits détails quotidiens, comme l'augmentation de l'essence, 20 cents pour un gallon (environ 4,5 litres) une comme qui fait sourire aujourd'hui, un début de rationnement même si on est loin de ce que connaissait l'Europe à pareille époque, etc.

De même la couverture du premier épisode fait incontestablement référence à celles de Norman Rockwell.

Cette histoire fait inévitablement penser aux films américains réalisés durant le conflit où les immédiates années qui suivirent. Ils sont par essence fort différents de ceux qui sont tournés désormais. Ce sont bien sûr des films de propagande destinés à soutenir le moral du pays. Mais les œuvres outrageusement cocardières ne sont pas si nombreuses.

Beaucoup ne manquent pas de finesse.

La mission implicite d'Hollywood était de montrer que la cause américaine était juste, que le peuple faisait preuve d'une réelle résilience et que la victoire nécessitait un prix à payer. Ce prix était la mort des boys. J'avais Cinq Fils (The Sullivans -1944) basé sur des faits authentiques montre que le sacrifice pouvait être exorbitant et des vedettes comme John Wayne, Fred McMurray ou Errol Flynn pouvaient ainsi mourir à l'écran. Il fallait aussi montrer que face à la douleur, les familles américaines faisaient front. Des films comme Et la Vie Continue (The Human Comedy -1943), Happy Land sorti la même année, Depuis ton Départ (Since You Went Away -1944) s'appesantissent ainsi sur la vie de l'arrière. L'attente des lettres des enfants ou des maris, la crainte de recevoir un télégramme officiel, etc.

Avec la fin de la guerre des réalisations comme When the Lights Go On Again (1944), Les Plus Belles Années de notre vie (The Best Years of Our Lives -1946) ou Amoureuse (Till the End of Time) de la même année montreront la difficulté de la réinsertion.

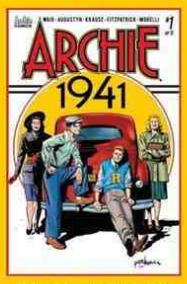
C'est de tout cela dont cette histoire est imprégnée. Sur 100 planches, trois seulement sont consacrées au combat. Il s'agit donc d'un récit de guerre, qui parle de la guerre telle qu'elle est vécue par des civils loin du front.

Dans le flot de la production actuelle des comics, une série qui certes ne confine pas au génial mais est plaisante à lire et prend le temps de s'appesantir sur l'humain, en occultant haine ou violence c'est un peu comme une oasis dans le désert.

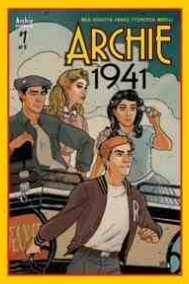
Sachons prendre le temps de s'y désaltérer.

Garches, le 24 avril 2024

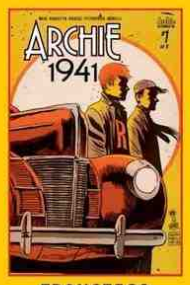
COVER GALLERY



PETER KRAUSE &
ROSARIO "TITO" PEÑA



SANYA ANWAR

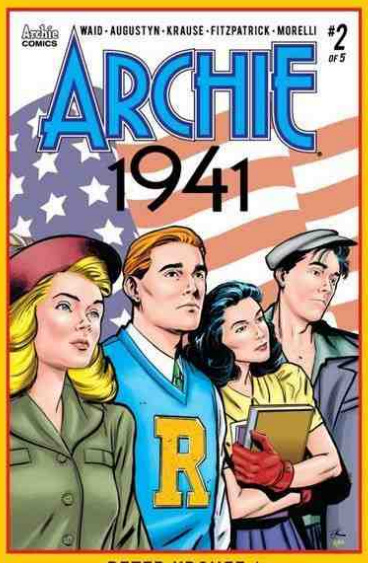


FRANCESCO
FRANCAVILLA

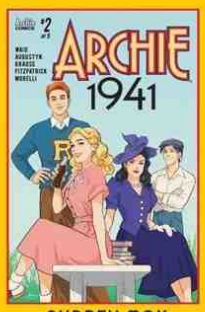
DAVE JOHNSON

AARON LOPRESTI

COVER GALLERY



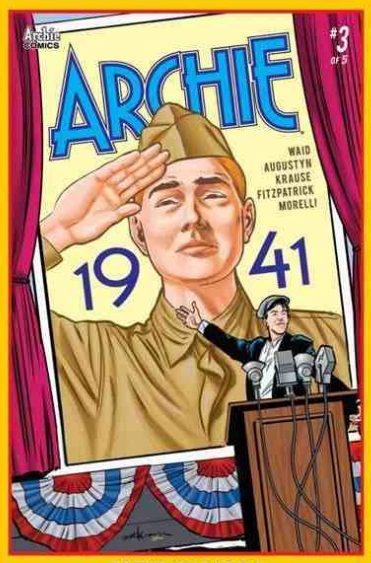
PETER KRAUSE &
ROSARIO "TITO" PEÑA



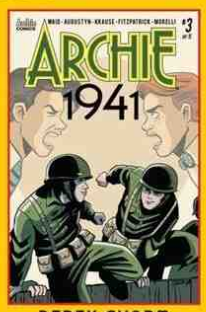
AUDREY MOK

MARGUERITE SAUVAGE

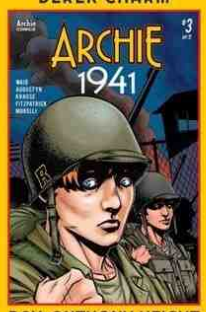
COVER GALLERY



PETER KRAUSE &
ROSARIO "TITO" PEÑA

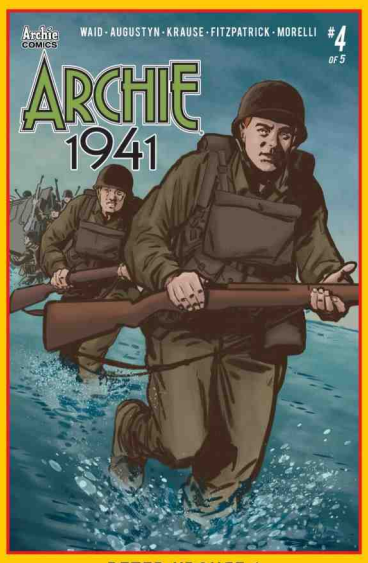


DEREK CHARM



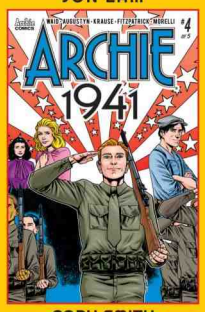
RAY-ANTHONY HEIGHT
& ROSARIO "TITO" PEÑA

COVER GALLERY



PETER KRAUSE &
KELLY FITZPATRICK

JON LAM

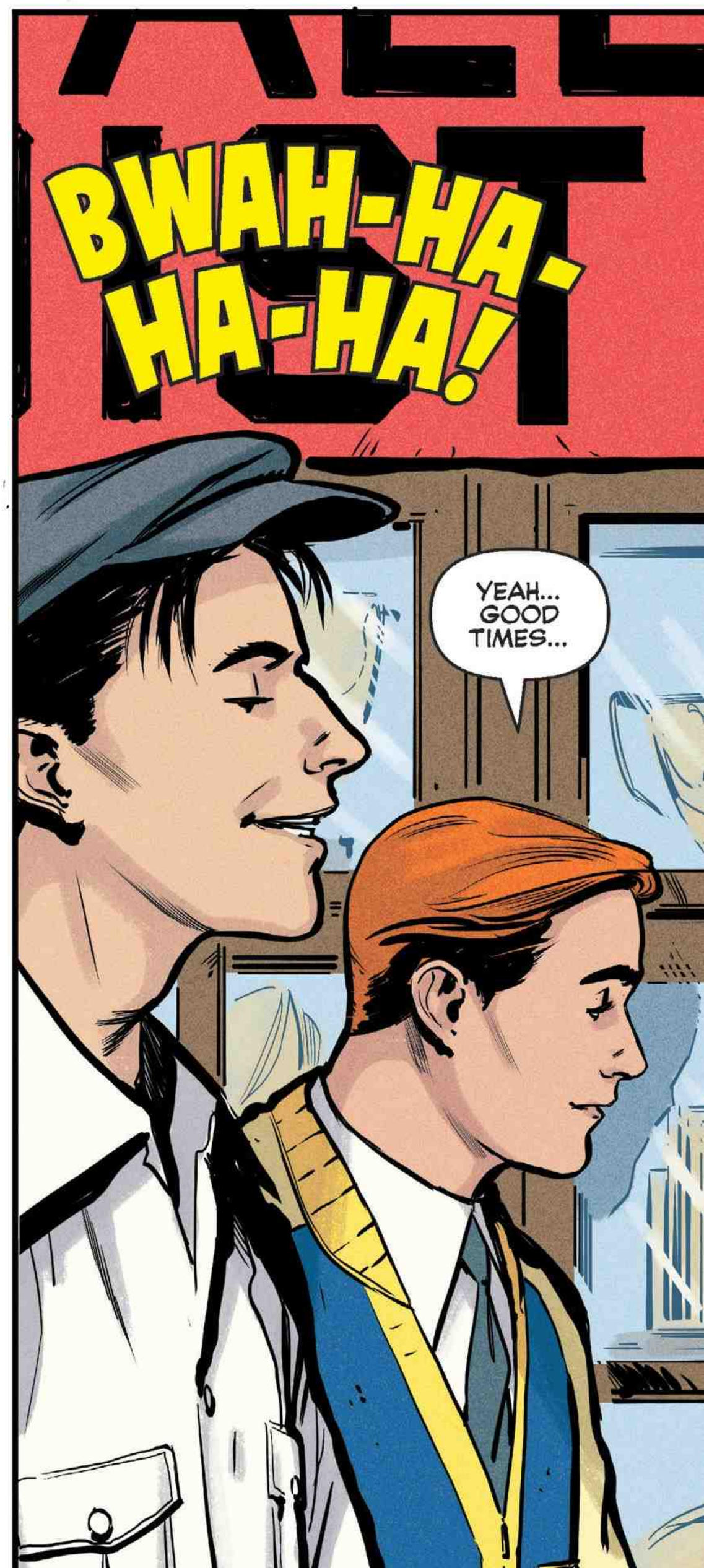


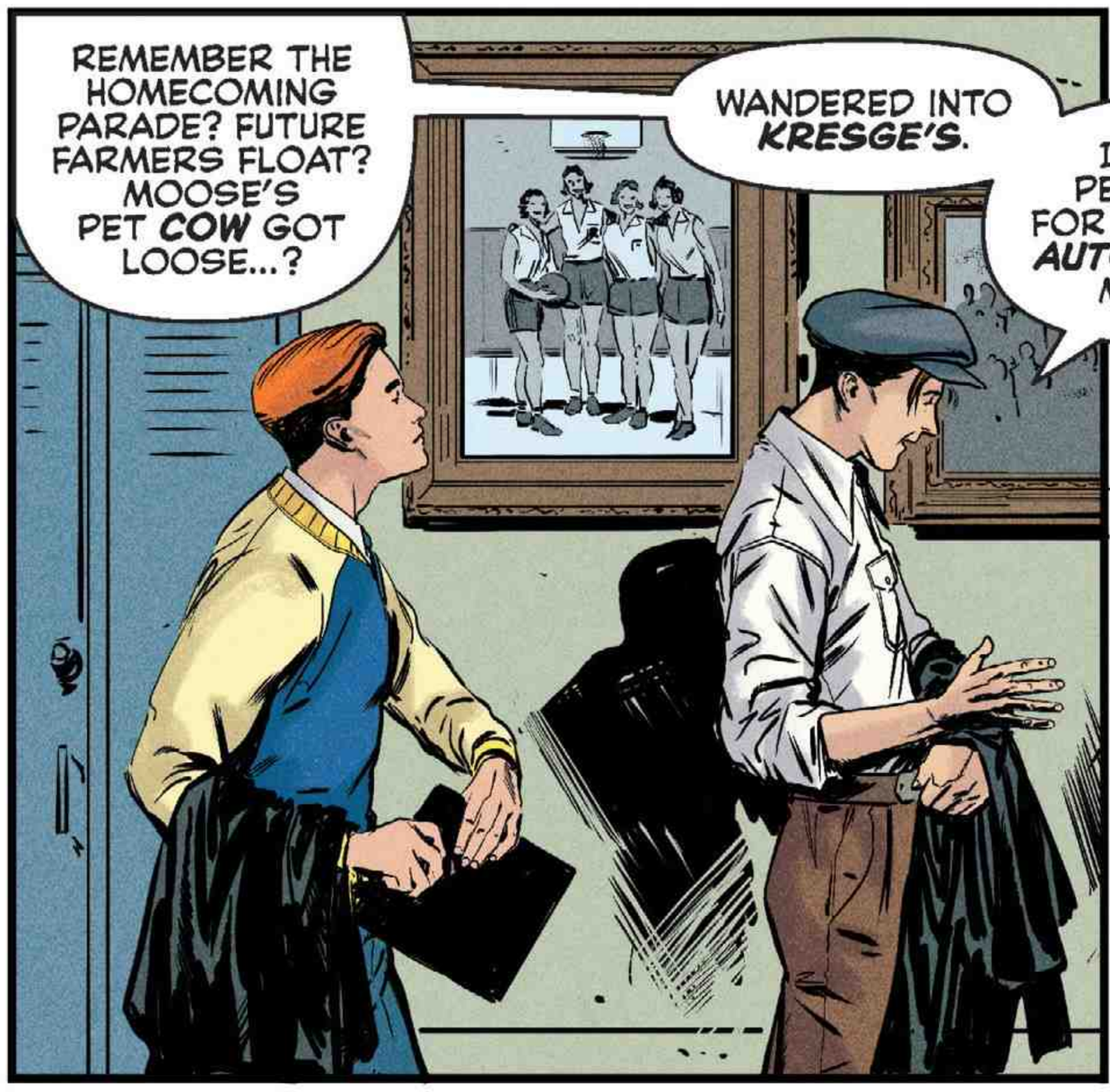
CORY SMITH
& ROSARIO "TITO" PEÑA

MAY.

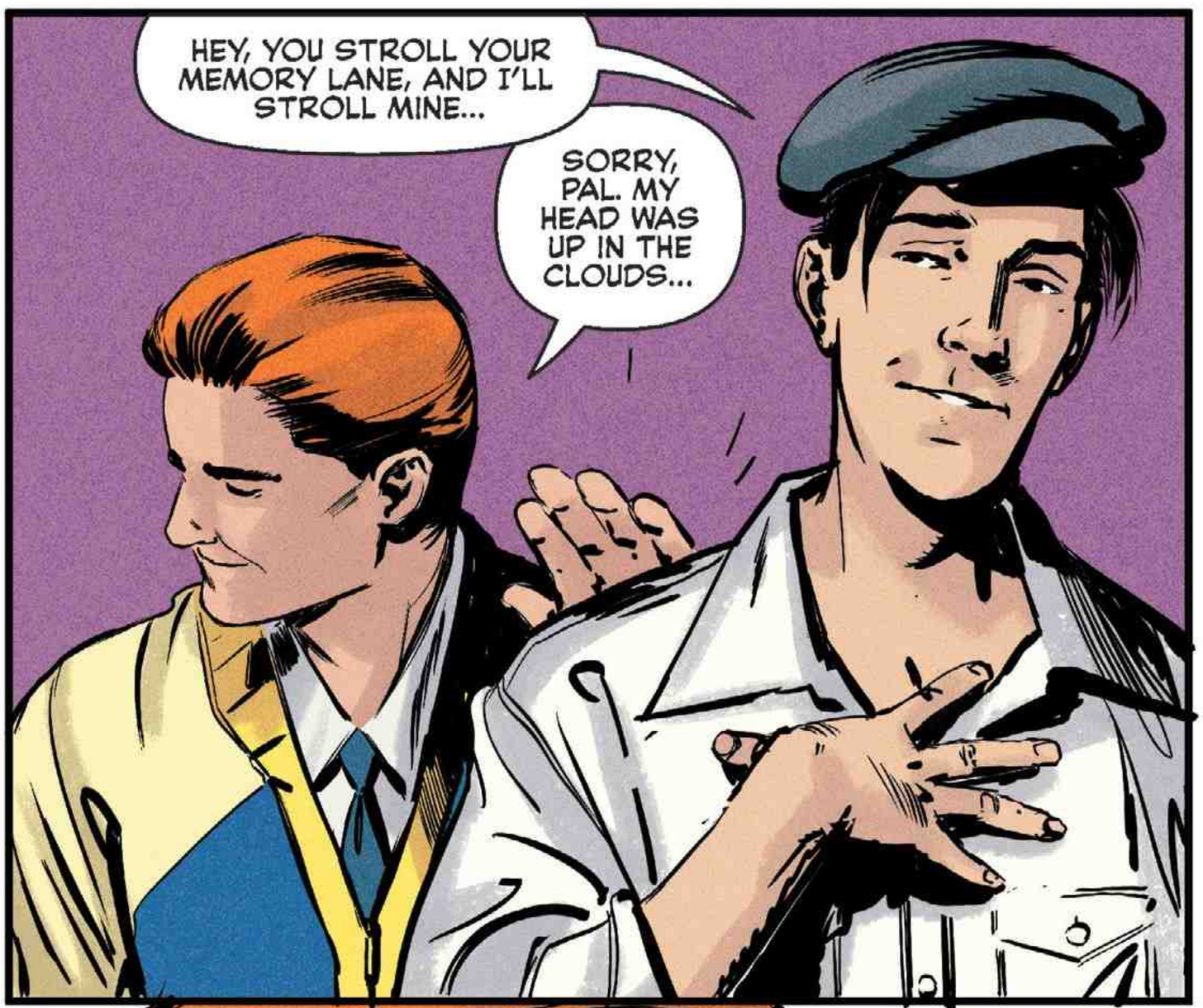
RIVERDALE HIGH.

ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS.

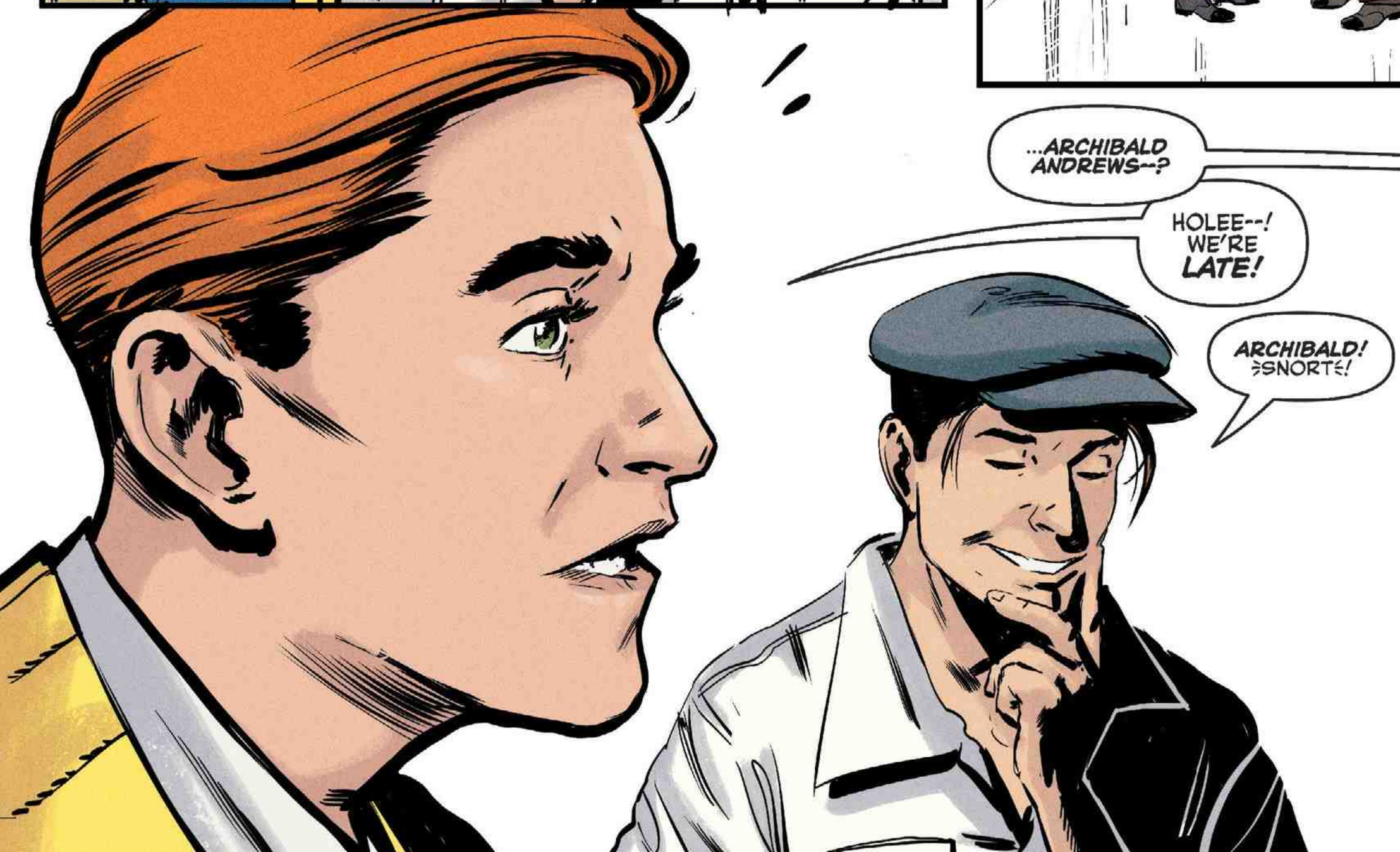



REMEMBER THE HOMECOMING PARADE? FUTURE FARMERS FLOAT? MOOSE'S PET COW GOT LOOSE...?
WANDERED INTO KRESGE'S.

I ALWAYS PEGGED HIM FOR A WESTERN AUTO SHOPPER, MYSELF...
COW--?
Oh...RIGHT. YOU HAVE A STRANGE IDEA OF LEGACY, JUG.

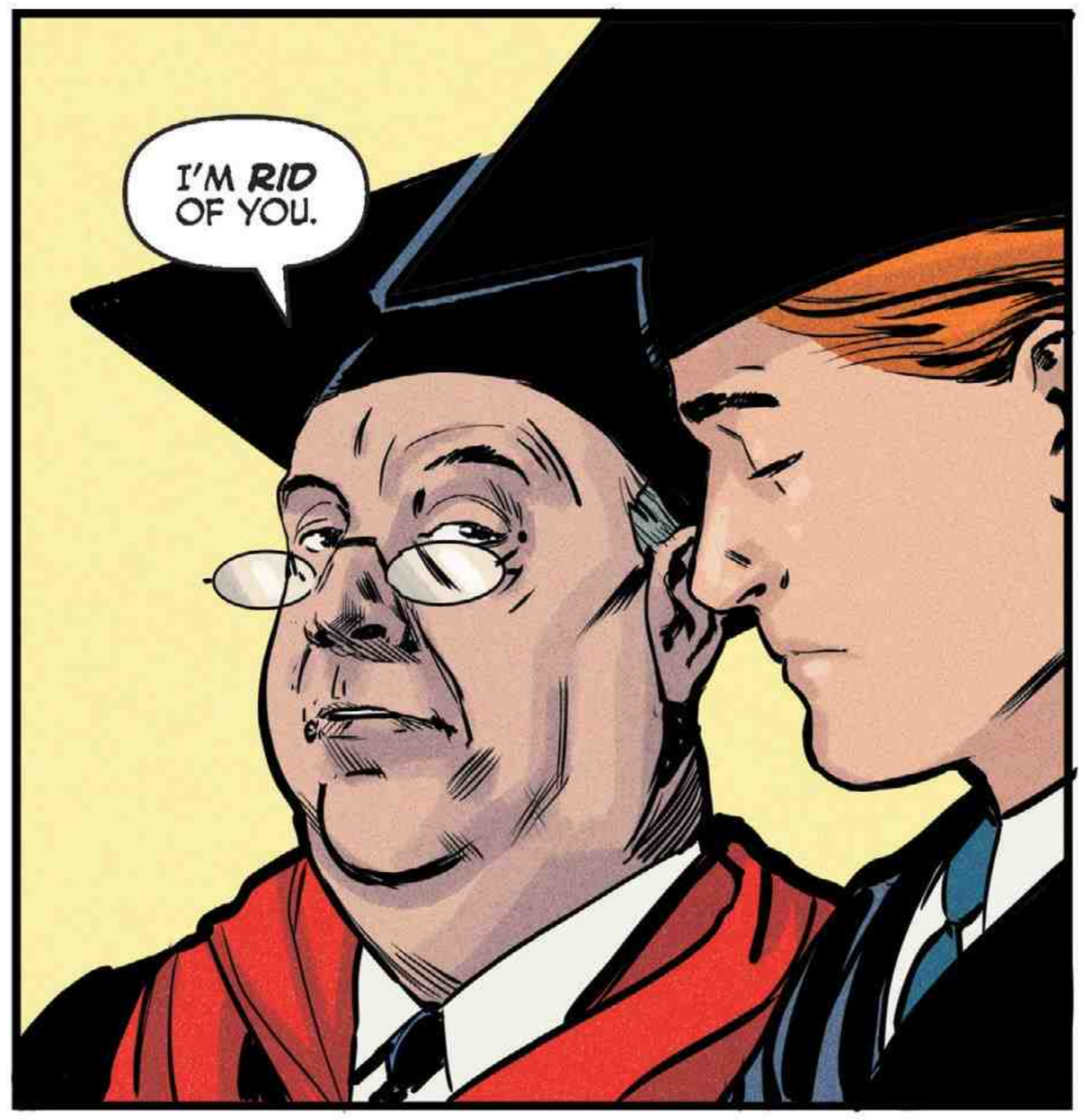

HEY, YOU STROLL YOUR MEMORY LANE, AND I'LL STROLL MINE...
SORRY, PAL. MY HEAD WAS UP IN THE CLOUDS...

I'LL SAY. YOU DON'T SEEM YOURSELF THESE DAYS--
--ANDREWS...?


...ARCHIBALD ANDREWS--?
HOLEE--! WE'RE LATE!
ARCHIBALD! =SNORT=!

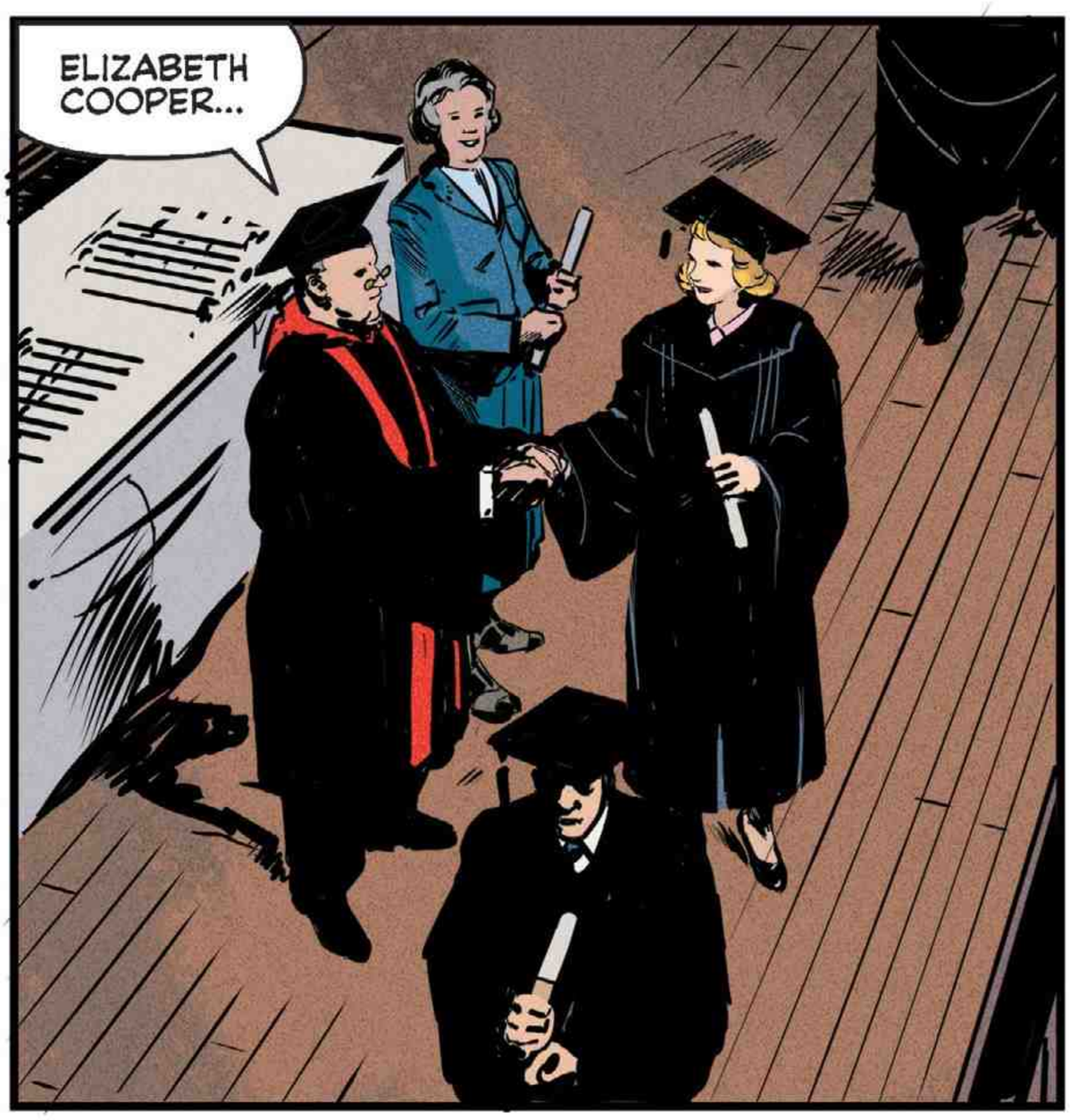
ARCHIE ANDREWS?
RIVERDALE HIGH
19 41
HERE--I'M HERE!
OF COURSE OUR SON IS LATE.
Oh, FRED, BE KIND. YOU KNOW HOW HE CAN BE...

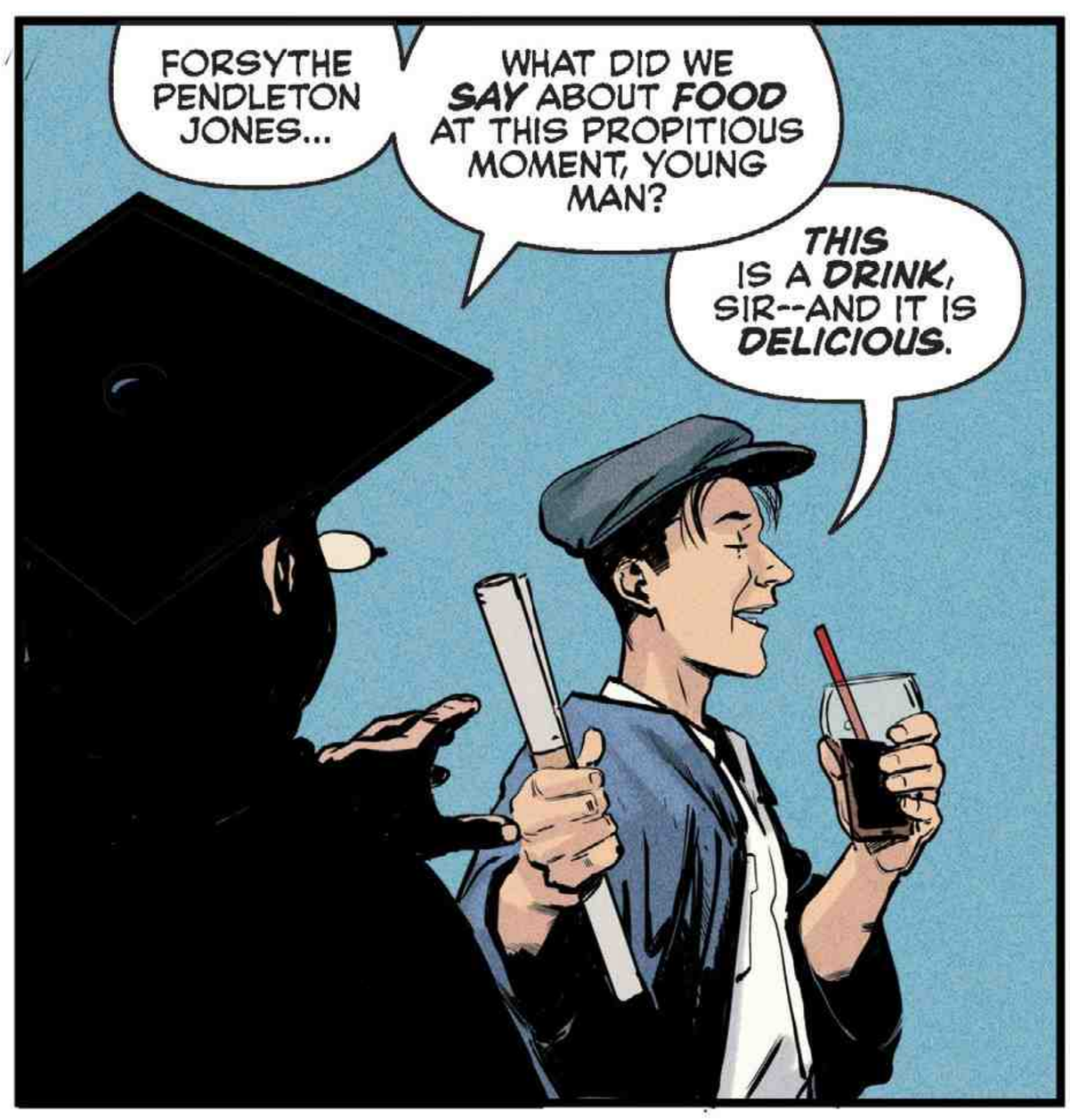
SORRY, MR. WEATHERBEE...SORRY.
PISH-POSH, MR. ANDREWS. I HAVE *LIVED FOR THIS MOMENT* FOR YEARS--YOU *CANNOT* SPOIL IT.
YOU'RE *PROUD* OF ME?

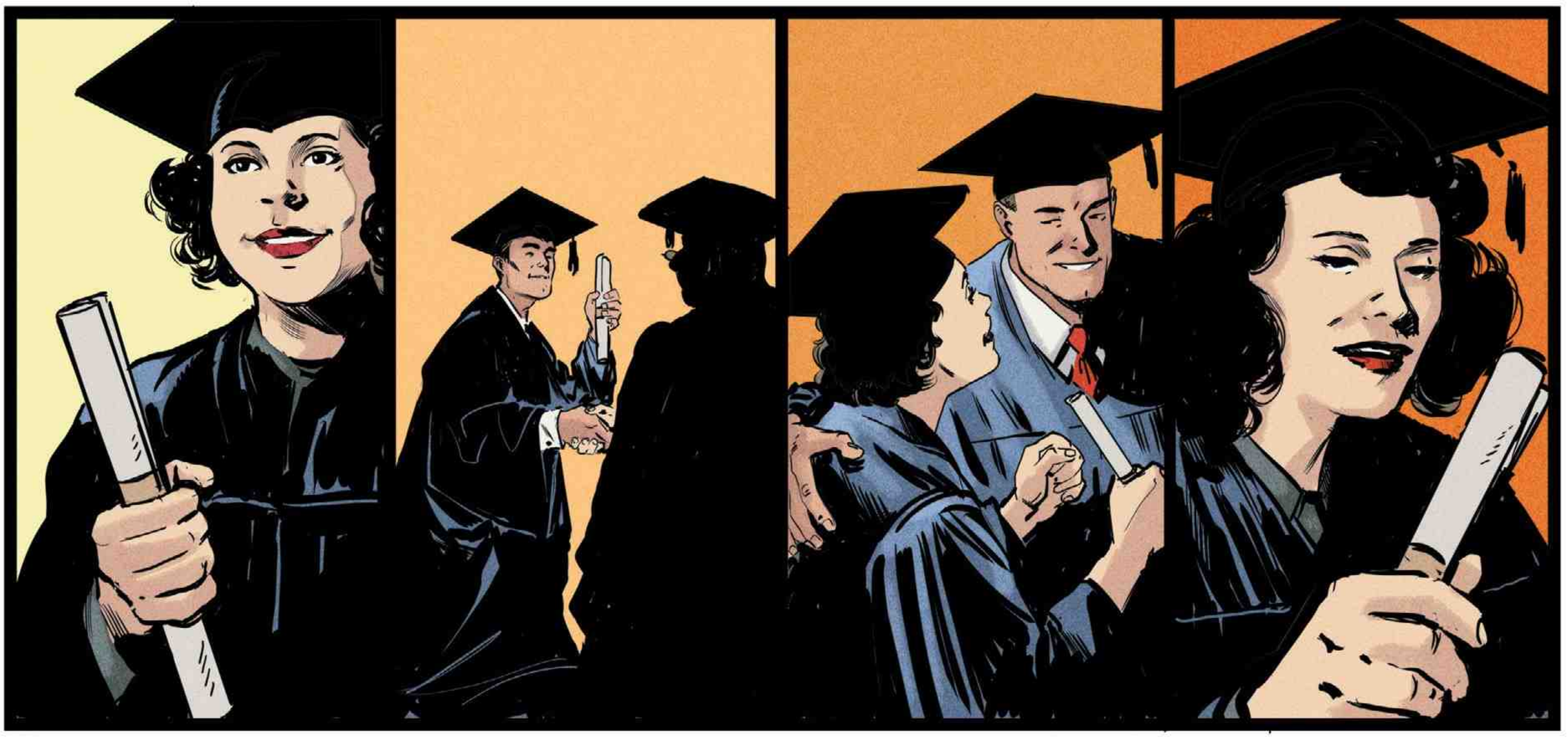

I'M *RID* OF YOU.

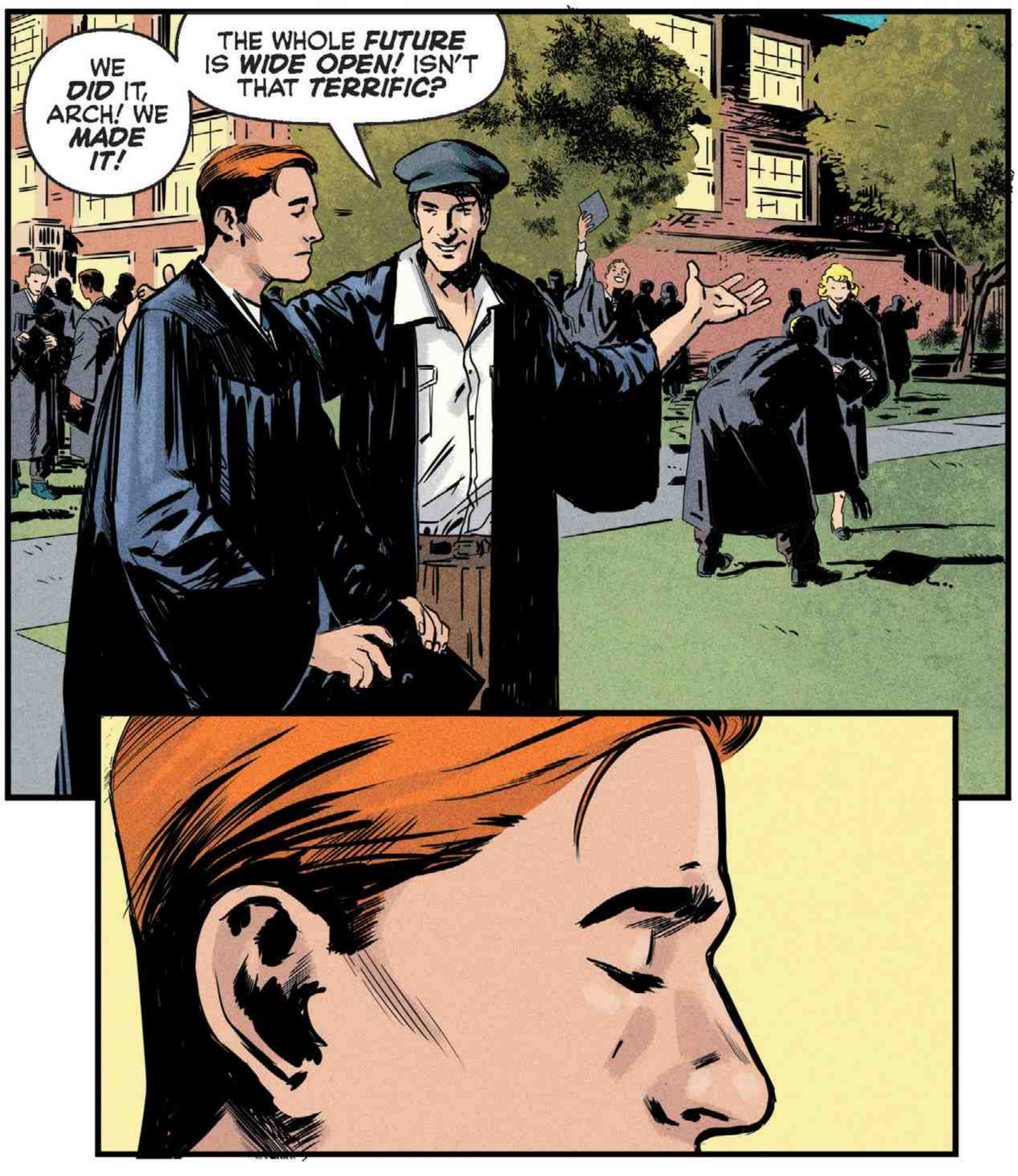
CONGRATS, ARCHIE!
ARCHIE...?

CHARLES CLAYTON...


ELIZABETH COOPER...


FORSYTHE PENDLETON JONES...
WHAT DID WE *SAY* ABOUT *FOOD* AT THIS PROPITIOUS MOMENT, YOUNG MAN?
THIS IS A *DRINK*, SIR--AND IT IS *DELICIOUS*.





CHAPTER ONE: The LAST SUMMER

JUNE.

RIALTO

ANDY HARDY MEETS THE DEBUTANTE

MICKEY ROONEY IN ANDY HARDY MEETS THE DEBUTANTE

PLUS: NEWS ON THE MARCH/SHORT FEATURES!

NEWS-- ON THE MARCH!

MY *FEET* ON THE MARCH. *TOLD* YOU WE GOT HERE TOO EARLY. NEWS IS FOR *ADULTS*.

WHICH, TECHNICALLY--

Shh! DON'T *RUSH* IT, RED!

GERMAN TROOPS INVADE RUSSIA!

...SUPPOSED TO LOAD UP ON THE WAY *INTO* THE THEATER, JUGHEAD.

MICKEY ROONEY'S SUPPOSED TO BE *SIXTEEN*.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE REST OF THE *DAY*, FELLAS?

ARCH?

BRITISH TROOPS DEFEATED AT HELLFIRE PASS

NEWS

THERE'S OUR GO-GETTER NOW. FRITTERING AWAY HIS TIME...
NOW, FRED, GIVE YOUR SON HIS SUMMER. REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE KIDS.
HATS

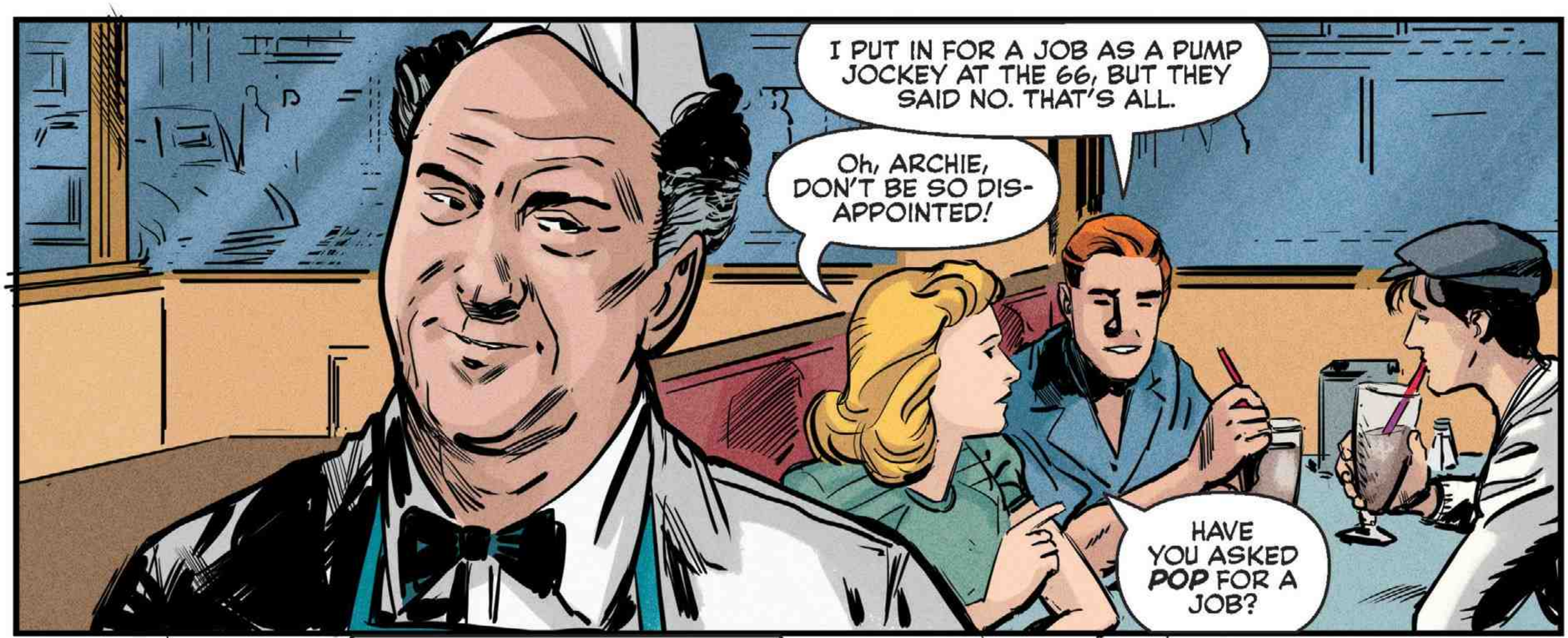
I REMEMBER.
I REMEMBER WORKING IN MY FATHER'S STORE, NOT SLACKING OFF AT THE MOVIES...

POP!
KIDS!
WE'RE NOT KIDS ANYMORE, POP! THEY KEEP TELLING US WE'RE GROWN UP NOW!
...ALL GERMAN CONSULATES CLOSED IN THIS COUNTRY AS WAR RAGES ABROAD...
POP'S

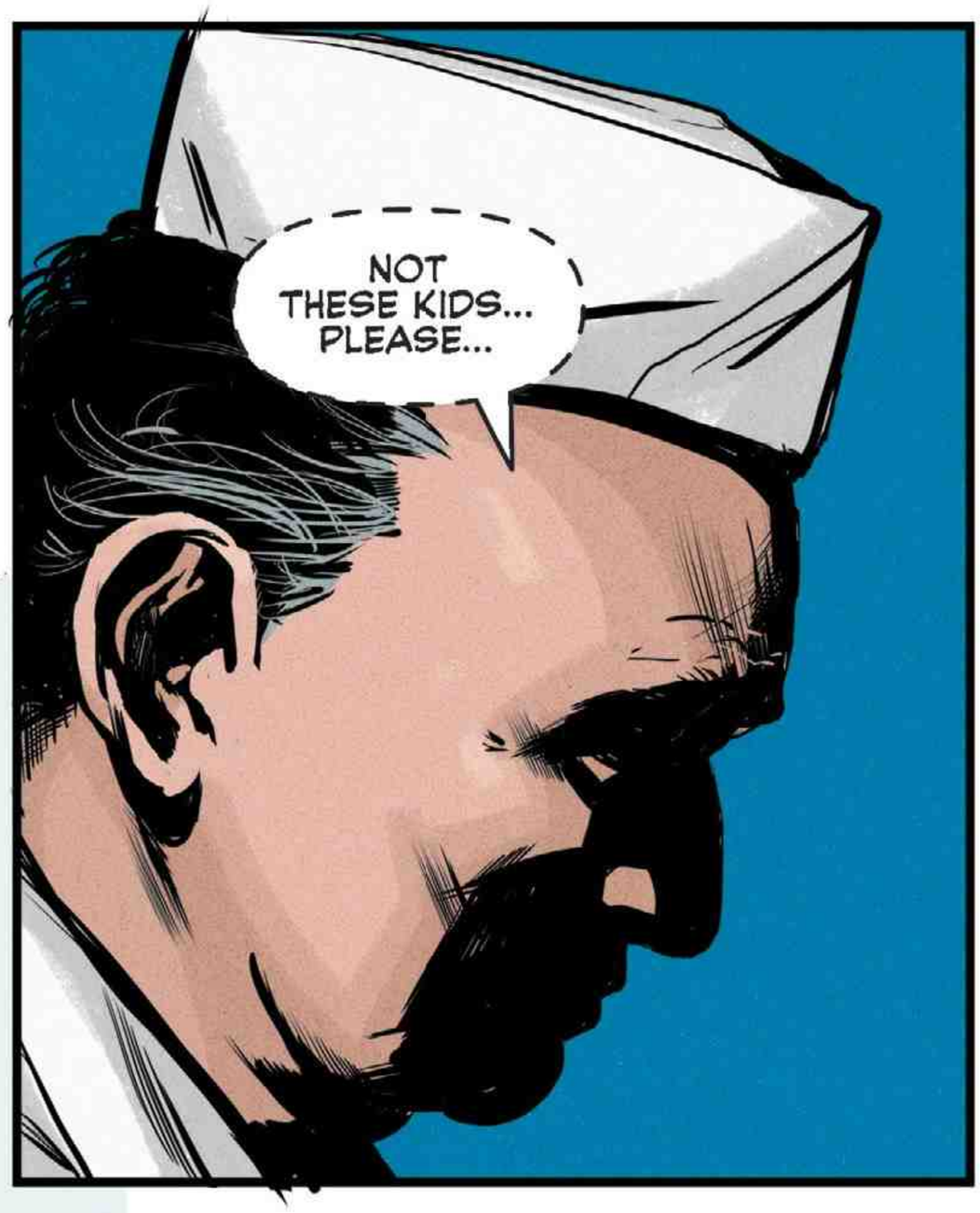
THREE CHEESEBURGERS, MY GOOD MAN! GUYS, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
EVERY-THING OKAY, ARCHIEKINS?
I'M FINE, BETTY...MAYBE A LITTLE TIRED...

THREE CHOCOLATE SHAKES FOR MY GRADUATES! ON THE HOUSE!
REALLY? GEE, POP, THANKS!
YEAH, POP! YOU'RE ACES!

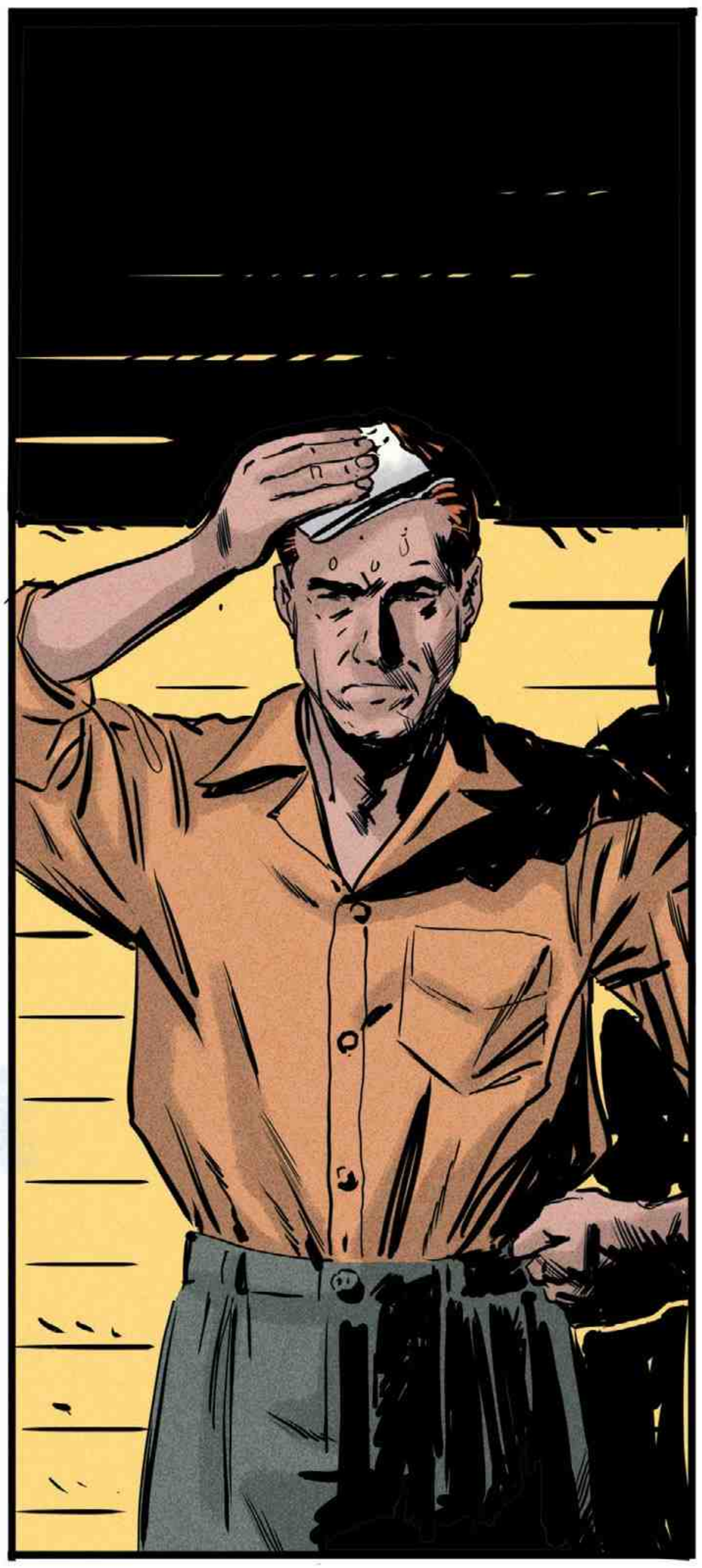
EXTRA SYRUP, CHAMP. LITTLE GRADUATION PRESENT.
YOUR SIXTH. BUT I'LL TAKE IT.

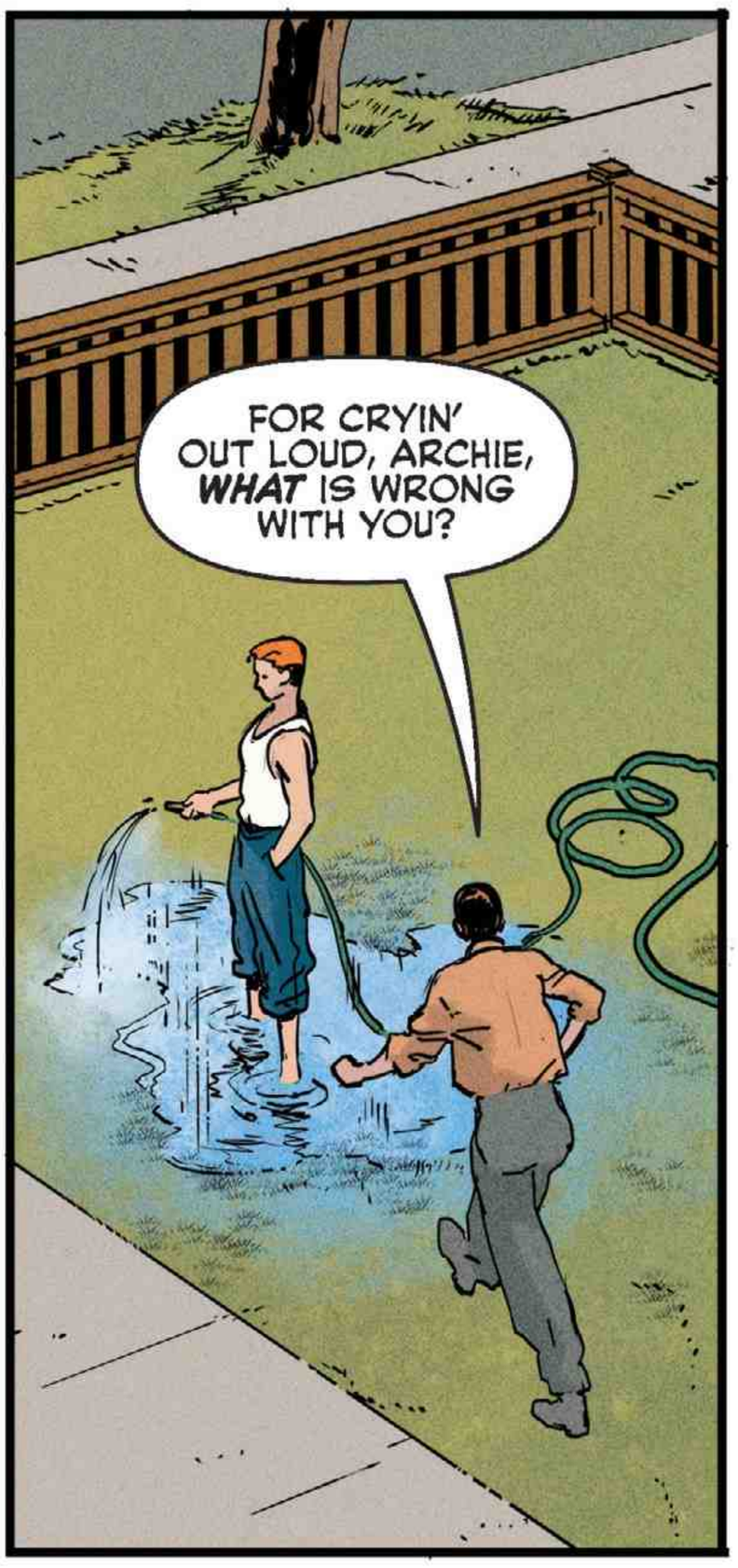

I PUT IN FOR A JOB AS A PUMP JOCKEY AT THE 66, BUT THEY SAID NO. THAT'S ALL.
Oh, ARCHIE, DON'T BE SO DIS-APPOINTED!
HAVE YOU ASKED POP FOR A JOB?

THE NAIL DOES NOT ASK THE HAMMER IF IT CAN COME OUT AND PLAY, YOUNG LADY.
HOW ABOUT GOLDWATER'S DINER? I UNDERSTAND THEY'VE RENEWED THEIR EARTH-QUAKE INSURANCE.

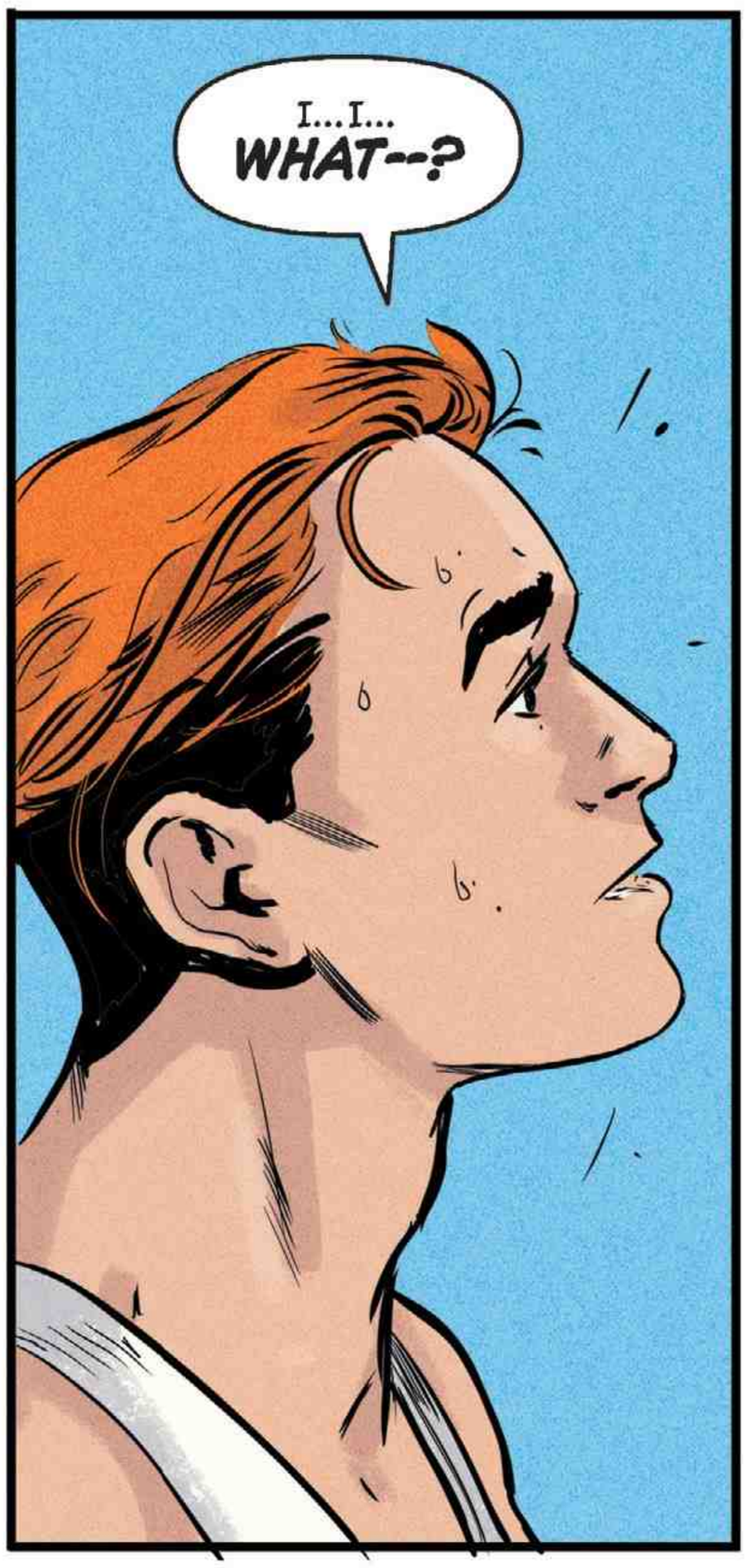

NOT THESE KIDS... PLEASE...

JULY.




FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, ARCHIE, *WHAT* IS WRONG WITH YOU?

WHAT? I'M *WATERING THE LAWN* LIKE YOU *TOLD* ME TO!
IN *ONE SPOT* FOR HALF AN HOUR-- TO *SPITE* ME, I'M GUESSING.


I...I... *WHAT--?*

WHY IS EVERYONE ALWAYS ASKING ME THAT QUESTION? I DON'T KNOW THAT ANYTHING'S WRONG!

SPLUSH

WATCH WHAT YOU--

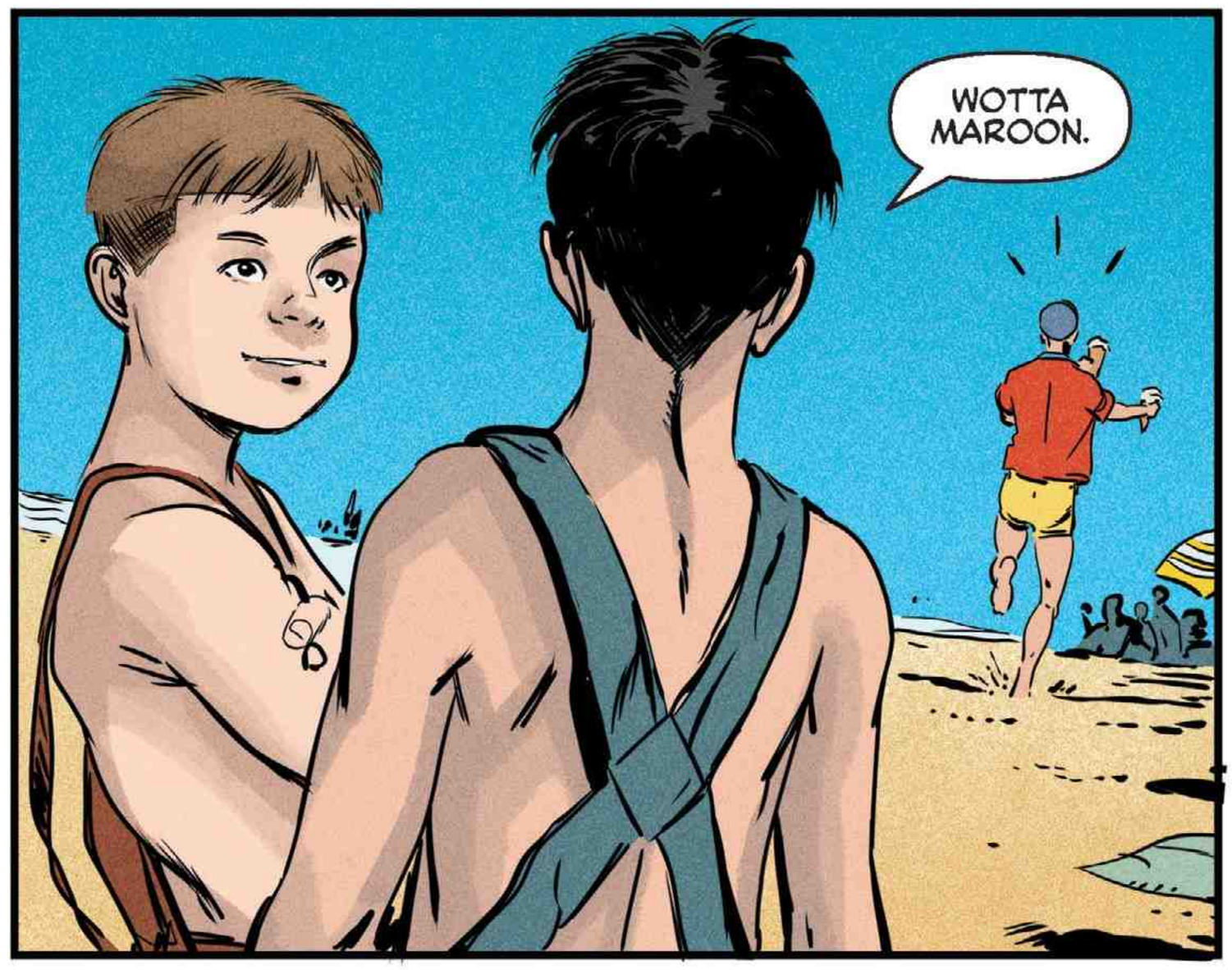
GLAARRG!!

I'M SORRY--?

SLAM

C'MON! LET'S GET THEM DIRTY NAZIS!
RMMMMMRRRMMM!
BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!
CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CHOW!
VROOOMMMM!
WHEN I'M A GROWN-UP, I'MMA BE A PILOT AND BOMB HITLER!
AWW, ROUGH BREAK, GUYS.
NAH! TH' NAVY JUS' TORPEDOED THE RATZIS.
HEY, MISTER...!

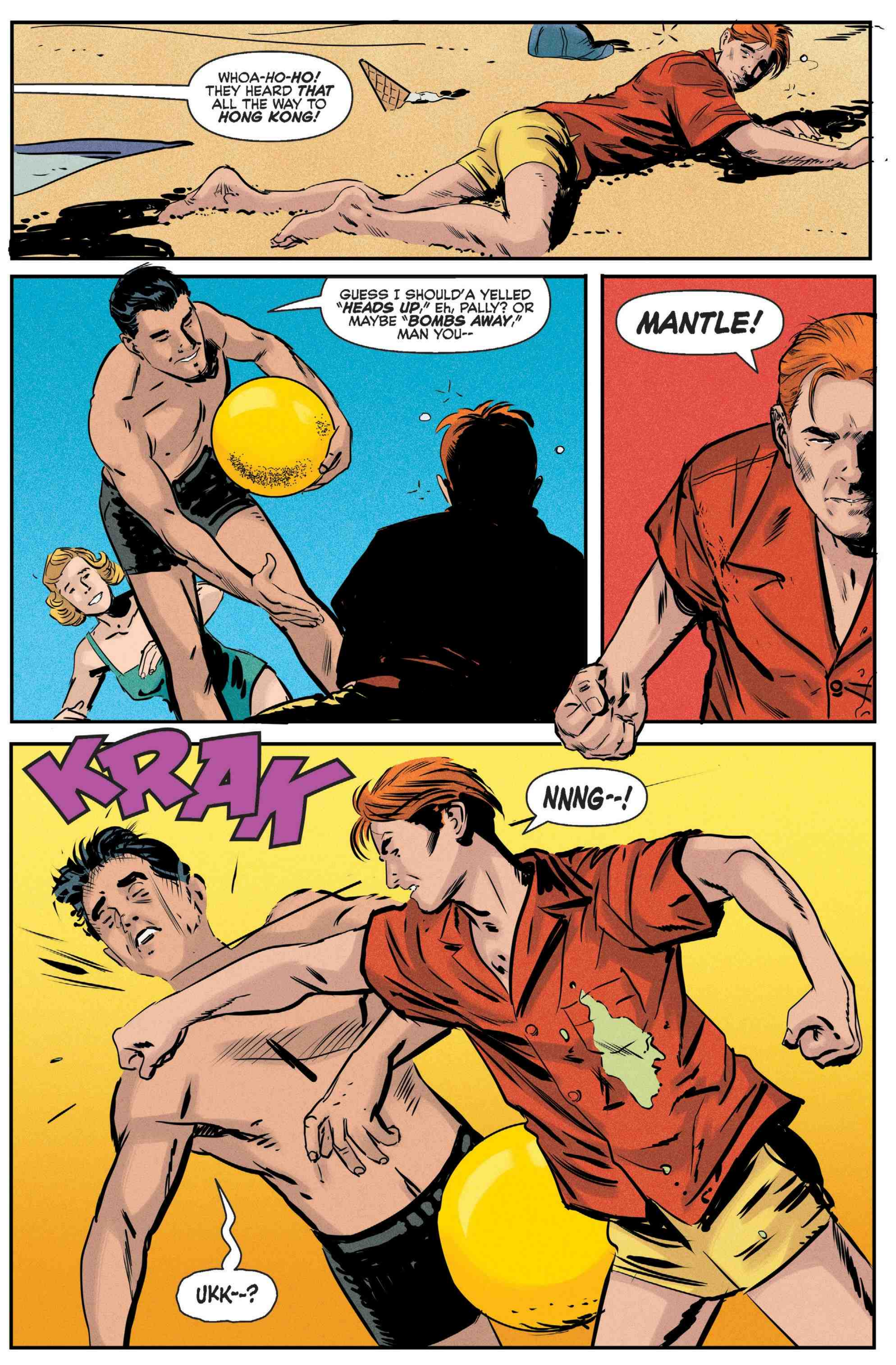
GAH!

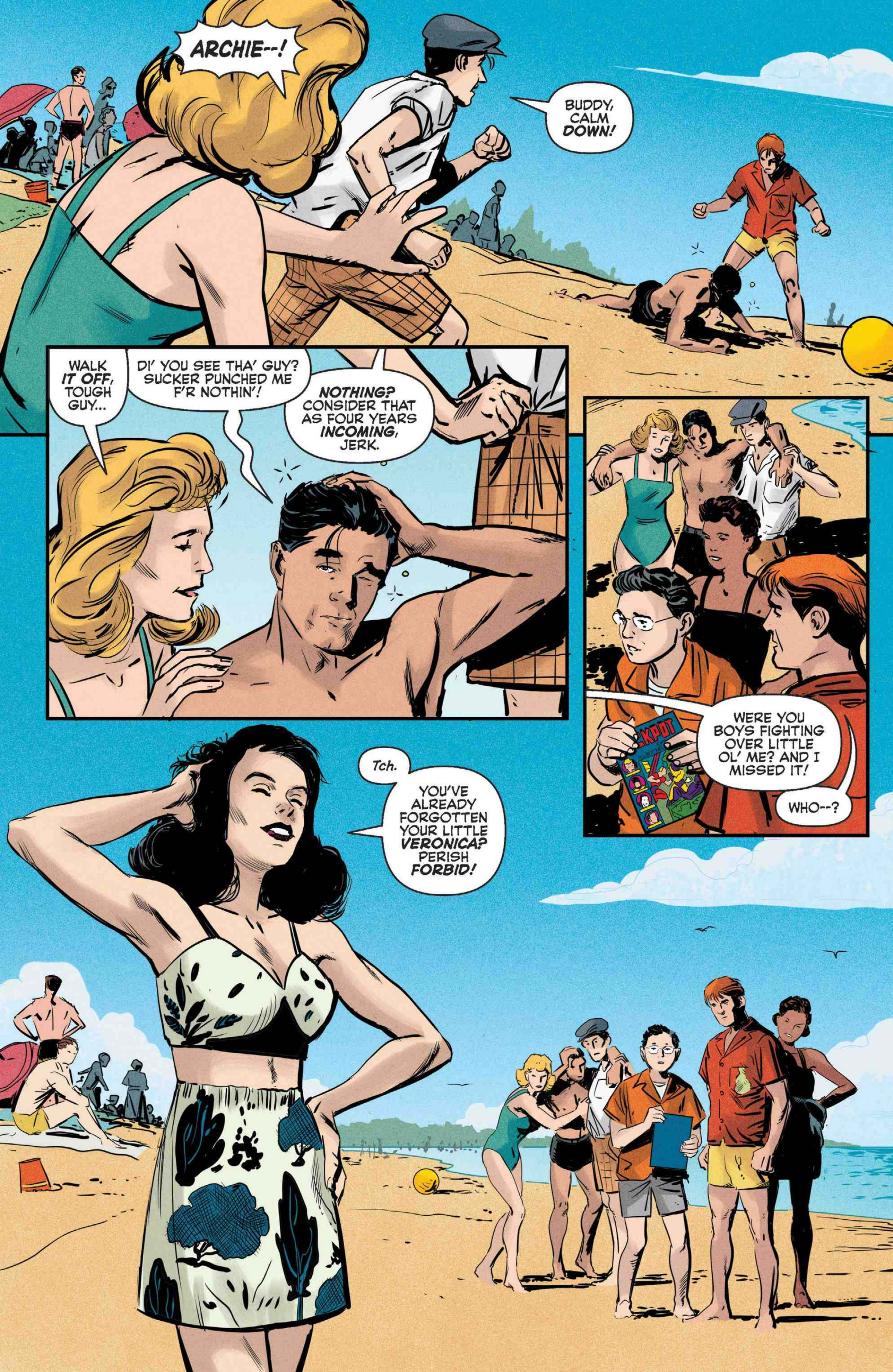

WOTTA MAROON.

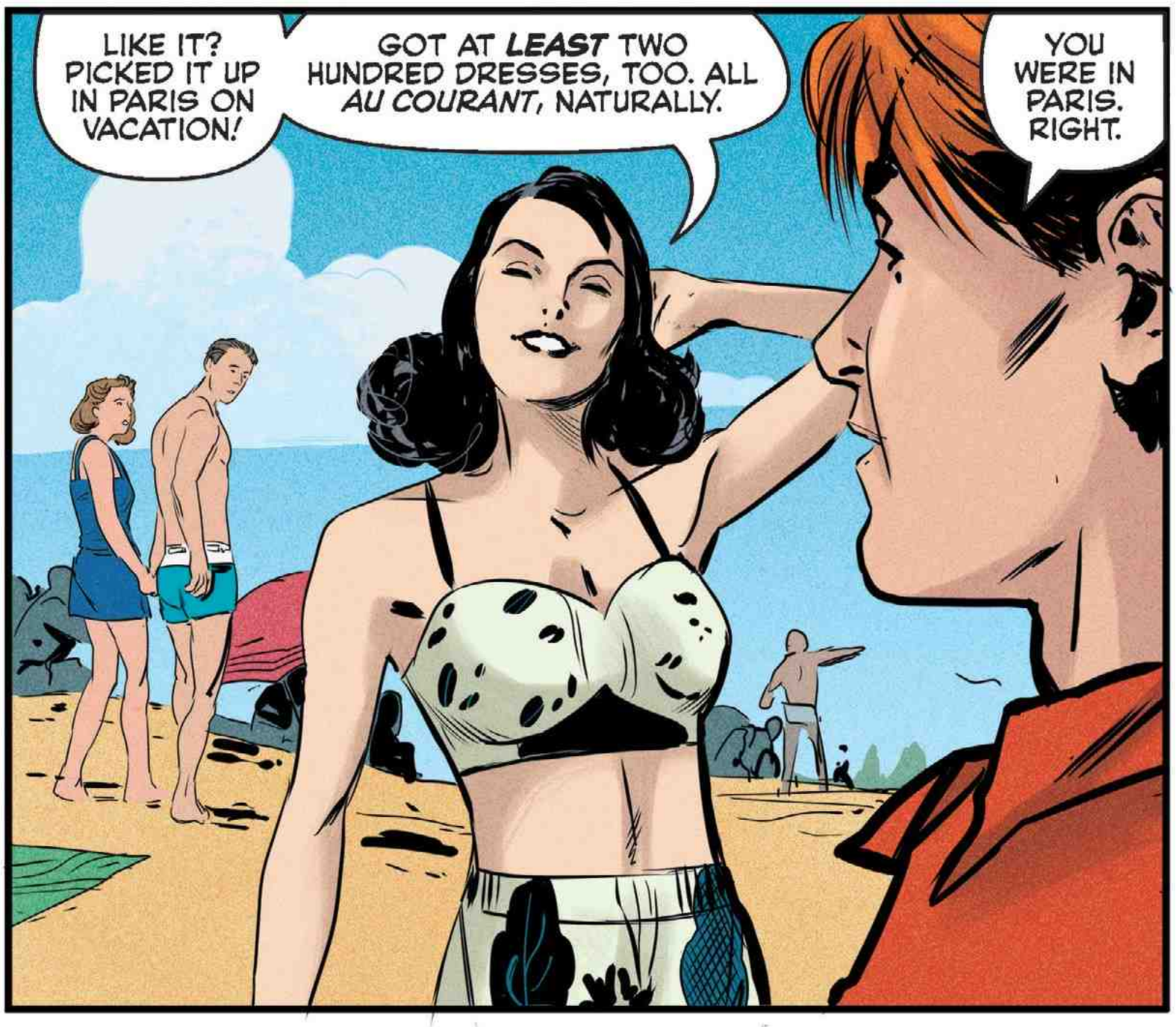
SORRY! SORRY! SORRY!
I LOST A FEW PISTACHIOS ON THE WAY...
IT'S OKAY, SWEETIE. THERE'S PLENTY LEFT. SIT DOWN!

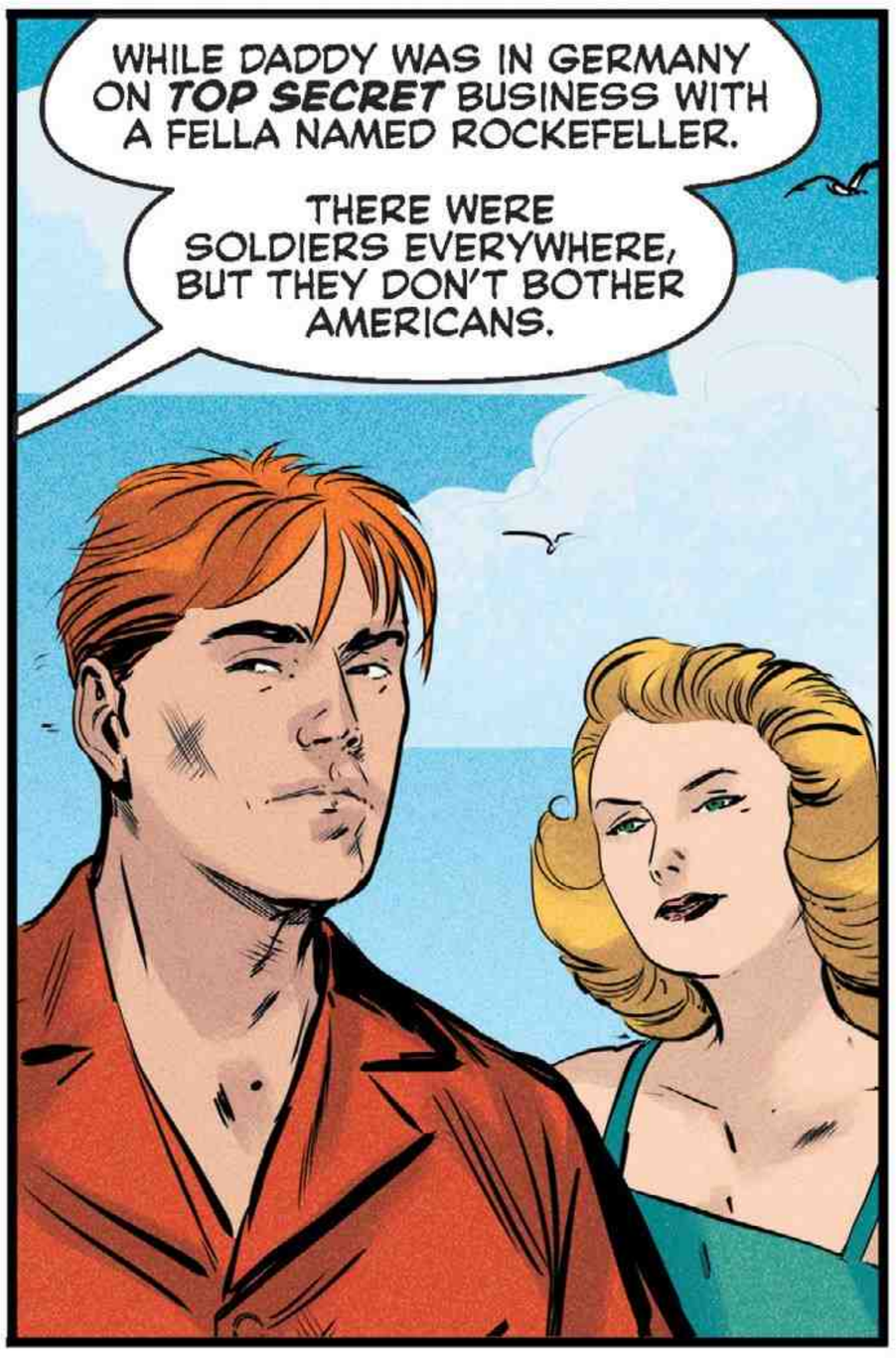
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN THAT TAKING ONE SECOND TO RELAX WON'T KILL YOU? SIT!

SPANGGG


WHOA-HO-HO! THEY HEARD THAT ALL THE WAY TO HONG KONG!
GUESS I SHOULD'A YELLED "HEADS UP," Eh, PALLY? OR MAYBE "BOMBS AWAY," MAN YOU--
MANTLE!
KRAK
NNNG--!
UKK--?


ARCHIE--!
BUDDY, CALM DOWN!
WALK IT OFF, TOUGH GUY...
DI' YOU SEE THA' GUY? SUCKER PUNCHED ME F'R NOTHIN'!
NOTHING? CONSIDER THAT AS FOUR YEARS INCOMING, JERK.
WERE YOU BOYS FIGHTING OVER LITTLE OL' ME? AND I MISSED IT!
WHO--?
Tch.
YOU'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN YOUR LITTLE VERONICA? PERISH FORBID!


LIKE IT? PICKED IT UP IN PARIS ON VACATION!
GOT AT *LEAST* TWO HUNDRED DRESSES, TOO. ALL *AU COURANT*, NATURALLY.
YOU WERE IN PARIS. RIGHT.


WHILE DADDY WAS IN GERMANY ON *TOP SECRET* BUSINESS WITH A FELLA NAMED ROCKEFELLER.
THERE WERE SOLDIERS EVERYWHERE, BUT THEY DON'T BOTHER AMERICANS.

'TOP SECRET--? IS OL' HIRAM AN INTERNATIONAL *SPY?*
STOP IT, ARCHIE, DON'T BE SILLY. DADDY'S JUST VERY IMPORTANT.

DID YOU MISS M--
KNOCK OFF THE EMPTY *SWEET TALK*, VERONICA. I'M NOT BUYING!
LEAVE ARCHIE ALONE, BRAT!

YEESH, WHAT A DAY...
WHY, I-- WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH THAT BOY?

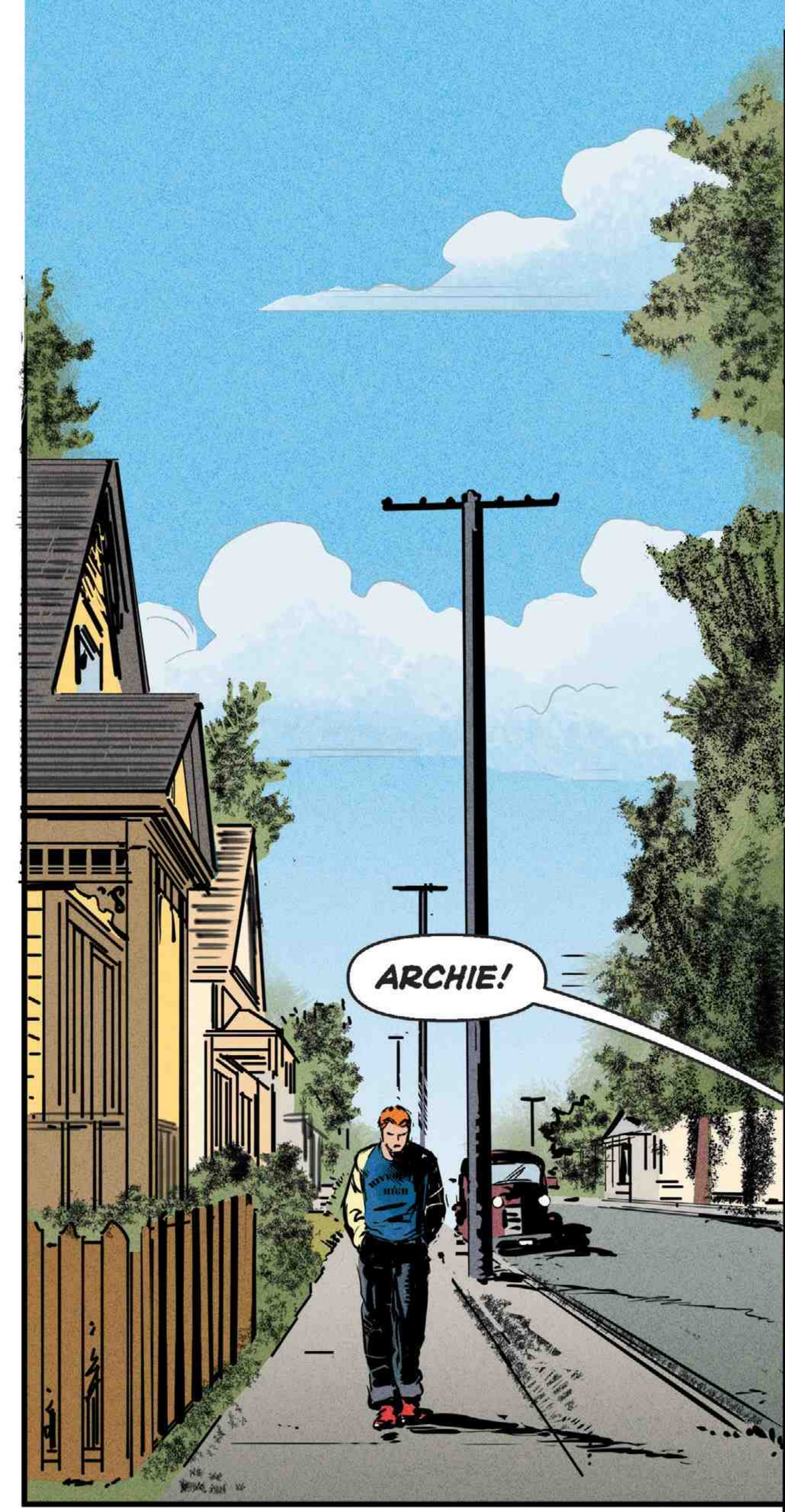
AUGUST.
THERE'S THE MAN OF THE HOUR! HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SLEEPYHEAD!
Uhhhh, THANK YOU.

WELL, SON, YOU'RE EIGHTEEN NOW--AN ADULT BY EVERY MEASURE. WHAT'RE YOUR PLANS?
A JOB? COLLEGE? ANYTHING AT ALL?

DAD...I'M REALLY TRYING TO FIGURE THAT OUT.
TRUTH IS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... OR BE...

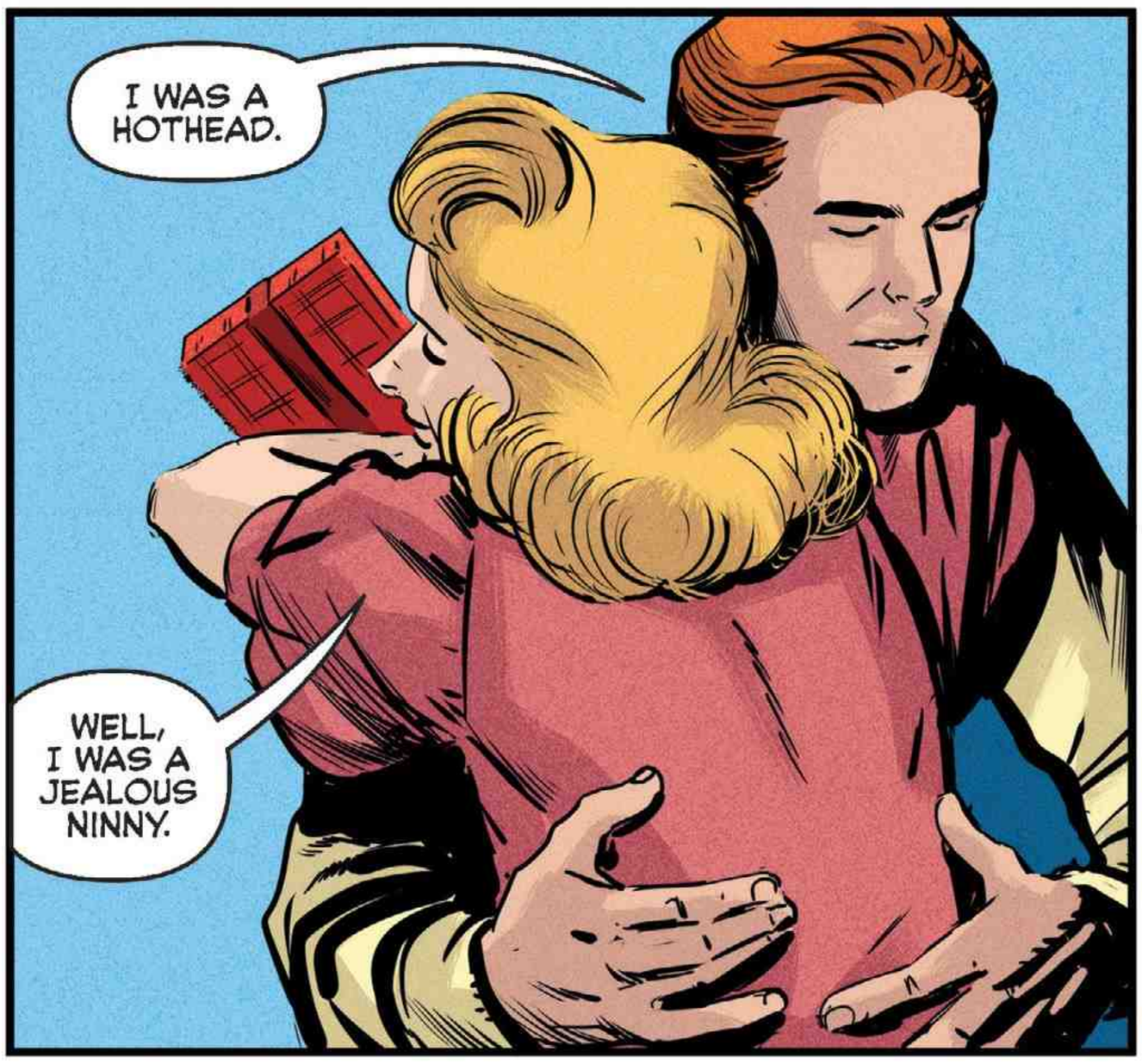
"BE"?! SHEESH, WHAT GARBAGE! JUST BE A MAN, FOR CRIPES' SAKE!
WE'LL HAVE CAKE LATER.

PEP
WHOLE WHEAT


ARCHIE!

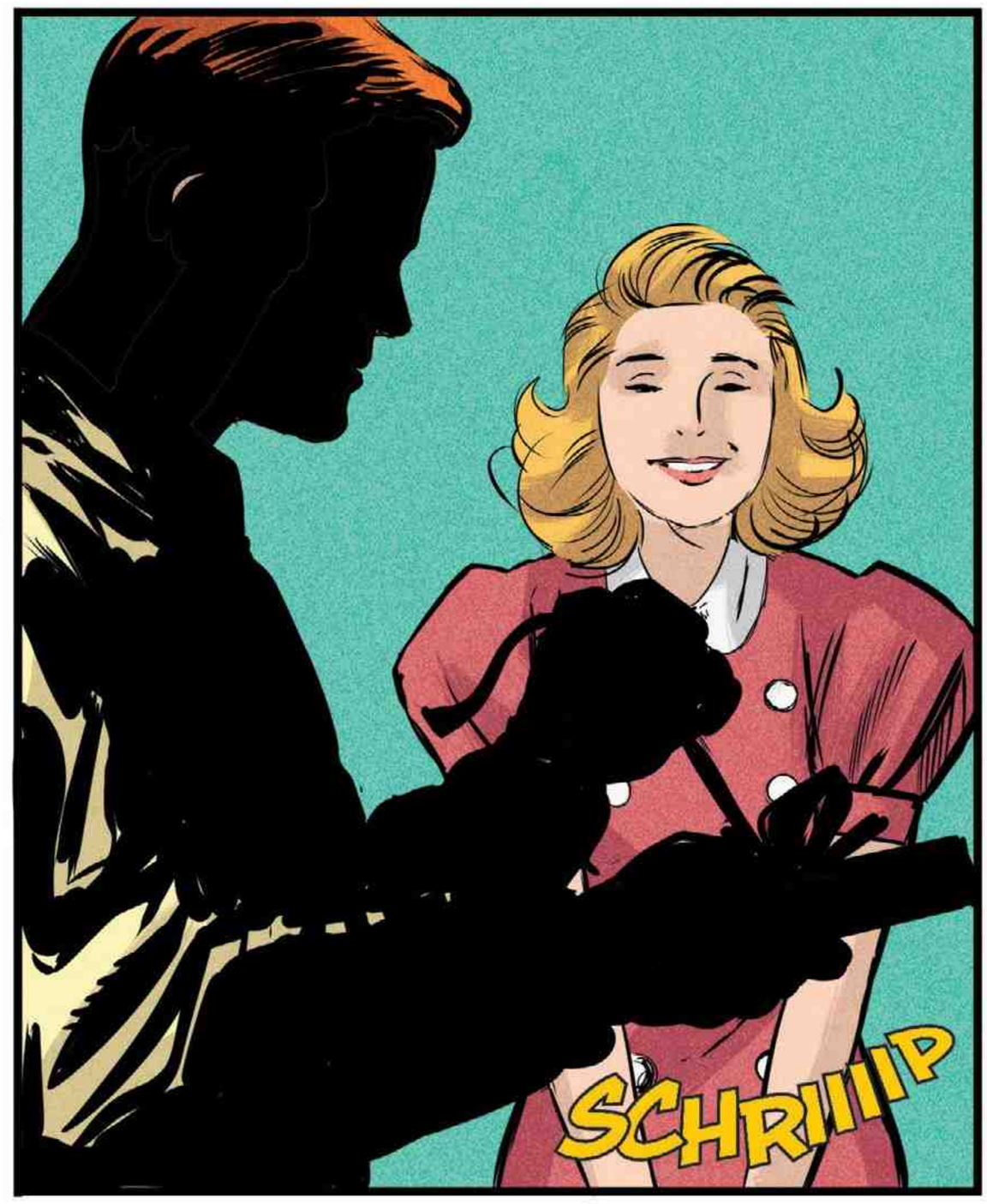
BETTY.
HI.
ARCHIE, IT'S BEEN WEEKS, AND I LIVE RIGHT NEXT DOOR. MAYBE SOMETHING MORE THAN "HI"?

I KNOW I'VE BEEN...DISTANT. THE BEACH...

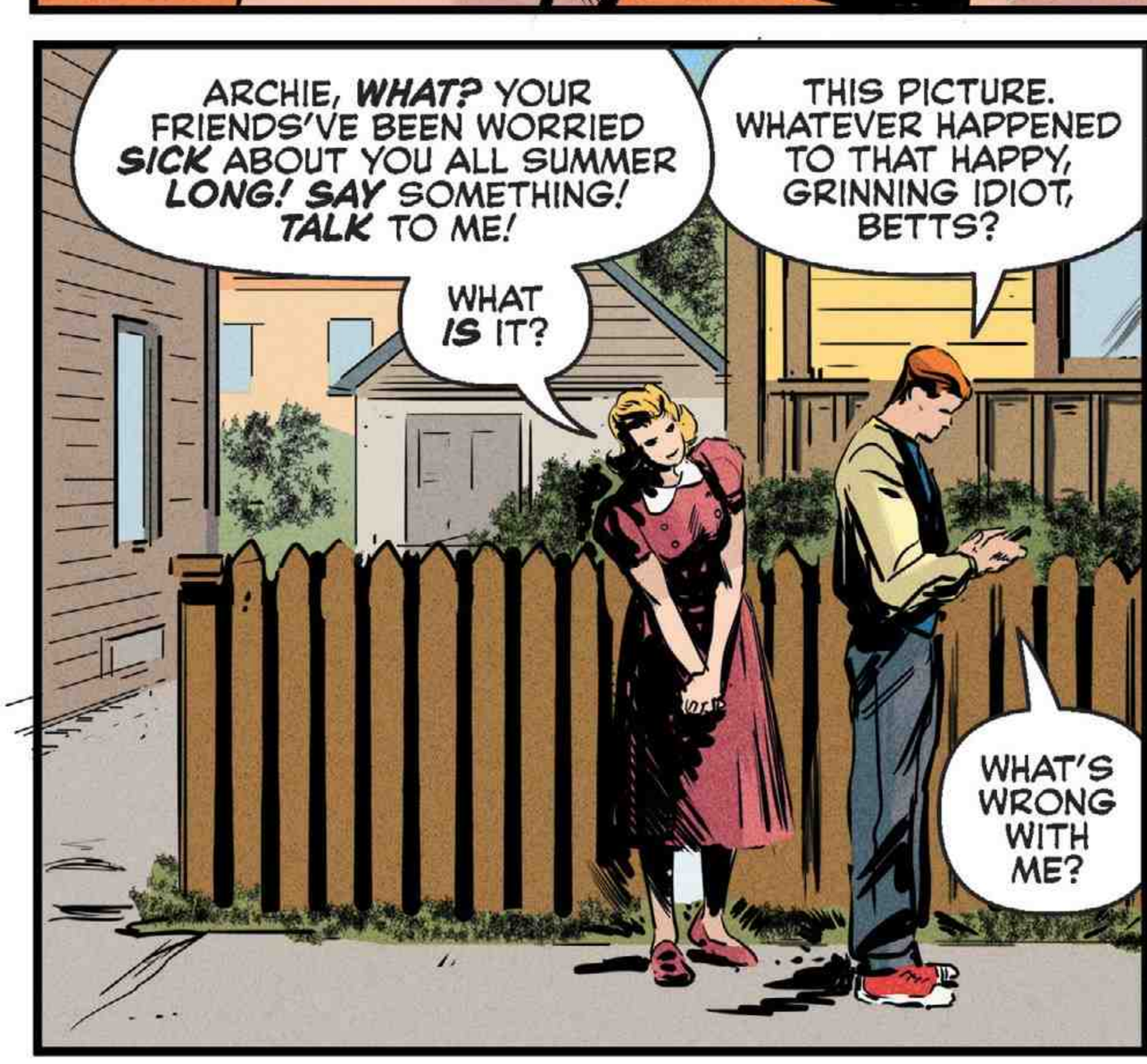

I WAS A HOTHEAD.
WELL, I WAS A JEALOUS NINNY.

ANYWAY... HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

RIIIGHT, MY BIRTHDAY. THANKS.
OPEN IT!

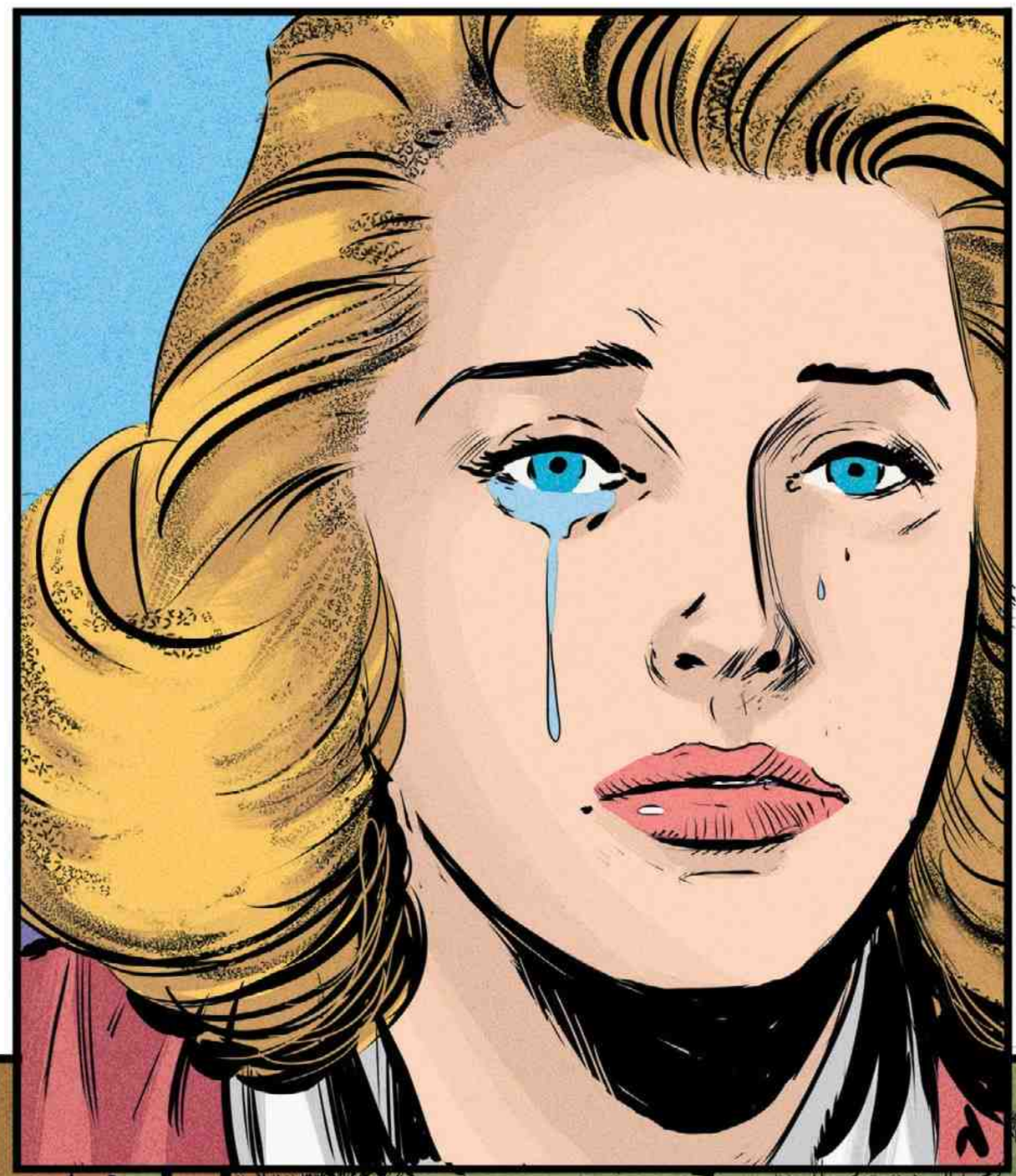

SCHRIIIP

Oh, HEY. IT'S... IT'S NICE. IT'S...

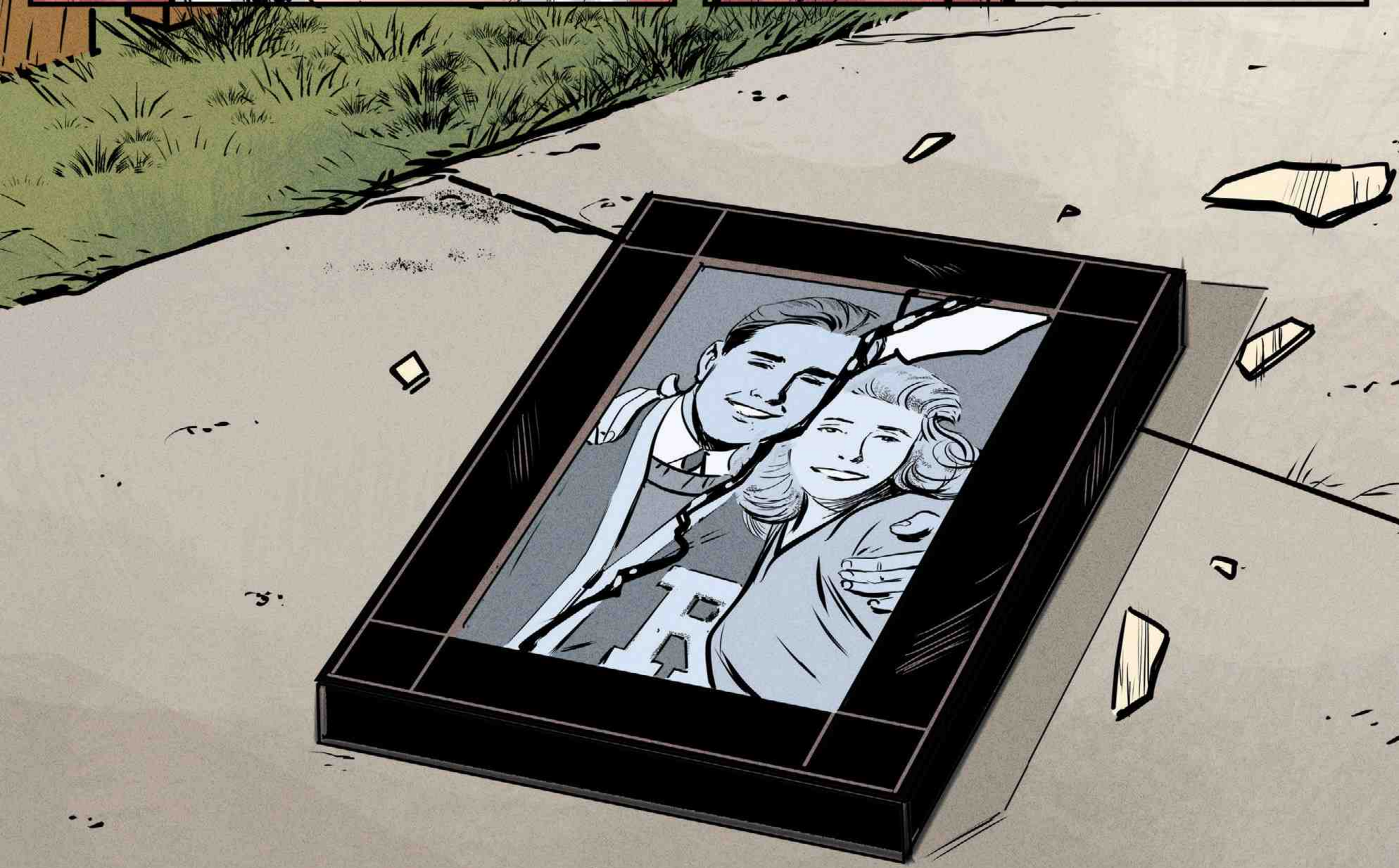

ARCHIE, WHAT? YOUR FRIENDS'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU ALL SUMMER LONG! SAY SOMETHING! TALK TO ME!
THIS PICTURE. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT HAPPY, GRINNING IDIOT, BETTS?
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

ARCHIE, DON'T--!
ARCHIE--!
BETTY, I--

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY, ARCHIE. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'LL BE OKAY. IT ALWAYS IS. THAT'S THE RIVERDALE WE KNOW.
AND YOU'RE OUR...PRINCE! EVERYONE LOVES YOU!

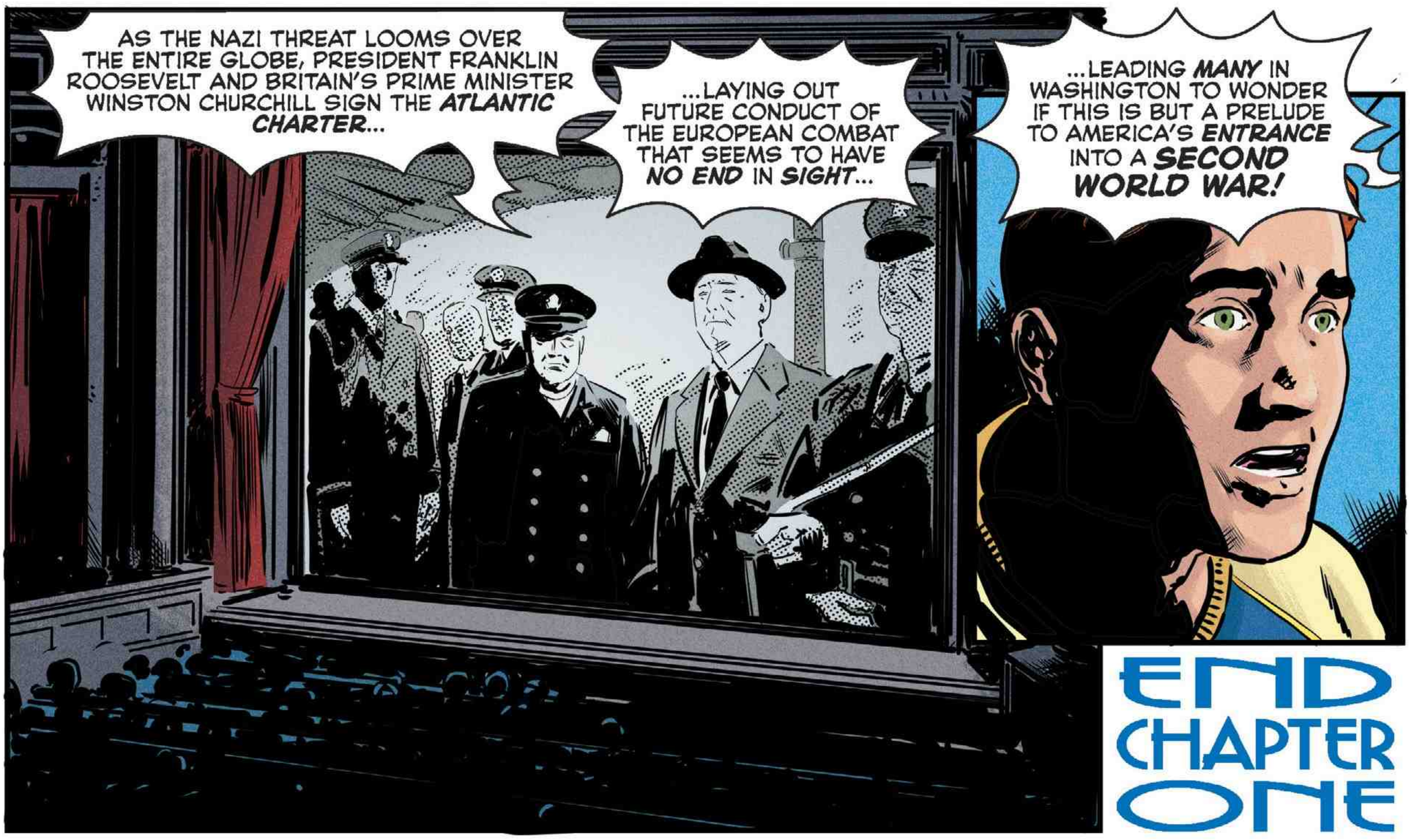


I'M SORRY...



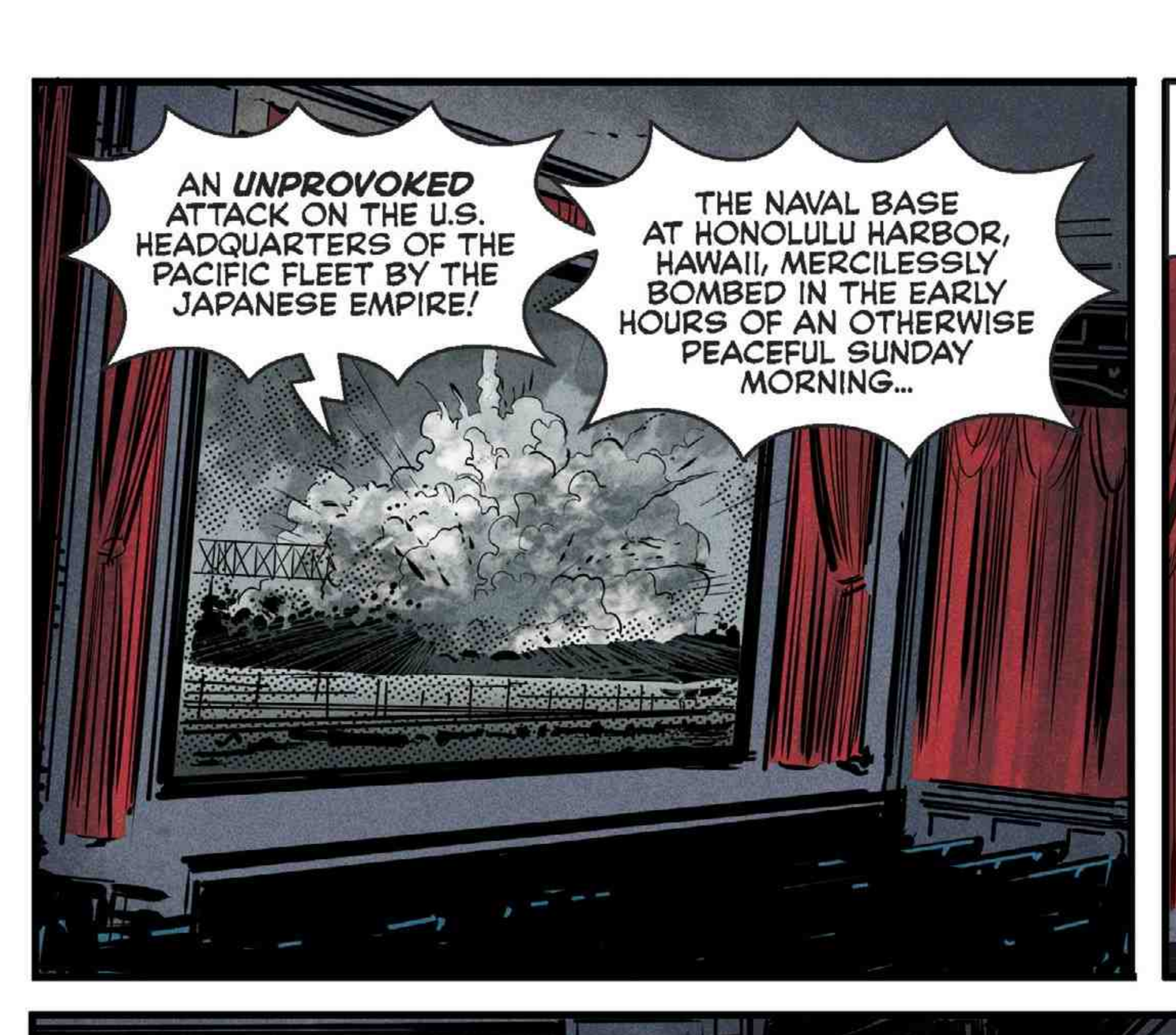
RIALTO
TWIN FEATURE!
BEYOND TOMORROW & BITTER SWEET
PLUS: NEWS ON THE MARCH/SHORT FEATURES!

NEWS-- ON THE MARCH! AUGUST, 1941!
NAZIS CRUSH THE SOVIETS, CONTINUING THEIR PUSH INTO LENINGRAD AND THROUGH ALL OF EUROPE!
RIVERDALE HIGH

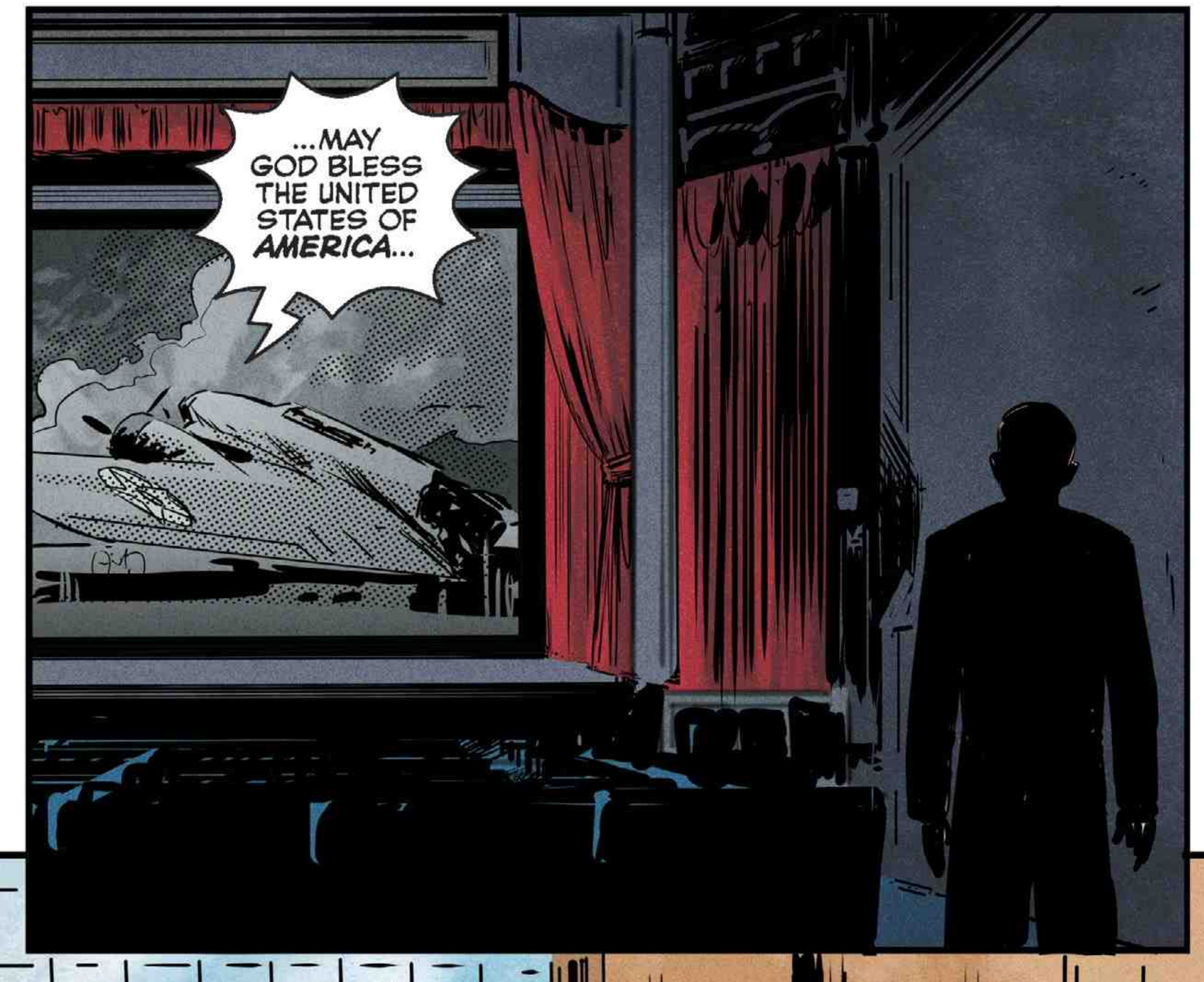

AS THE NAZI THREAT LOOMS OVER THE ENTIRE GLOBE, PRESIDENT FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT AND BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL SIGN THE ATLANTIC CHARTER...
...LAYING OUT FUTURE CONDUCT OF THE EUROPEAN COMBAT THAT SEEMS TO HAVE NO END IN SIGHT...
...LEADING MANY IN WASHINGTON TO WONDER IF THIS IS BUT A PRELUDE TO AMERICA'S ENTRANCE INTO A SECOND WORLD WAR!
END CHAPTER ONE

YESTERDAY, DECEMBER SEVENTH, NINETEEN FORTY-ONE...
...A DATE WHICH WILL LIVE IN *INFAMY*--THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WAS SUDDENLY AND DELIBERATELY ATTACKED BY NAVAL AND AIR FORCES OF THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

IT'S WAR!

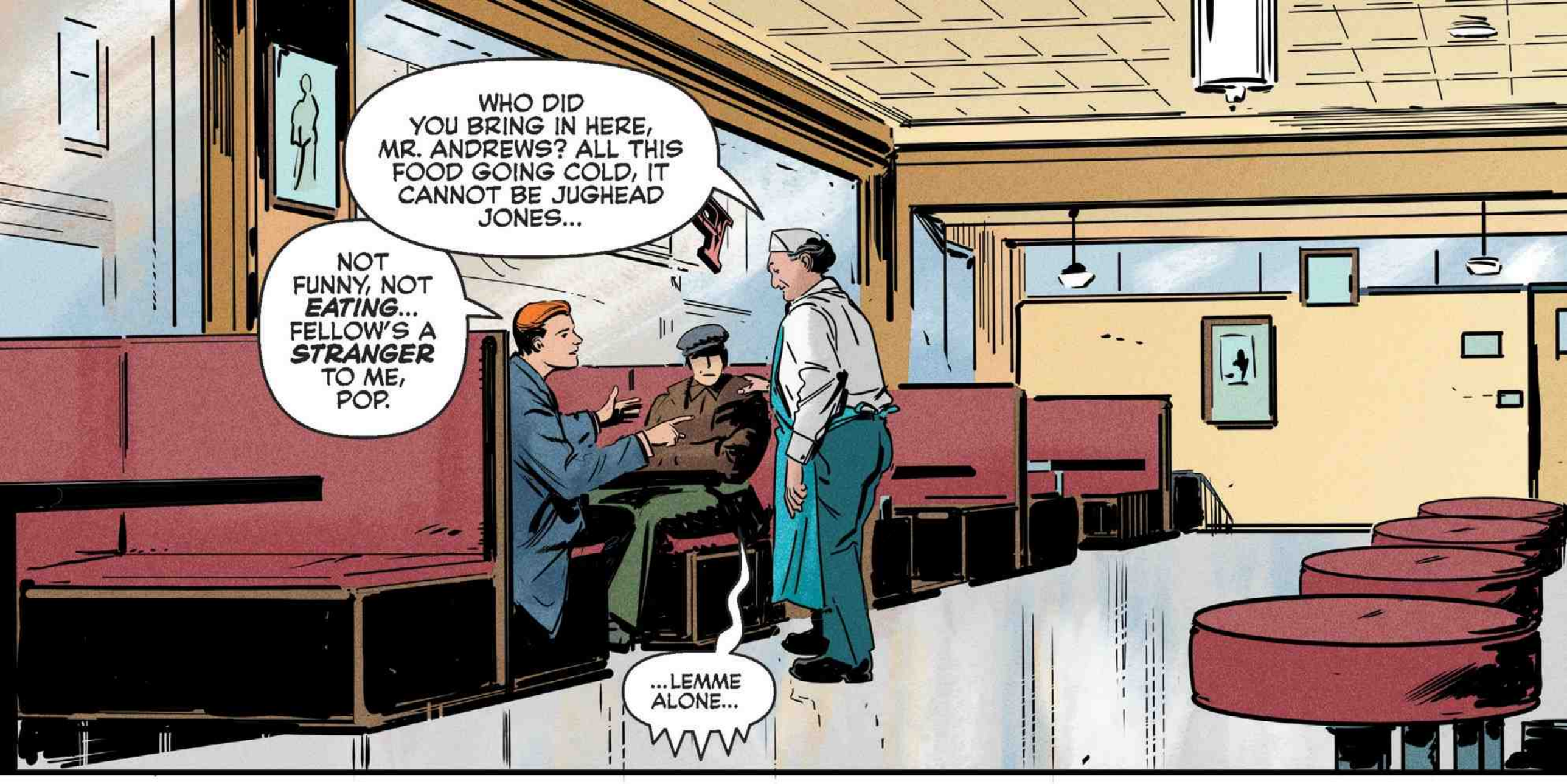

AN *UNPROVOKED* ATTACK ON THE U.S. HEADQUARTERS OF THE PACIFIC FLEET BY THE JAPANESE EMPIRE!
THE NAVAL BASE AT HONOLULU HARBOR, HAWAII, MERCILESSLY BOMBED IN THE EARLY HOURS OF AN OTHERWISE PEACEFUL SUNDAY MORNING...

I ASK THAT CONGRESS DECLARE THAT SINCE THE DASTARDLY ATTACK BY JAPAN ON DECEMBER 7TH, 1941, A STATE OF WAR HAS EXISTED BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.


...MAY GOD BLESS THE UNITED STATES OF *AMERICA*...

RIALTO
HUMPHREY BOGART MARY ASTOR
THE MALTESE FALCON
DRUG

I TELL YA, ARCH, IT'S LIKE A... LIKE...
POP'S
POP'S
...LIKE...I DUNNO, A... *FUNERAL* AROUND HERE.
Riverdale News-Courier
IT'S WAR!
Nearly 1,500 Feared Dead
Congress Acts In 33 Minutes
EXACTLY. THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *FUNNY?*
NOT REALLY. NORMALLY, I CAN MAKE JOKES AT THE DROP OF A *HAT*. EVER SINCE LAST WEEK, THOUGH...
...I CAN'T SEEM TO *FIND* THAT HAT.
JEEZ, *JUG*...


WHO DID YOU BRING IN HERE, MR. ANDREWS? ALL THIS FOOD GOING COLD, IT CANNOT BE JUGHEAD JONES...
NOT FUNNY, NOT *EATING*... FELLOW'S A *STRANGER* TO ME, POP.
...LEMME ALONE...

NOW, NOW, NONE OF US ARE OURSELVES RIGHT NOW...

BE RIGHT BACK, BOYS.

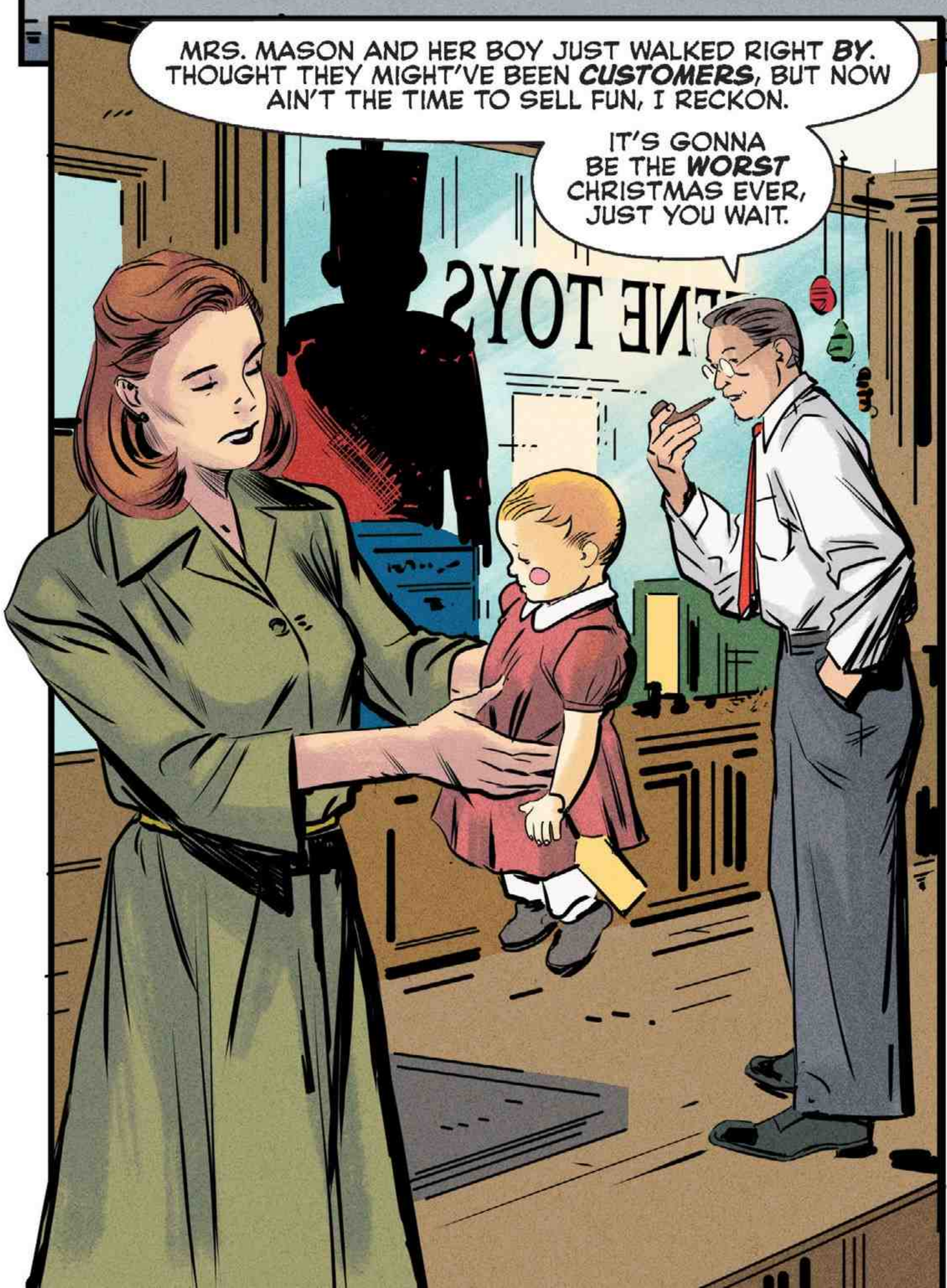
HERE YA GO, BETTY... TWO REGULAR BURGERS AND ONE WITH ≥*URK*≤ SAUERKRAUT AND PICKLES FOR YOUR DAD.
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO SAY "HI" TO JUG AND ARCHIE?
...Um, NOW IS NOT A GOOD TIME...THANKS, POP.

Um, ARCH? IT'S BETTY. SHE STILL MAD AT YOU?
I DON'T FEEL LIKE FINDING OUT.

MARMADUKE--MOOSE!--PLEASE DON'T DO THIS--!
MOM... IT'S DONE, I'VE ALREADY SIGNED UP!

I JUST NEED TO GET A PHYSICAL FROM DOC WILSON TO PROVE I'M IN TIP-TOP SHAPE.

KEENE TOYS
THEN I'M OFF TO THE FRONT LINES--!
OHHH... MARMA-DUKE--!


MRS. MASON AND HER BOY JUST WALKED RIGHT BY. THOUGHT THEY MIGHT'VE BEEN CUSTOMERS, BUT NOW AIN'T THE TIME TO SELL FUN, I RECKON.
IT'S GONNA BE THE WORST CHRISTMAS EVER, JUST YOU WAIT.

GONNA' BE A WHITE ONE TOO, LOOKS LIKE.

DECEMBER 13, 1941.
URRRG--UNHHH!

CAN I HELP, DAD?
NUH-NUH!

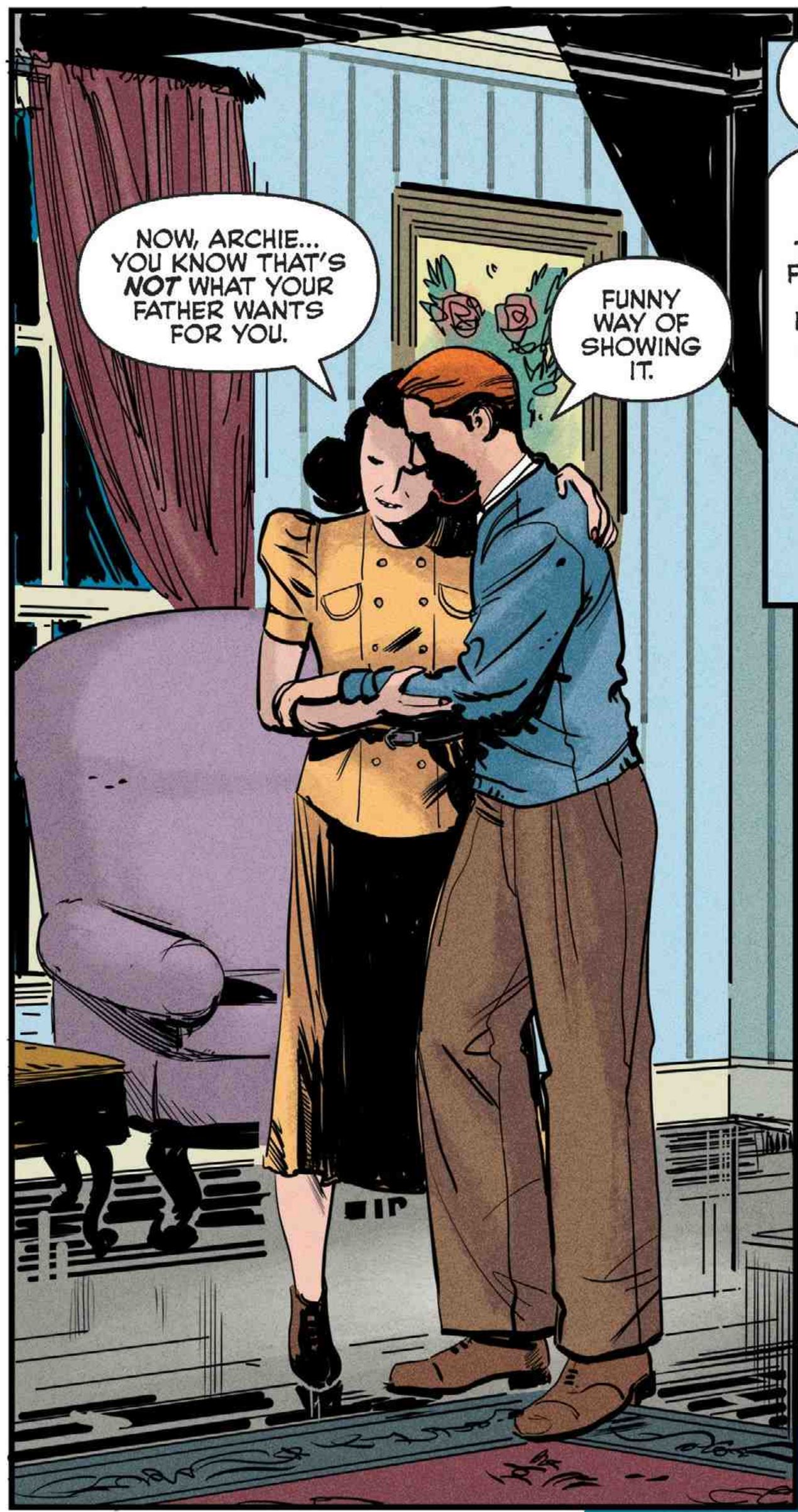
NO--NOOO--!

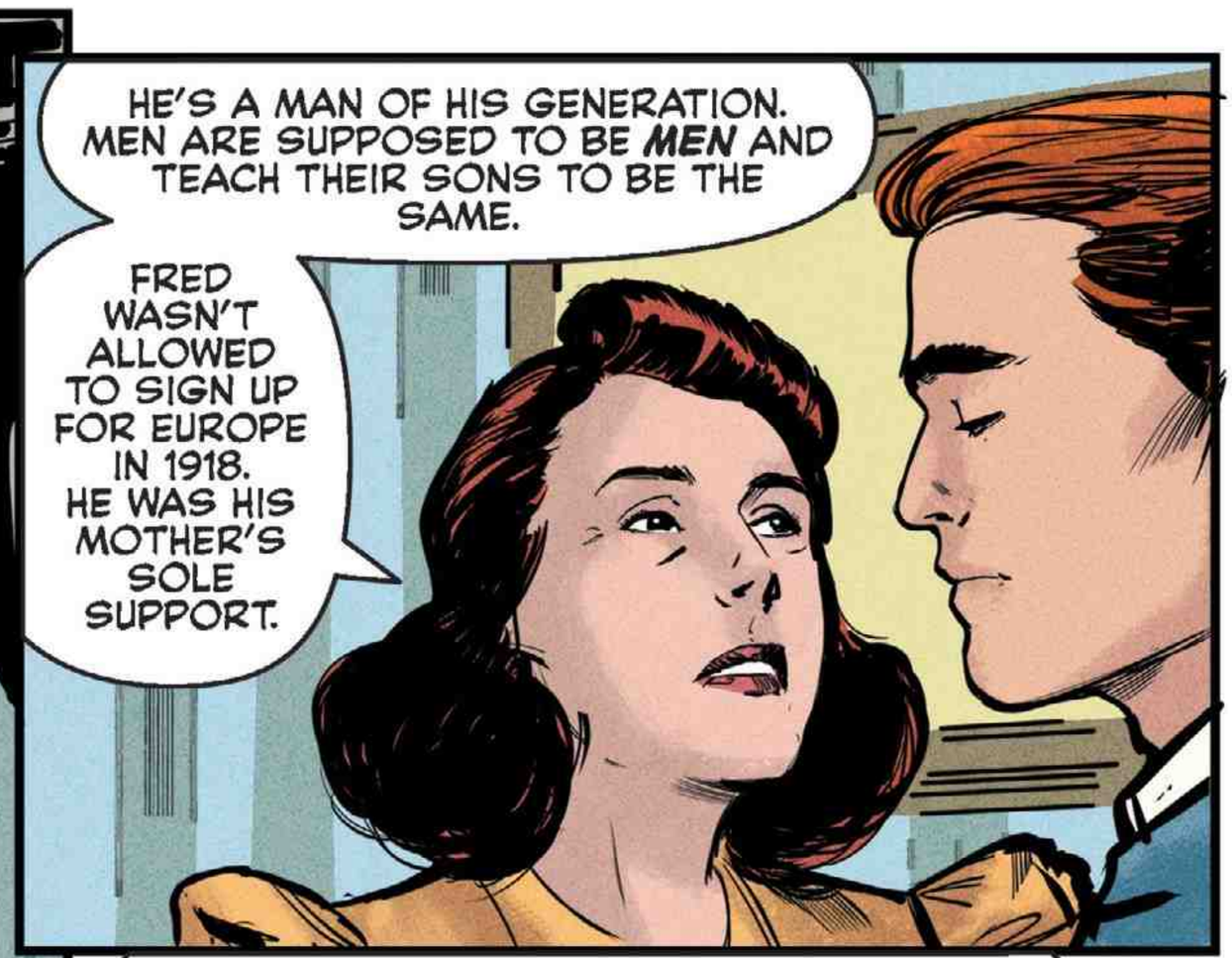
Oh, DEAR HEAVENS, YOU REALLY DO TAKE AFTER YOUR FATHER, DON'T YOU?
FRED--!
WHUMP

THE DAMNED TREE--!
AND WHAT WAS SO BLINKING FUNNY, YOUNG MAN?
JUST NERVOUS LAUGHTER, MCGEE. SORRY.

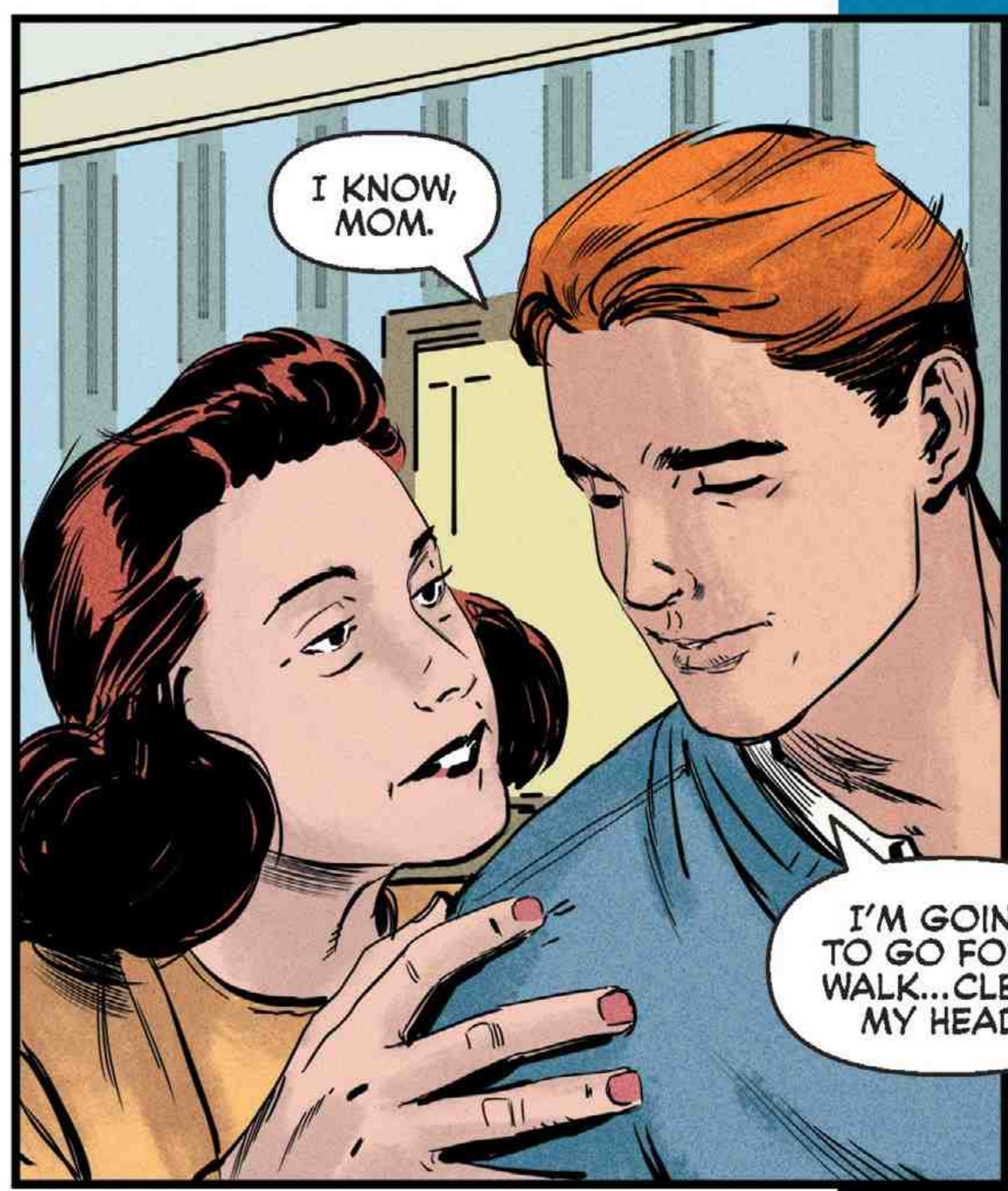
YEAH, YOU'RE A NERVOUS WRECK, ALL RIGHT--TOO NERVOUS TO HELP ME WITH THE TREE!
NOW, FRED, YOUR SON DID, TOO, OFFER TO HELP--AND YOU WAVED HIM AWAY.
WELL... SURE...
BUT YOU'RE TOO NERVOUS TO DO ANYTHING WITH YOUR LIFE!
YOU KNOW, MEN YOUR AGE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE ENLISTING TO TAKE THE FIGHT TO JAPAN!
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME TO EITHER GET A JOB OR GO TO COLLEGE.
I...I WANT YOU TO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOUR-SELF...
LIKE WHAT? A CORPSE?

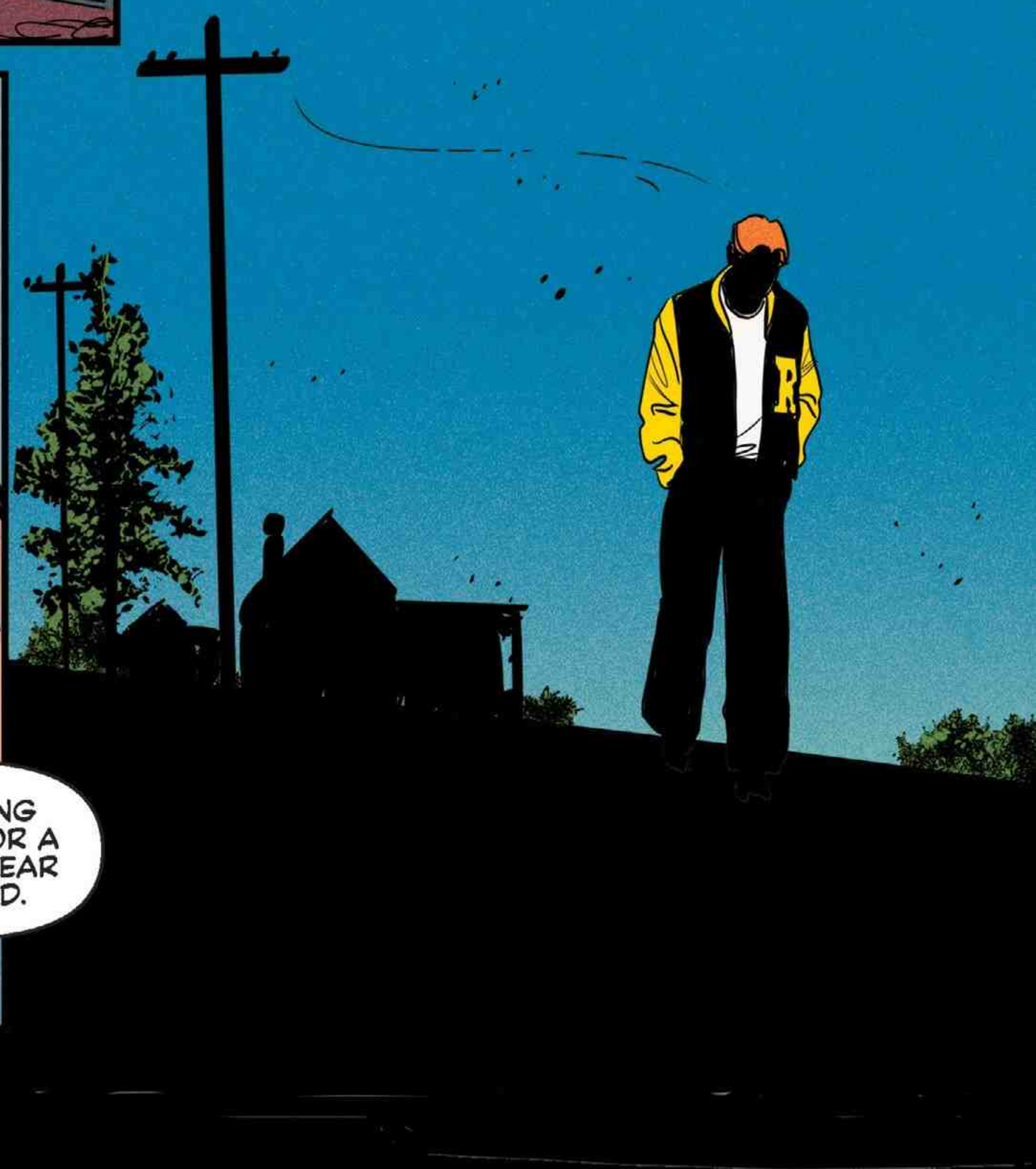
WH-WHAT?
ALL THOSE MEN SIGNING UP FOR SERVICE? THEY'RE BRAVE. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE MAKING THAT COMMITMENT.
BECAUSE A LOT OF 'EM KNOW THEY'RE COMING HOME IN BOXES.
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT FOR ME?
WOULD THAT MAKE ME ENOUGH OF A MAN?
NO...OF COURSE NOT... STOP.
I'M GOING. BOWLING LEAGUE NIGHT.


NOW, ARCHIE... YOU KNOW THAT'S *NOT* WHAT YOUR FATHER WANTS FOR YOU.
FUNNY WAY OF SHOWING IT.


HE'S A MAN OF HIS GENERATION. MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE *MEN* AND TEACH THEIR SONS TO BE THE SAME.
FRED WASN'T ALLOWED TO SIGN UP FOR EUROPE IN 1918. HE WAS HIS MOTHER'S SOLE SUPPORT.

HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WAR, ARCHIE. SO, WHAT CAN HE TEACH YOU NOW? HE'S FRUSTRATED WITH HIMSELF AND DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THAT.
BUT YOUR FATHER *LOVES* YOU, ARCHIE. EVEN IF HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THAT, EITHER.


I KNOW, MOM.
I'M GOING TO GO FOR A WALK...CLEAR MY HEAD.



RIALTO
PHREY BOGART MARY ASTOR
MALTESE FALCON
DRUGS
WHY, LOOK WHO IT IS, MISTER MANTLE! ARCHIE ANDREWS, THE TOWN HERMIT.
CRAZY! HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR MUG IN AGES, MAN!
NOT SINCE THAT LITTLE DUST-UP AT THE BEACH. HELL OF A RIGHT HOOK YOU GOT THERE, ANDREWS.
YEAH, THAT. LOOK, I...I HAD A LOT ON MY MIND THAT DAY. I'M SORRY.
Oh, HEY, THAT WASN'T ON YOU. I PROBABLY HAD IT COMING FOR THAT BEACH BALL IN YOUR FACE.
AND A THOUSAND OTHER THINGS...
BYGONES?
HEY, YEAH, OF COURSE!

SO, WHAT ARE YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS DOING NOW?

WE'RE ***NOT*** A ***COUPLE***, ARCHIEKINS, JUST FRIENDS... AND WE'RE HEADED TO MY HOUSE, WHERE WE'RE ACTUALLY ALLOWED TO TURN ON A ***LIGHT***.

...NOT A COUPLE--?

YOU SHOULD ***JOIN*** US, ARCHIE! WE CAN HAVE ***FUN*** AND ***CHASE AWAY*** ALL THIS SILLY GLUM GLOOM!

Um, YOU KNOW THAT AMERICA IS AT ***WAR***, RIGHT, RONNIE?

THAT'S ***WHY*** EVERYONE IS SO "***GLUM***."

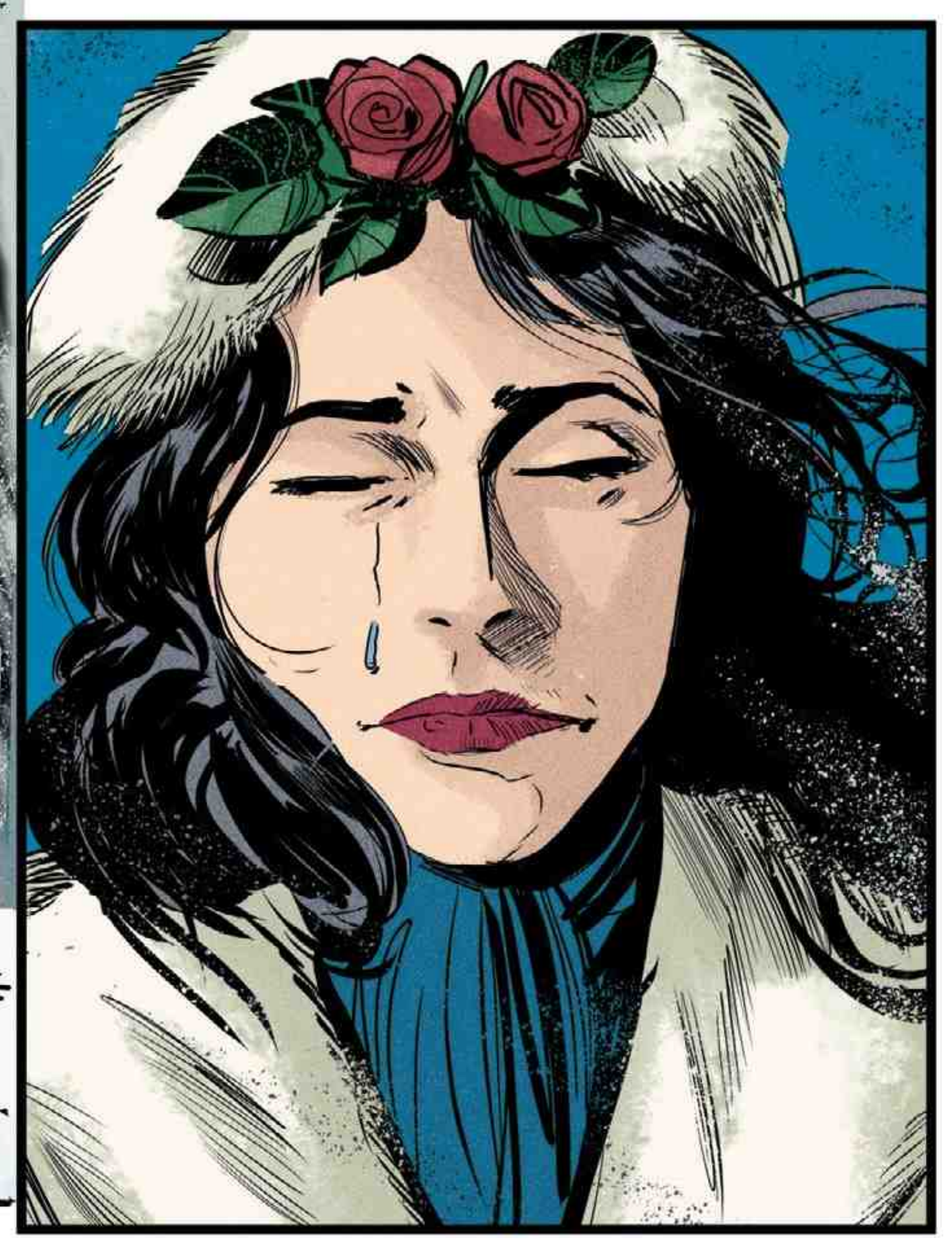
PIFFLE! DADDY SAYS IT'LL ALL BE OVER BY NEW YEAR'S EVE...!

I HAVE TO GET GOING...
ARCHIEKINS--! YOU'RE GOING TO BREAK MY HEART!

ABANDONING ME LIKE THIS... SNIFF!
YOU'LL BE FINE, VERONICA. YOU'VE GOT REGGIE HERE...

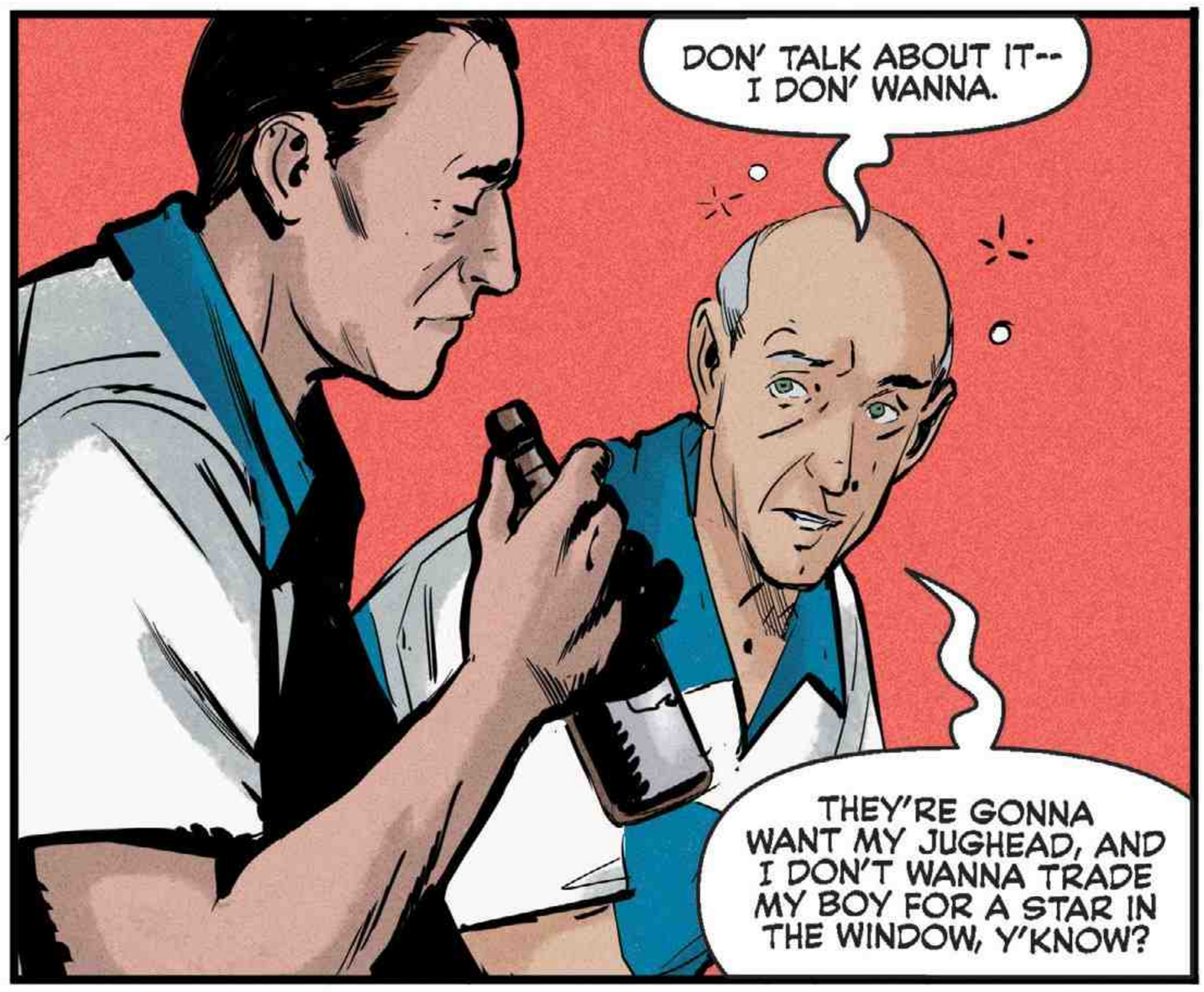
Um, NO...ACTUALLY, I HAVE TO GO, TOO. I HAVE A... THING I HAVE TO GET TO.

WHY YOU... REGGIE MANTLE!



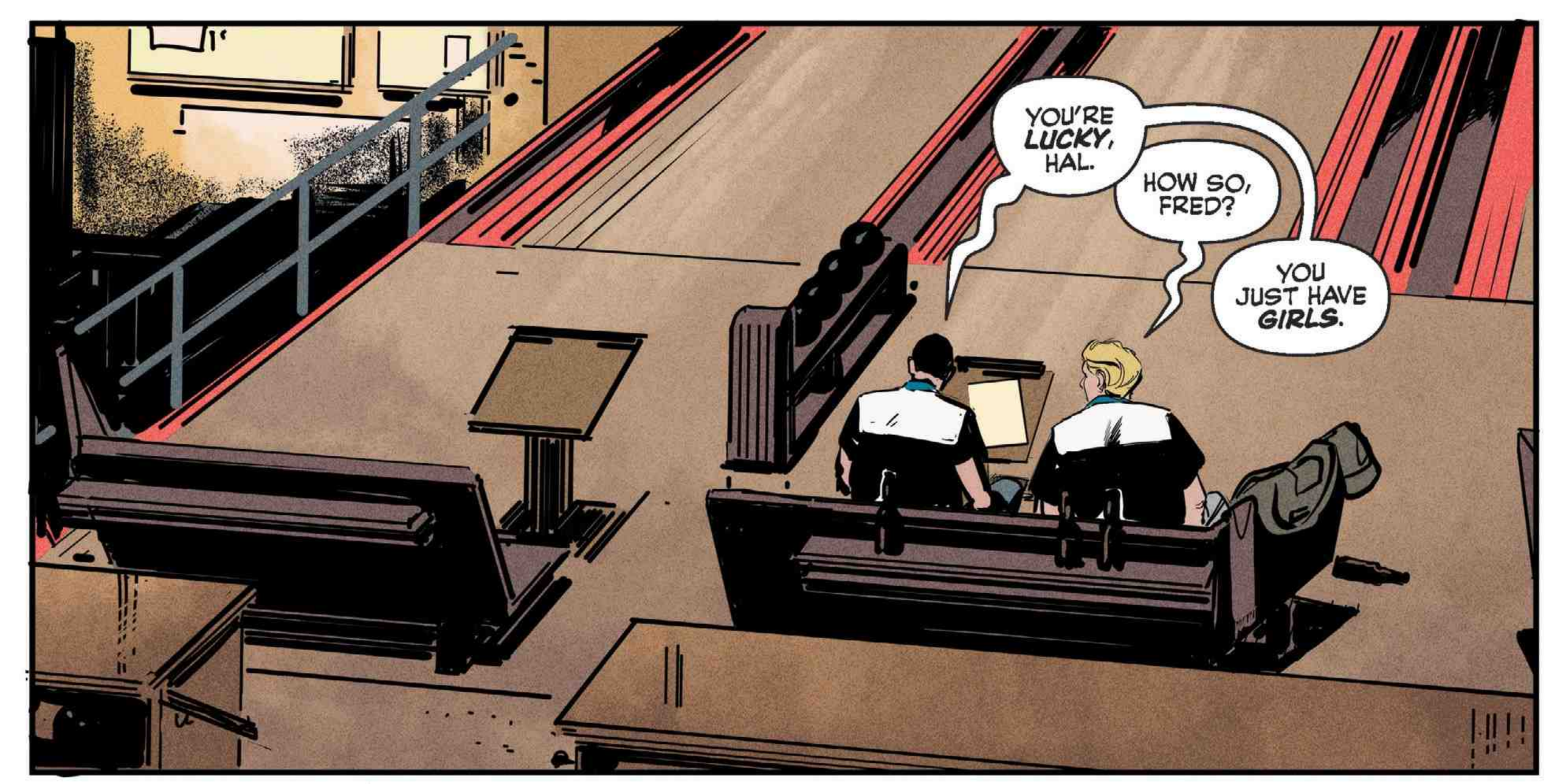
BOWLING
RIVERDALE LANES
I TELL YOU, F.P., HAL... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK ANYMORE...

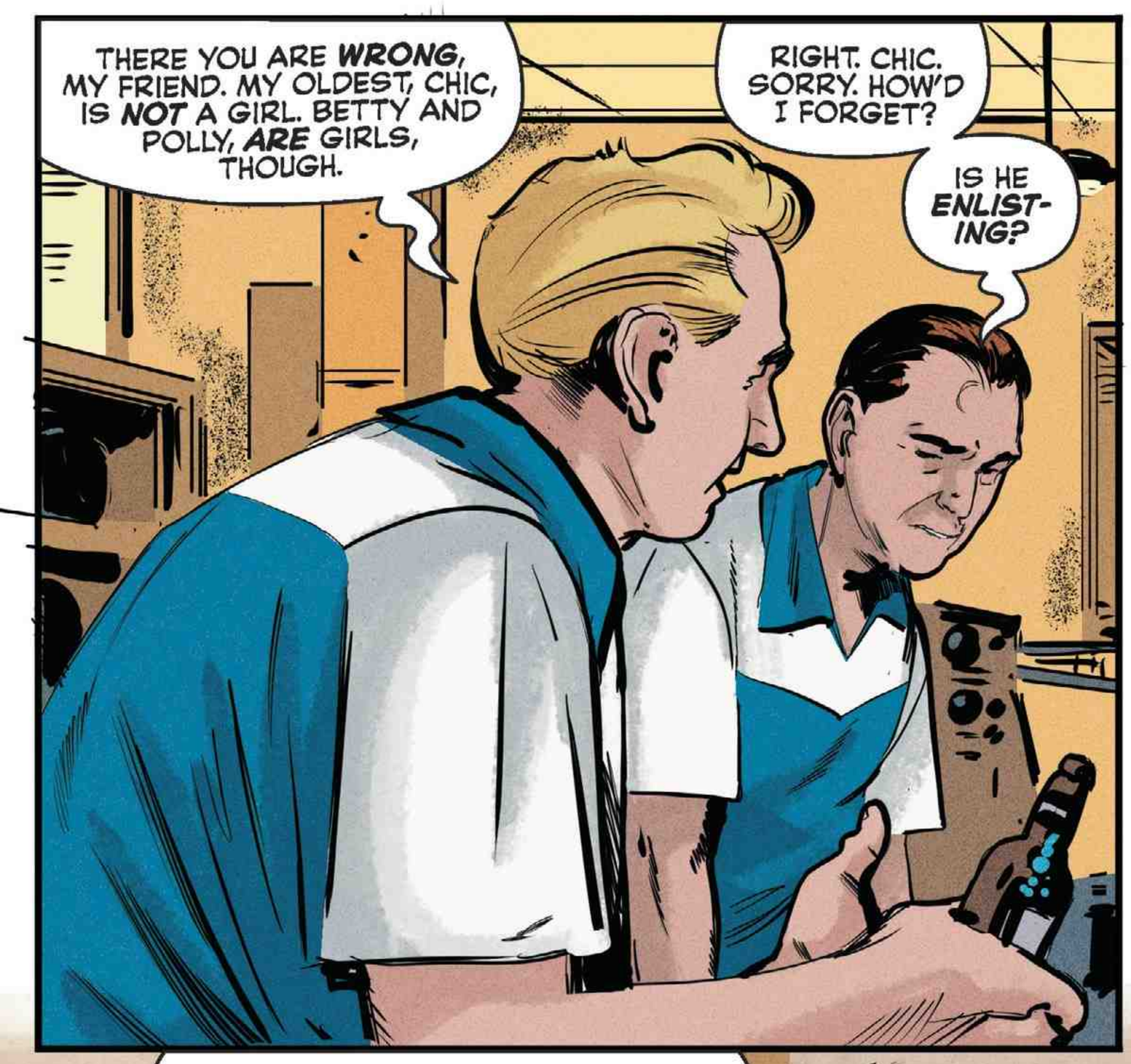
WELL, CAN YOU TELL US WHERE EVERYONE ELSE IS? PLACE IS A GHOST TOWN.
IT'S THE WAR, F.P., YOU KNOW? AIN'T NO SUCH THING NOWADAYS AS "BUSINESS AS USUAL."


DON' TALK ABOUT IT-- I DON' WANNA.
THEY'RE GONNA WANT MY JUGHEAD, AND I DON'T WANNA TRADE MY BOY FOR A STAR IN THE WINDOW, Y'KNOW?

RIGHT.

GOIN' HOME NOW. IF WE EVER GET TO HAVE A GOOD TIME AGAIN, I'LL SEE YA BACK HERE.
G'NITE, F.P.!


YOU'RE LUCKY, HAL.
HOW SO, FRED?
YOU JUST HAVE GIRLS.


THERE YOU ARE WRONG, MY FRIEND. MY OLDEST, CHIC, IS NOT A GIRL. BETTY AND POLLY, ARE GIRLS, THOUGH.
RIGHT. CHIC. SORRY. HOW'D I FORGET?
IS HE ENLISTING?

WORSE. HE'S ALREADY IN THE PHILIPPINES, COVERING THE WAR FOR THE WASHINGTON POST.
WOW.

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO WANT BETTER FOR OUR KIDS, AND HERE WE ARE, READY TO SEND THEM OFF TO WAR...AND MAYBE NEVER SEE THEM COME HOME.
WE MISSED OUT ON THE GREAT WAR, HAL. ARE WE JUST LOOKING TO LIVE THOSE EXPERIENCES THROUGH OUR BOYS?
AND WHY? TO FEEL MORE LIKE MEN OURSELVES?

WELL, THAT'S NOT MANLY AT ALL!
WE CAN'T ASK OUR CHILDREN TO DO WHAT WE WON'T!

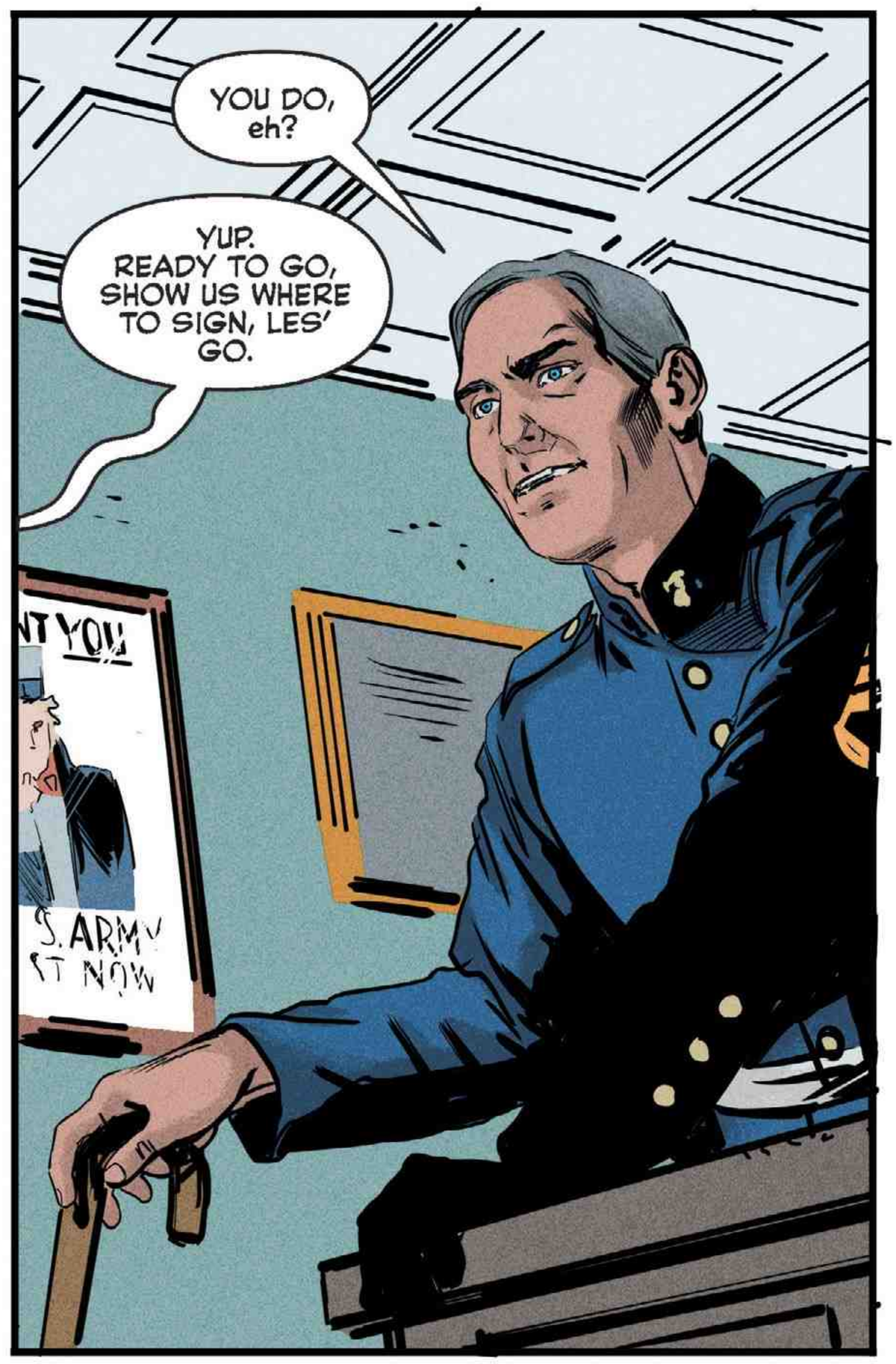
RIVERDA
BOWL
LANES
YOU WITH ME, HAL?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE GOING. BUT, SURE.

I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY. YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT...

Enlist NOW!!
ARMED FORCES RECRUITING OFFICE
HOLY COW! YOU WERE SERIOUS!
DARN TOOTIN' I AM! DAMNED SERIOUS!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CLOSE. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
YOU BETCHA, SERGEANT...
VACANCIES EXIST
S.ARMY

WE WANT TO SIGN UP!
YEAH...


YOU DO, eh?
YUP. READY TO GO, SHOW US WHERE TO SIGN, LES' GO.

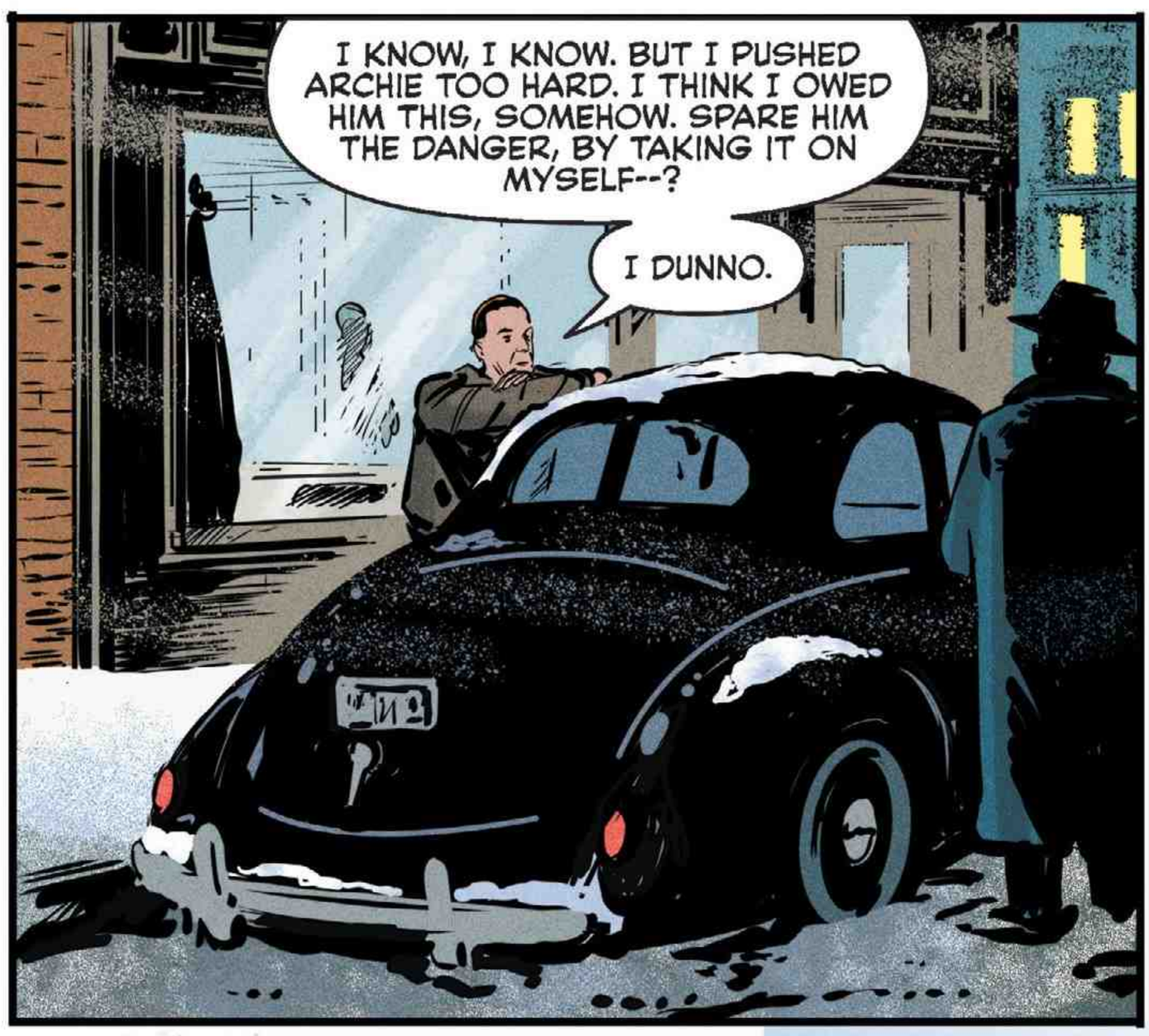
I SEE. WELL, FELLAS, I'M SERGEANT DAN SHELLY, USMC, RETIRED, AND I AM HAPPY TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT JOINING UP.
I AM VERY IMPRESSED WITH YOUR PATRIOTISM!

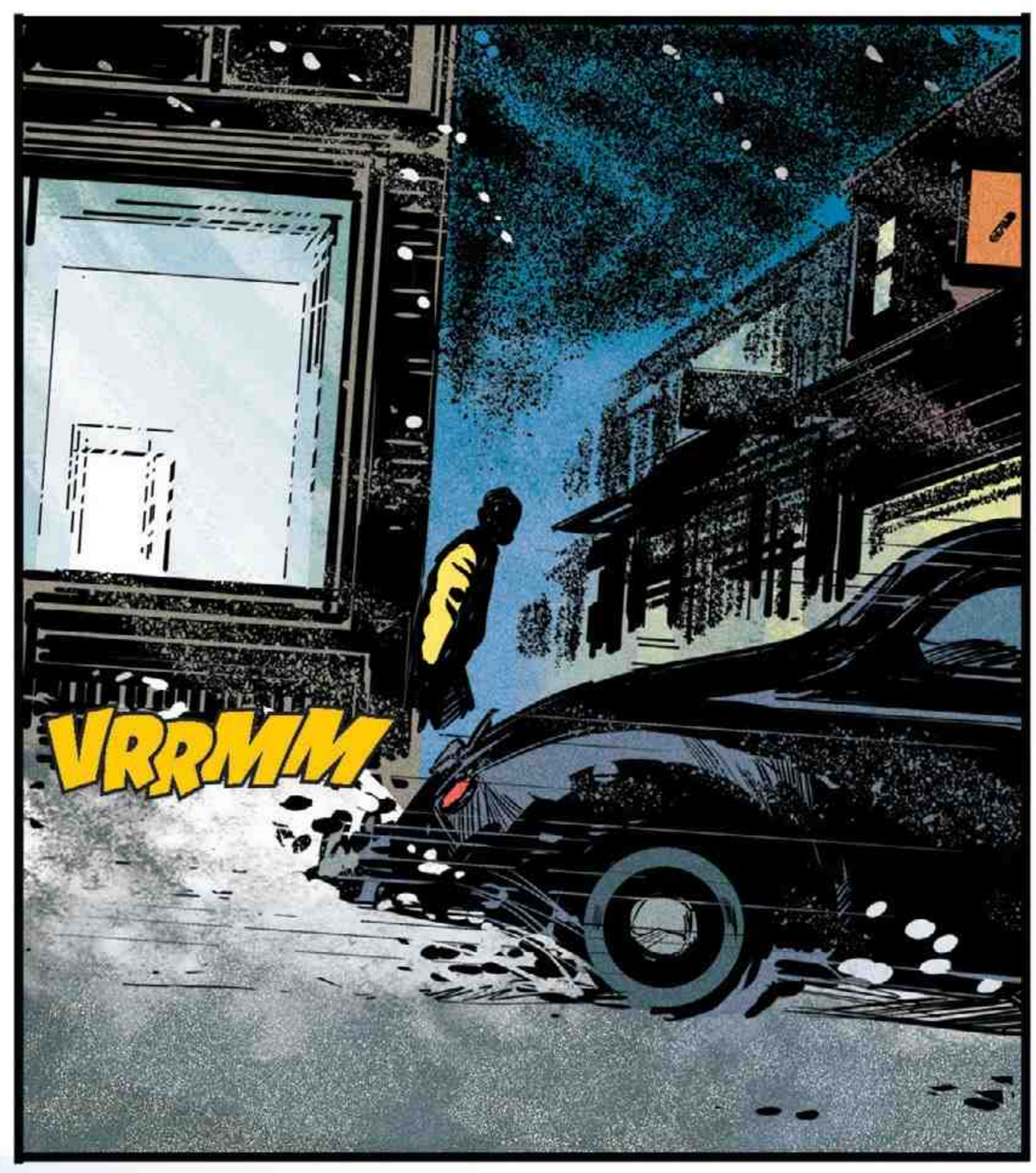
FACT IS, ALL ABLE-BODIED MEN UP TO AGE 65 ARE REQUIRED TO REGISTER FOR THE SELECTIVE SERVICE.
BUT THE REALITY IS THAT MEN OVER 45 ARE NOT LIKELY TO EVER GET A CALL. ARE YOU OVER 45?
...A LITTLE...

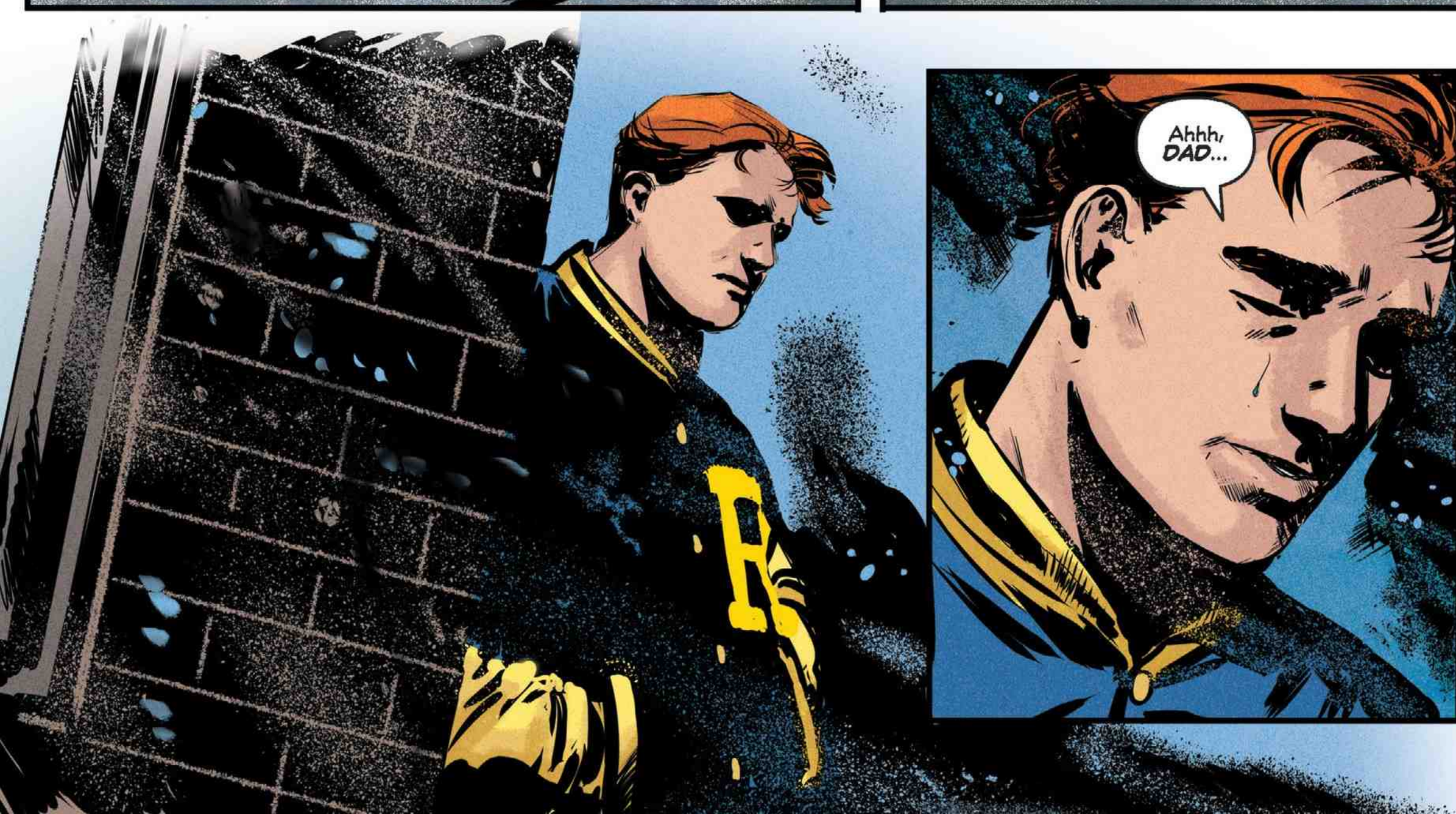
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, GENTS. YOU'RE ALREADY DOING YOUR PART BY WATCHING OUT AFTER YOUR FAMILIES. AM I RIGHT?

Enlist NOW!!
ARMED FORCES RECRUITING OFFICE
YOU FILL OUT THOSE SELECTIVE SERVICE FORMS AND DROP 'EM OFF WITH ME ANOTHER DAY.
A SOBER DAY.
IN THE MEANTIME, THANKS FOR YOUR ENTHUSIASM. YOUR UNCLE SAM APPRECIATES IT.

WELL, THAT DID NOT GO AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD...
AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT THAT'S OKAY. WE AREN'T KIDS ANYMORE, FRED.


I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT I PUSHED ARCHIE TOO HARD. I THINK I OWED HIM THIS, SOMEHOW. SPARE HIM THE DANGER, BY TAKING IT ON MYSELF--?
I DUNNO.

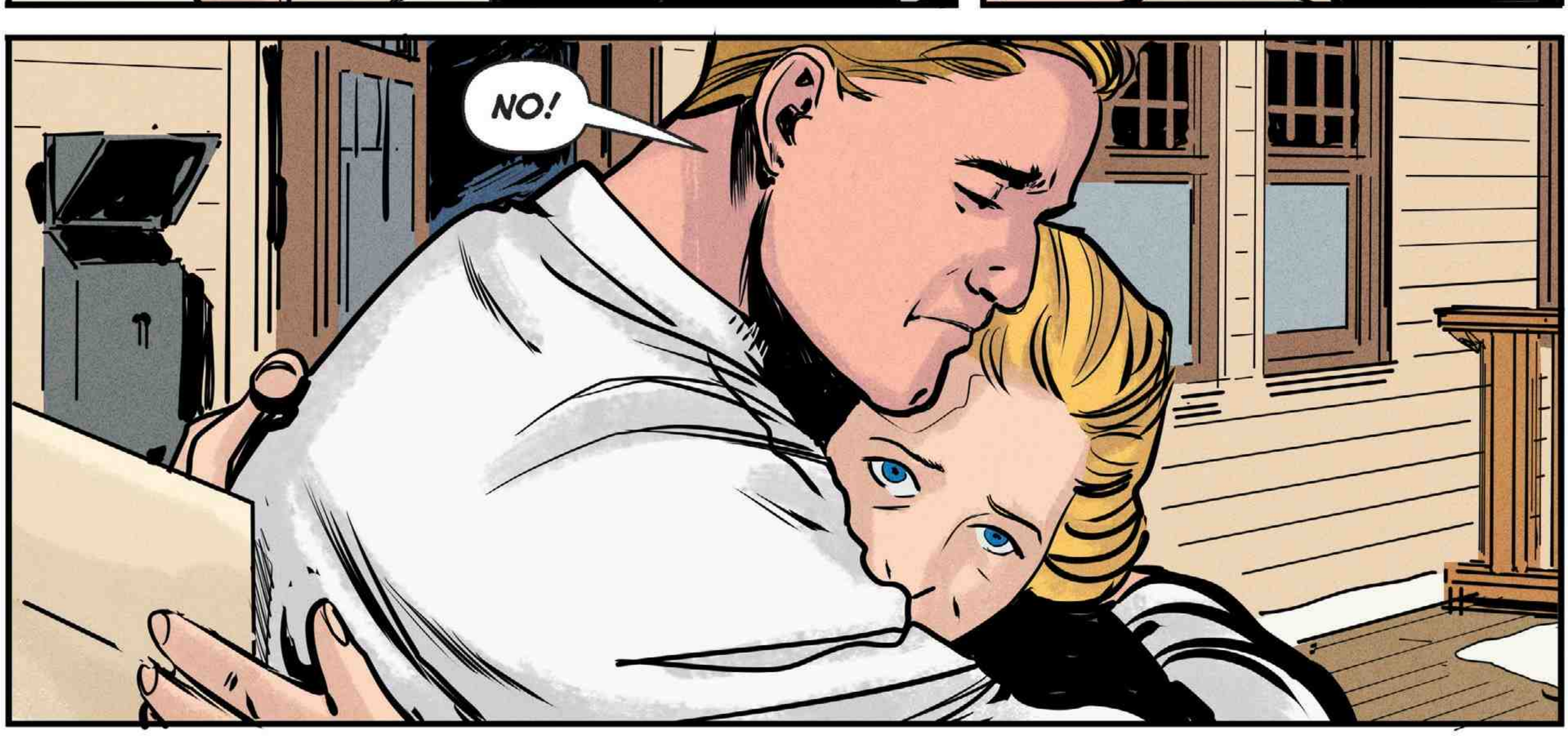

VRRMM

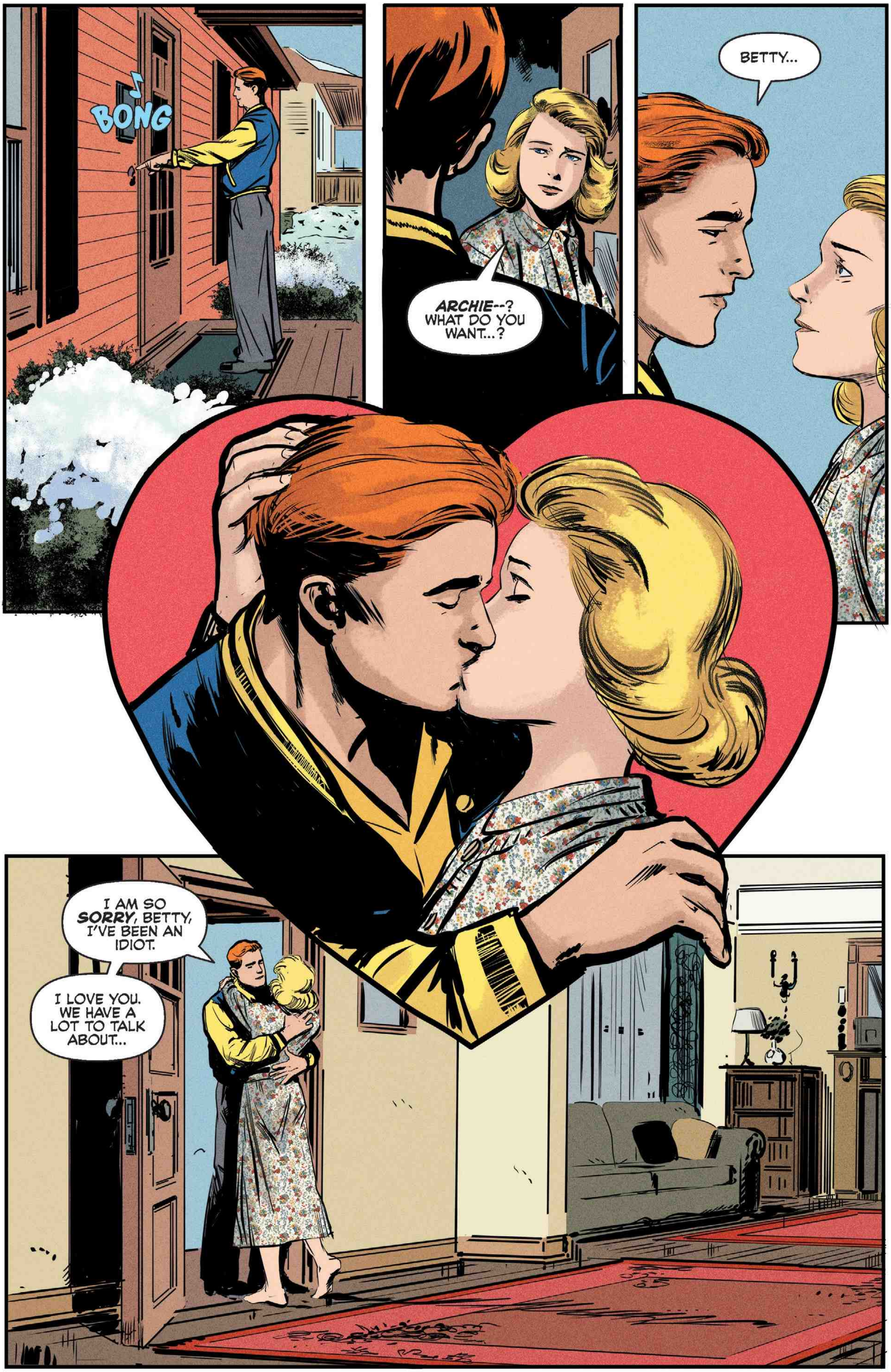

Ahhh, DAD...

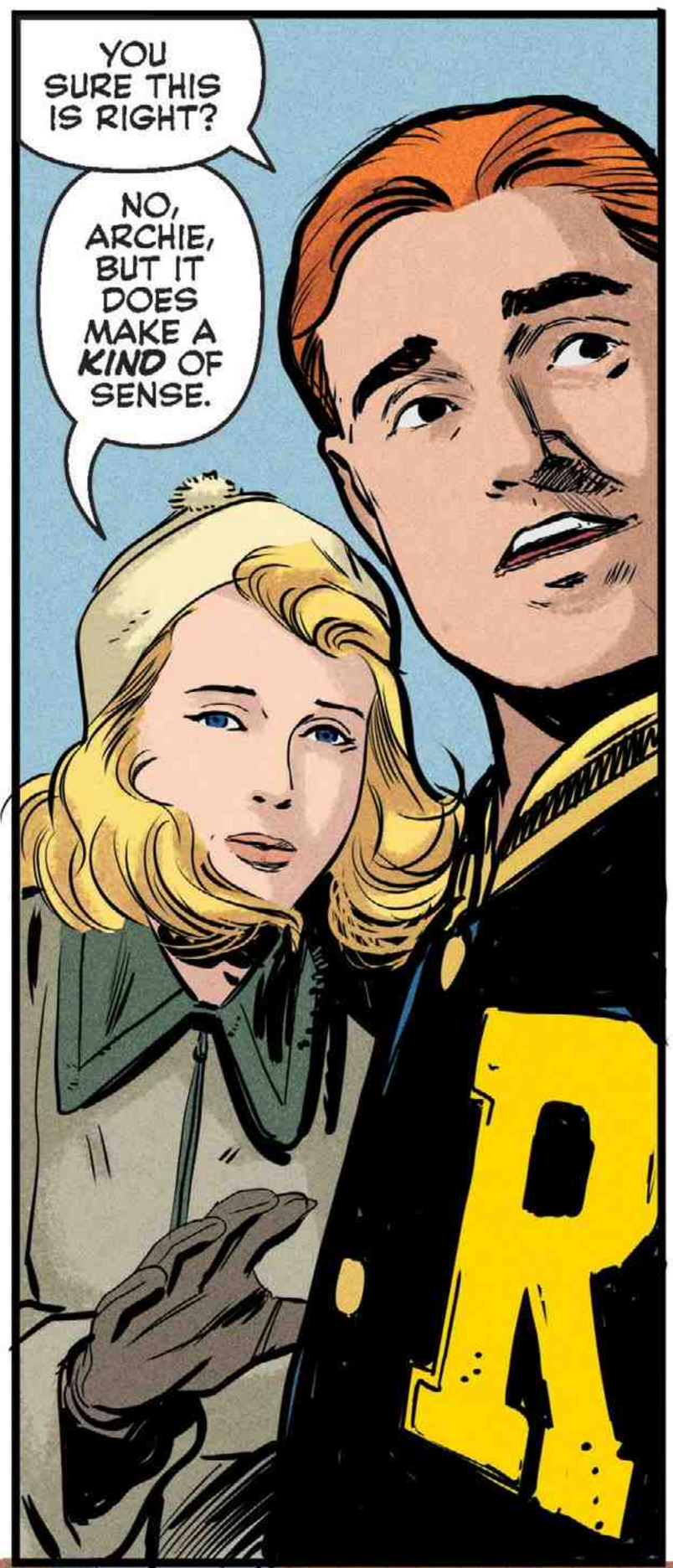
DECEMBER 14, 1941.
MORNING, MOOSE!

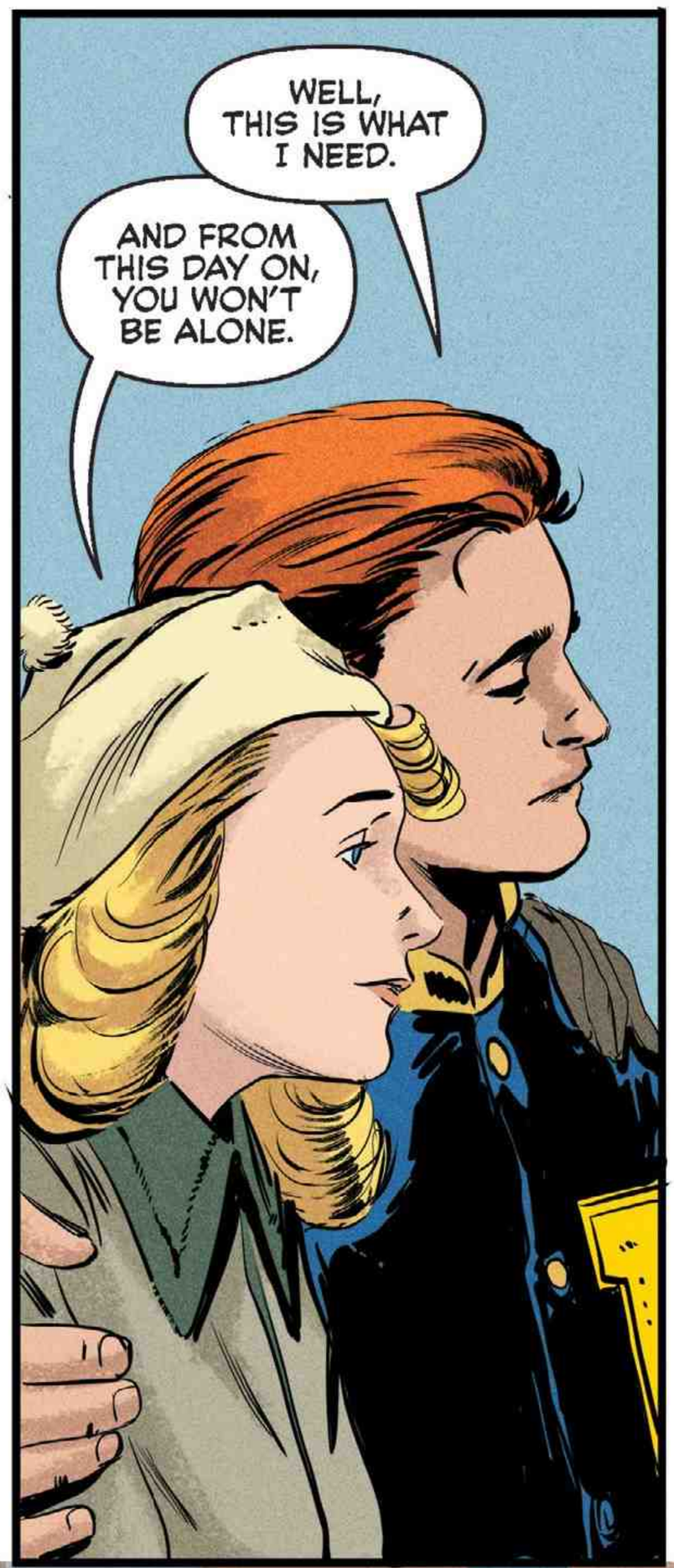
GOT MY ACCEPTANCE LETTER, MA!

COULDJA READ IT TO ME, PLEASE? GOTTA FIND OUT WHERE THEY WANT ME TO GO...!
WELL, WHAT'S IT SAY? OKINAWA? THEY SAY OKINAWA'S A PLACE!
SWEETHEART... IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. THEY AREN'T ACCEPTING YOU. IT SAYS HERE THAT THE DOCTOR FOUND A...A HEART MURMUR...


NO!


BONG
ARCHIE--? WHAT DO YOU WANT...?
BETTY...
I AM SO SORRY, BETTY, I'VE BEEN AN IDIOT.
I LOVE YOU. WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT...





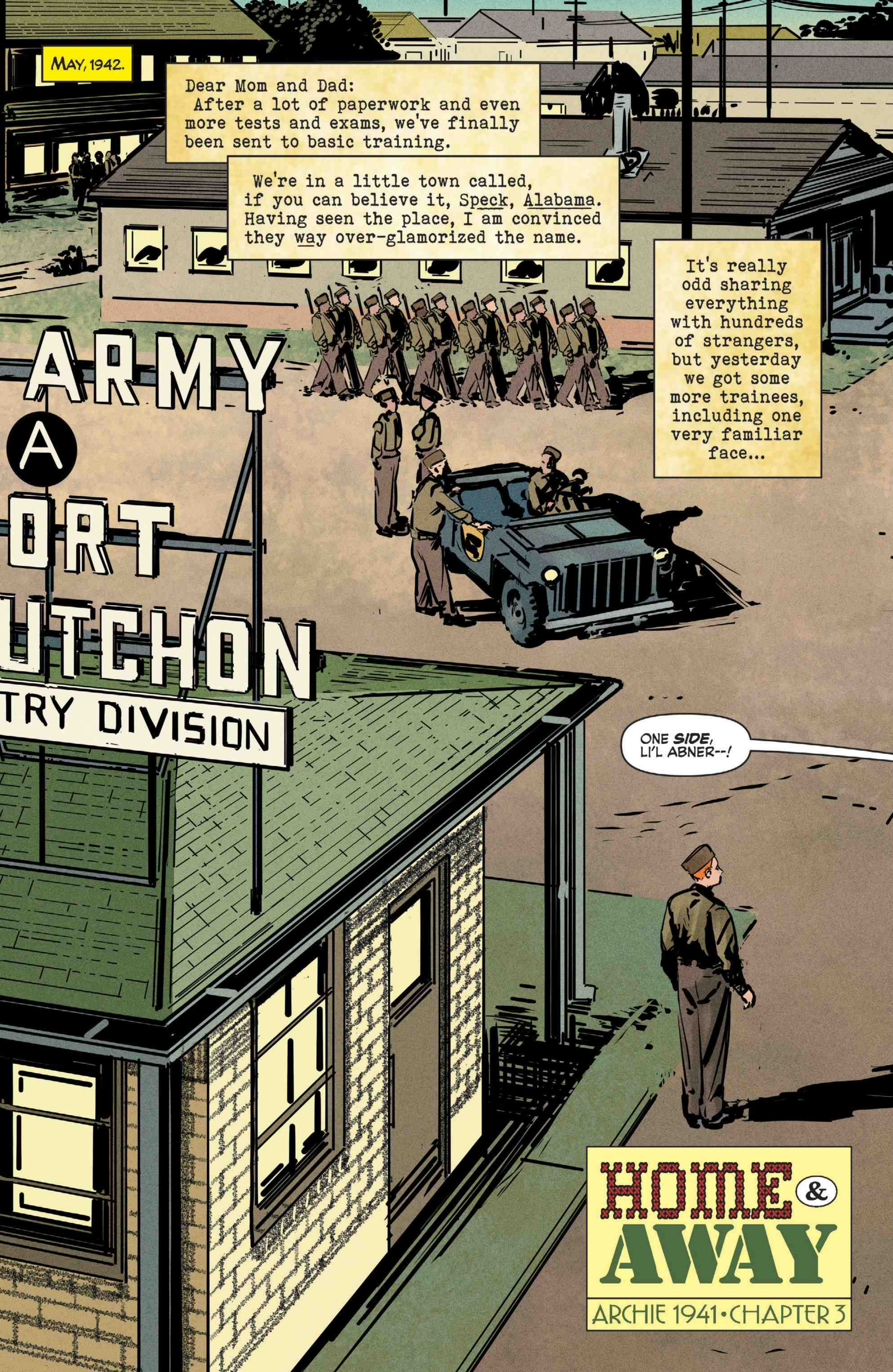
WAIT FOR ME...?

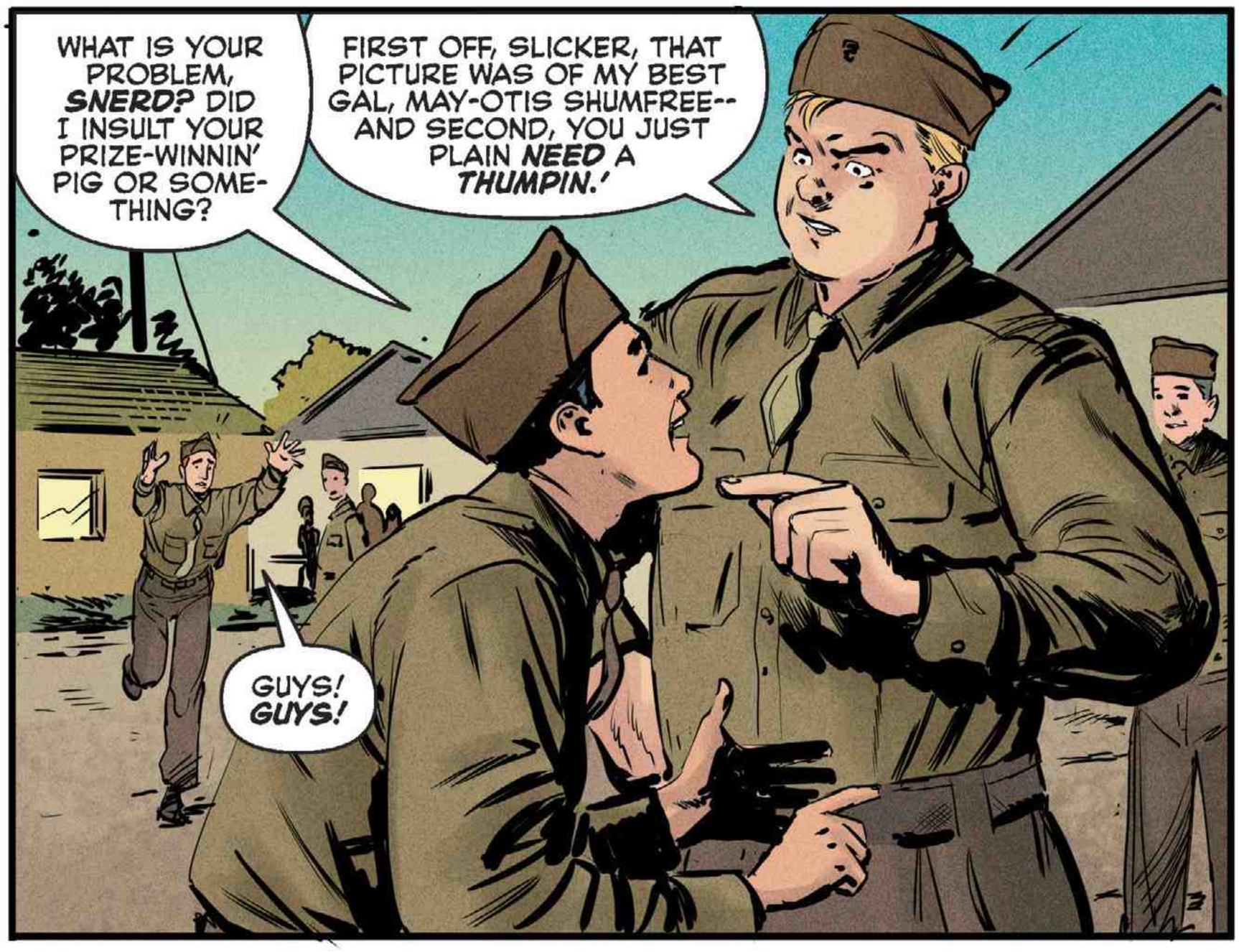
...FOREVER...

☆ Enlist NOW!! ☆

ARMED FORCES RECRUITING OFFICE

END CHAPTER TWO


MAY, 1942.
Dear Mom and Dad:
After a lot of paperwork and even more tests and exams, we've finally been sent to basic training.
We're in a little town called, if you can believe it, Speck, Alabama. Having seen the place, I am convinced they way over-glamorized the name.
It's really odd sharing everything with hundreds of strangers, but yesterday we got some more trainees, including one very familiar face...
ARMY
A
ORT
UTCHON
TRY DIVISION
ONE SIDE, LI'L ABNER--!
HOME & AWAY
ARCHIE 1941 • CHAPTER 3


WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, SNERD? DID I INSULT YOUR PRIZE-WINNIN' PIG OR SOME-THING?
FIRST OFF, SLICKER, THAT PICTURE WAS OF MY BEST GAL, MAY-OTIS SHUMFREE-- AND SECOND, YOU JUST PLAIN NEED A THUMPIN.'
GUYS! GUYS!

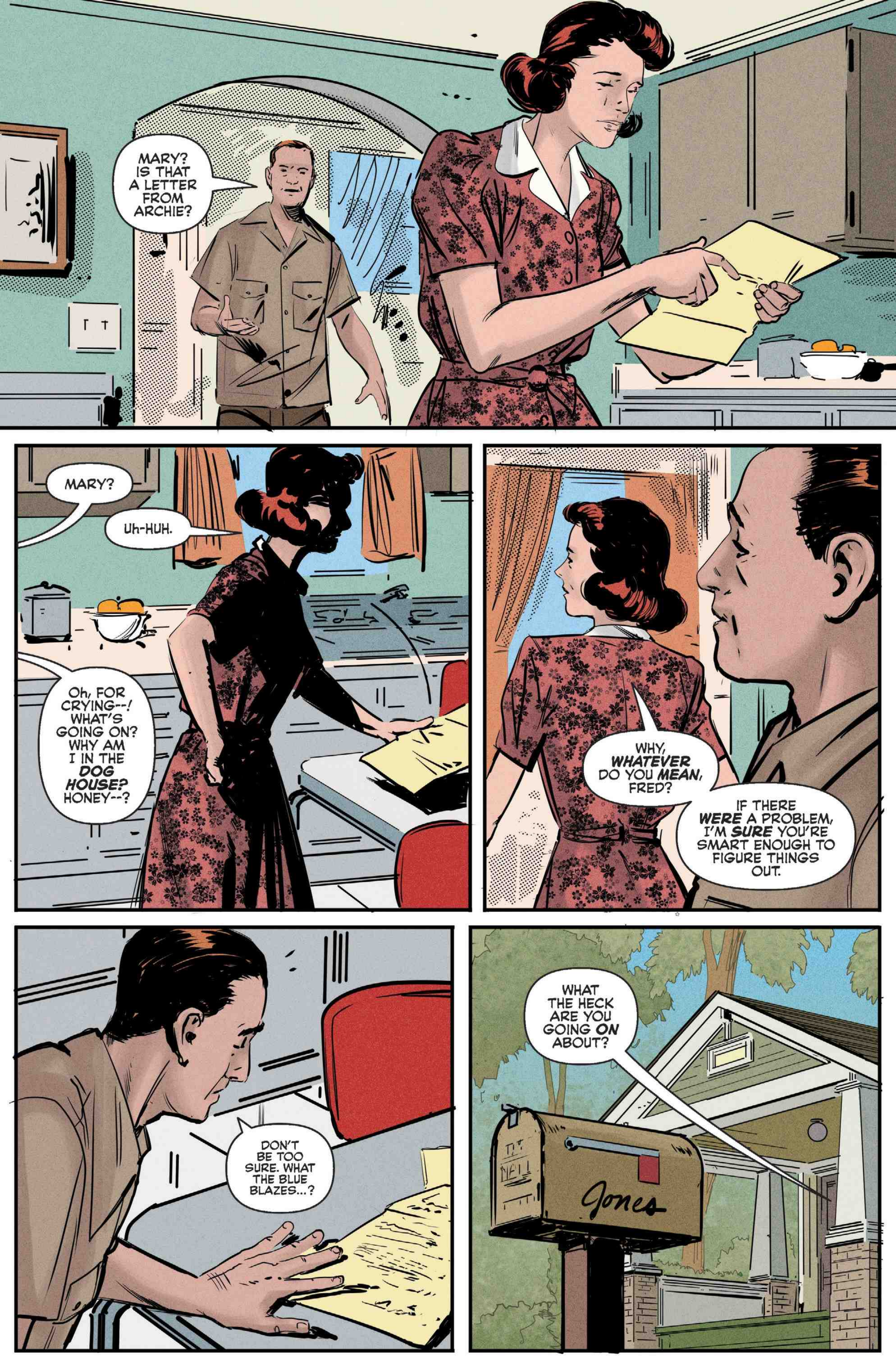
GUYS, DON'T SNAP YOUR CAPS, YOU'LL WIND UP IN THE STOCKADE!

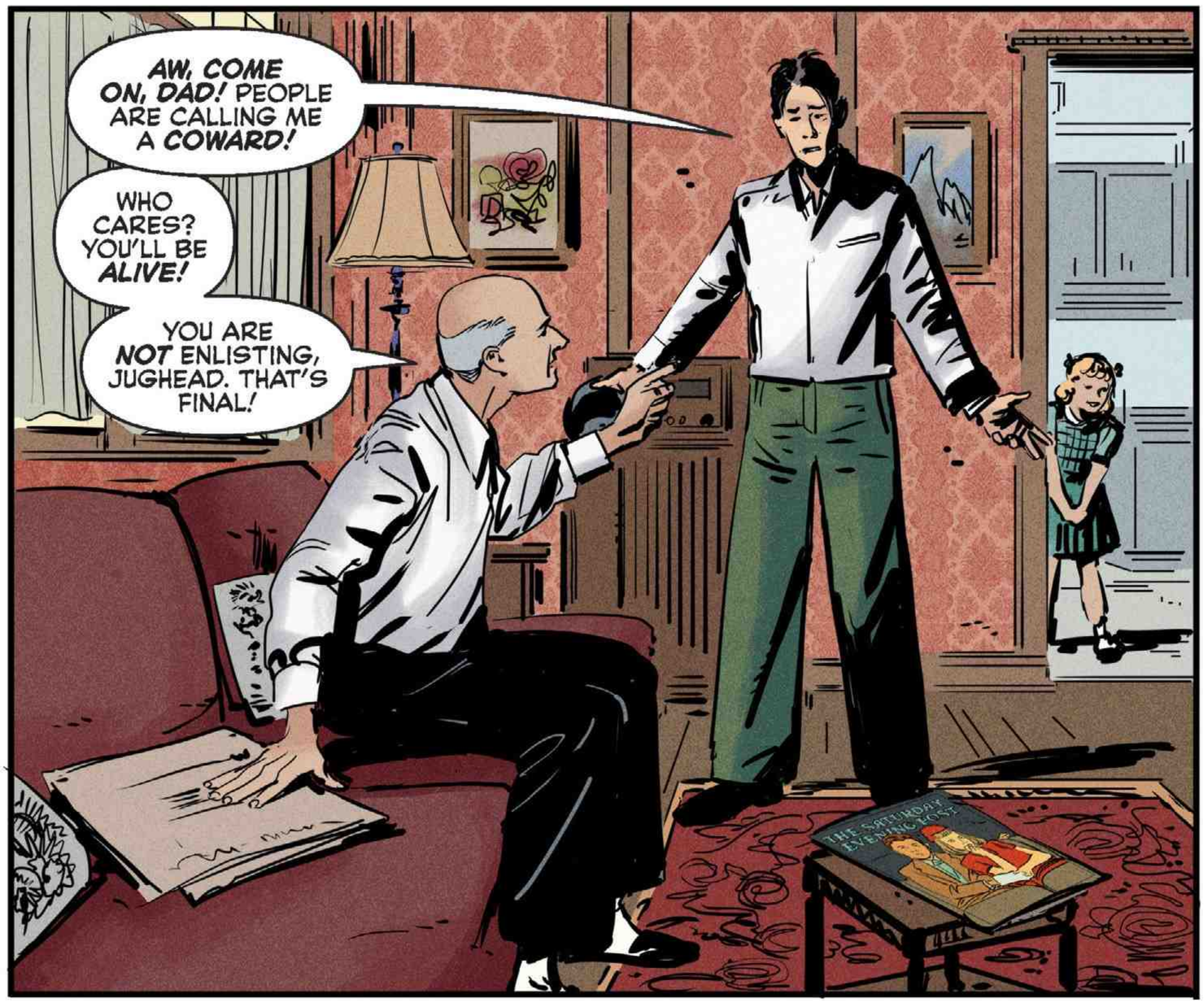
WOOOF--?!

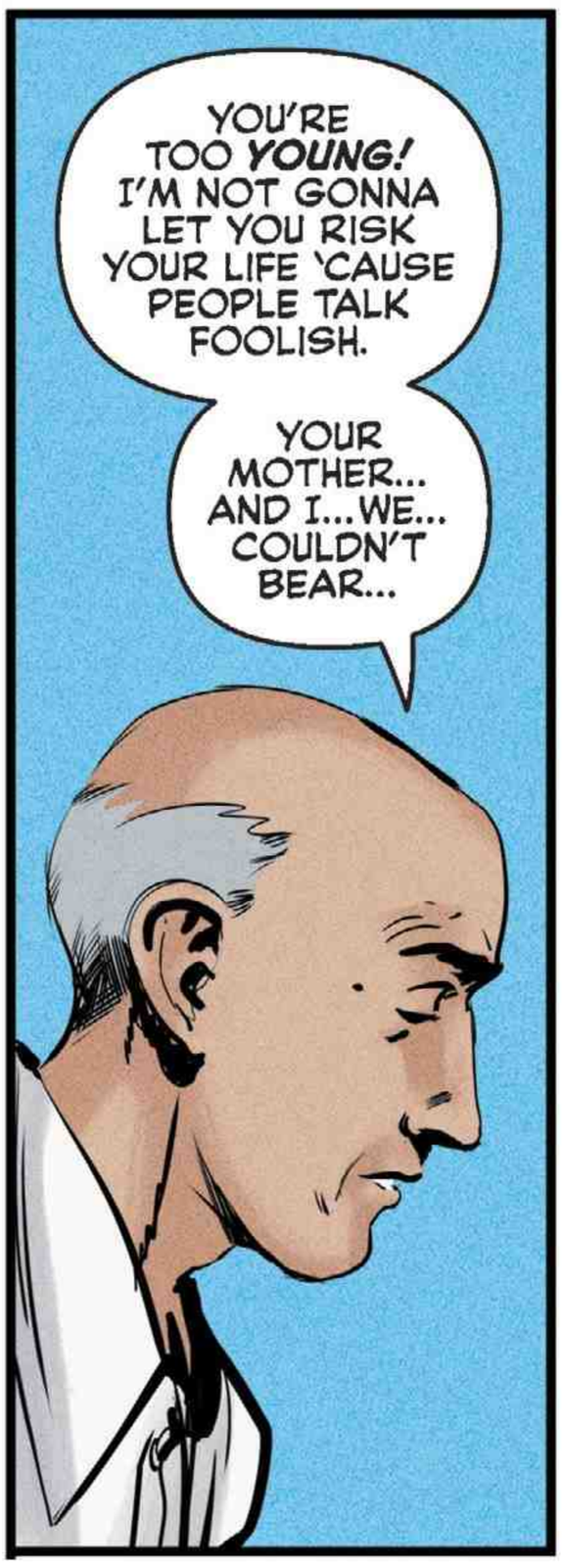
NO-O-O--!

KRAK
--OOO?

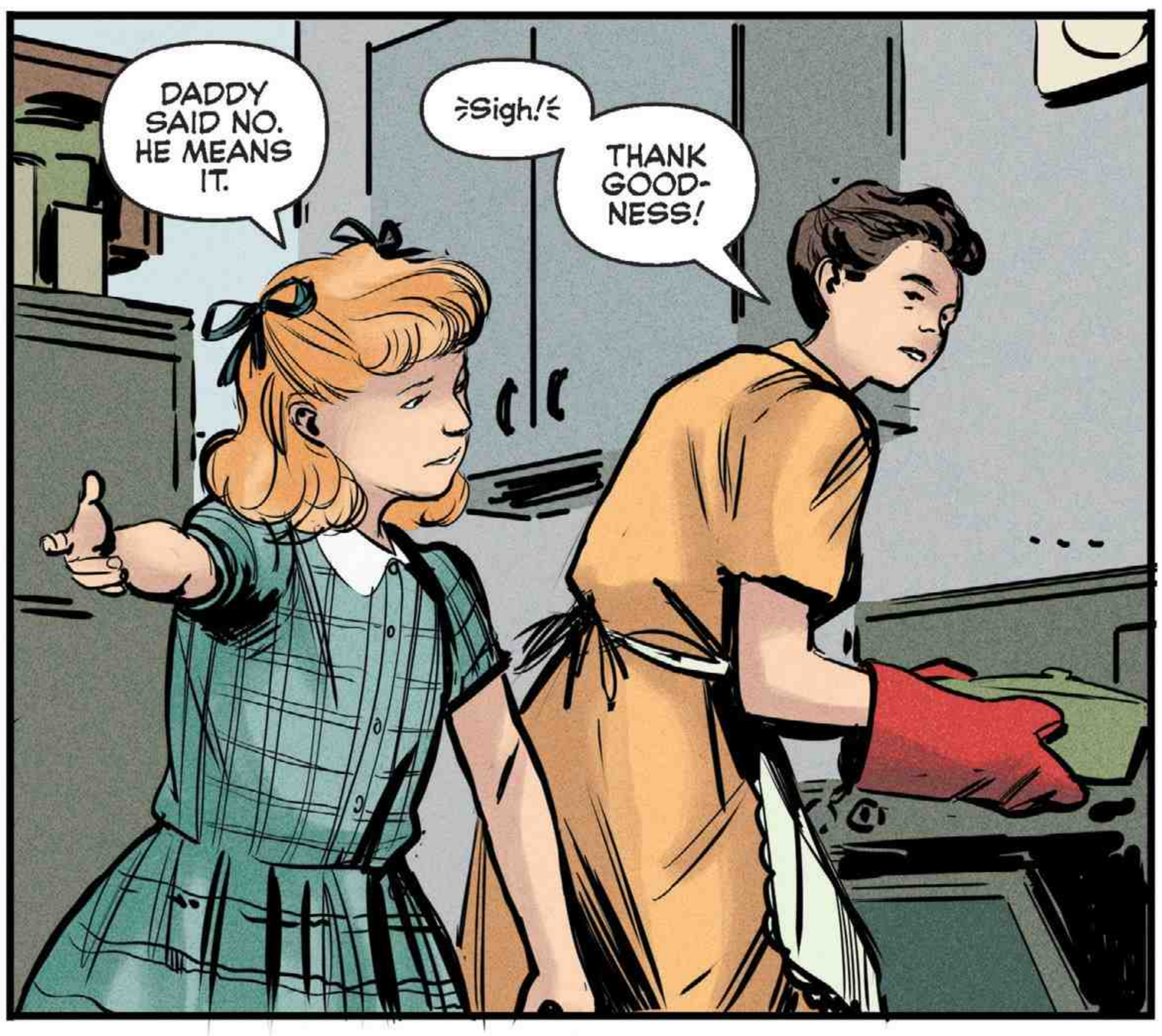
HOLEE--ANDREWS? YOU'RE HERE TOO?
I THINK I BROKE THE LI'L FELLA.
MOM--?
...it's good old Reggie Mantle, picking up where we left off in high school. Fun.


MARY? IS THAT A LETTER FROM ARCHIE?
MARY?
UH-HUH.
Oh, FOR CRYING--! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY AM I IN THE DOG HOUSE? HONEY--?
WHY, WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, FRED?
IF THERE WERE A PROBLEM, I'M SURE YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE THINGS OUT.
DON'T BE TOO SURE. WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES...?
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT?
Jones


AW, COME ON, DAD! PEOPLE ARE CALLING ME A COWARD!
WHO CARES? YOU'LL BE ALIVE!
YOU ARE NOT ENLISTING, JUGHEAD. THAT'S FINAL!
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU RISK YOUR LIFE 'CAUSE PEOPLE TALK FOOLISH.
YOUR MOTHER... AND I... WE... COULDN'T BEAR...

...JUST... NO! WE'RE NOT GONNA LOSE YOU. THAT'S IT.


DADDY SAID NO. HE MEANS IT.
≥Sigh!≤
THANK GOOD-NESS!

"I DUNNO IF JUGHEAD WILL EVER SMILE AGAIN, MOM... HE HASN'T EVEN LOOKED AT A BURGER IN TWO WEEKS!"

HEY, KID?
Enlist NOW!!
ARMED FORCES RECRUITING OFFICE
HEY, JIM, I'M TALKING TO YOU!
YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY. MY NAME IS CHUCK CLAYTON...
YER NAME IS MUD, PAL!
WHAT? YOU THINK YOU CAN BE A SOJER? YOU?
THEY DON' TAKE YOUR KIND!
HEY! YOU GUYS CAN'T...
WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT TO YOU!
YOU NEED TO LEARN YER PLACE, BOY--
--HERE WITH THE GARBAGE...
KLANG

KRAK-K-K
GUH--!

HE DECKED LENNY!
BASTARD!
KRASH

KRAK
THUMP
SMAK
THUD

KRRUMMMP
ENOUGH.

MOOSE--! THANK GOD!
HEY, CHUCK. YOU ALL RIGHT?
I... YEAH. I DON'T THINK THOSE GUYS ARE FROM AROUND HERE...
'COURSE NOT. WE DON'T PUT UP WITH THAT KIND OF STUFF IN RIVERDALE.
LET'S GET YOU TO DOC WILSON'S...

HOLD A SEC, DOLL, MY BOY IS WAKING UP!
ANDREWS, YOU WERE AMAZING! SAVED MY HIDE FOR CERTAIN!
WAIT... WHO ARE WE? WHERE--?

GREAT TO SEE YOU, PAL! RIVERDALE GRADS UNITED, HOW GREAT IS THAT?
YOU SOUND... FRIENDLY. HOW HARD WAS I HIT?

REGGIE, THE TRUCK--?
NO TRUCK, RED. THAT WAS A GUY. PRIVATE TUCKER DUNWOODY, HIMSELF.
THAT WAS JUST ONE GUY--?

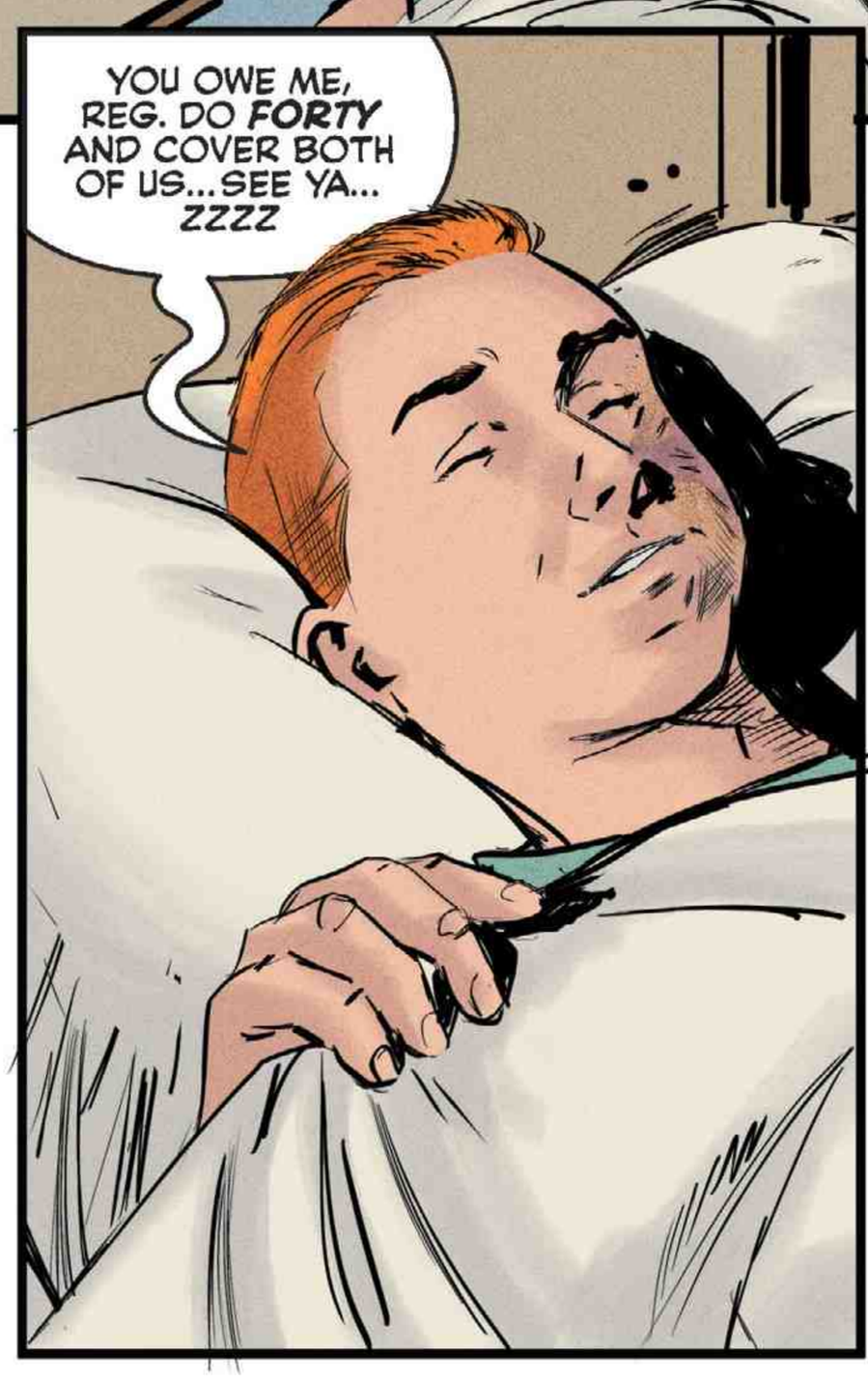
WOW. ARE YOU SURE I SURVIVED?
LUCKILY, HE HIT YOU IN THE HEAD...

I AM DEEPLY SORRY, PRIVATE ANDREWS.

I CAN'T TELL YUH HOW ROTTEN I FEEL ABOUT THIS. WE HADN'T EVEN BEEN INTRODUCED...
WELL, NOW I HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY, TUCKER...

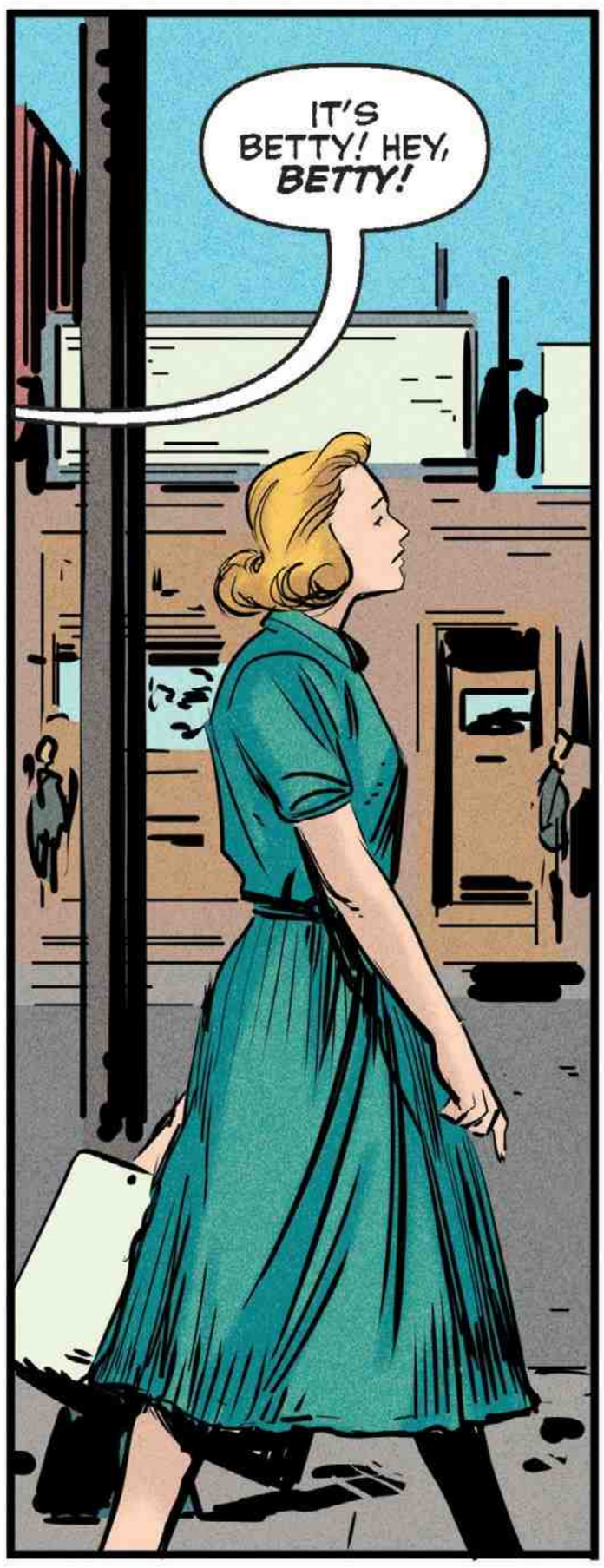
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, YOU HAVE TUCKER DUNWOODY WATCHIN' OVER YOU. AND AS A FRIEND, IF YOU'LL HAVE ME.
UM, FRIENDS, SURE...BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BODYGUARD ME.

DON'T FRET ON THAT FOR NOW. NURSE SAYS YOU NEED REST.
THAT IS SOMETHING I CAN DO.
YOU'LL MISS TOMORROW'S TWENTY-MILE HIKE, LUCKY BUCK!


YOU OWE ME, REG. DO FORTY AND COVER BOTH OF US...SEE YA... ZZZZ

WE SHOULD HEAD BACK, TUCK...
YOU GO AHEAD. I'MMA STAY FOR A TETCH.

BOO.
WHAT--
AIEEEEE!!
HONEY, I'M HOME...?
FRED! HOW COULD... WHAT ON EARTH... AAARGGH!
MARY--! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU... IT WAS PLAYFUL, YOU KNOW? MARY--?
AW, MARY...


IT'S BETTY! HEY, BETTY!

L
LODGE
LODGE
BETTY, IT'S BEEN AGES! HOW ARE YOU?
I'M OKAY, I GUESS. YOU?

Oh, DON'T WORRY ABOUT VERONICA LODGE, YOU POOR DARLING!
YOU'RE THE ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

IT MUST BE PURE AGONY HAVING YOUR MAN IN DANGER SO FAR AWAY!
ARCHIE, YES...I MISS HIM A LOT.
IT IS HARD, THANK YOU.
Chantalle's

NO NEED TO BE BRAVE FOR ME, SWEETIE. YOU CAN LET IT OUT...

NO, REALLY, I'M OKAY.

Oh, BETTY... I SO ENVY YOUR ***CALM***. I'D BE TERRIFIED AROUND THE ***CLOCK***--

--KNOWING THAT MY FELLA MIGHT TAKE A ***NAZI BULLET*** AT ANY MOMENT!

VERONICA--! WHAT A ***HORRIBLE*** THOUGHT!

NO... WAIT...I JUST...! BETTY!

THE ***ONLY*** WAY I GET THROUGH MY DAYS, VERONICA, IS BY ***NEVER*** THINKING LIKE ***THAT!***

I'M NOT ***BRAVE***, I'M NOT ***CALM***. AT BEST, I'M ***NUMB!***

IT'S MY...***JOB*** TO KEEP MYSELF ***TOGETHER*** WHILE ***HE'S AWAY!***

Oh, VERONICA, I AM SO ***TERRIBLE*** AT IT!

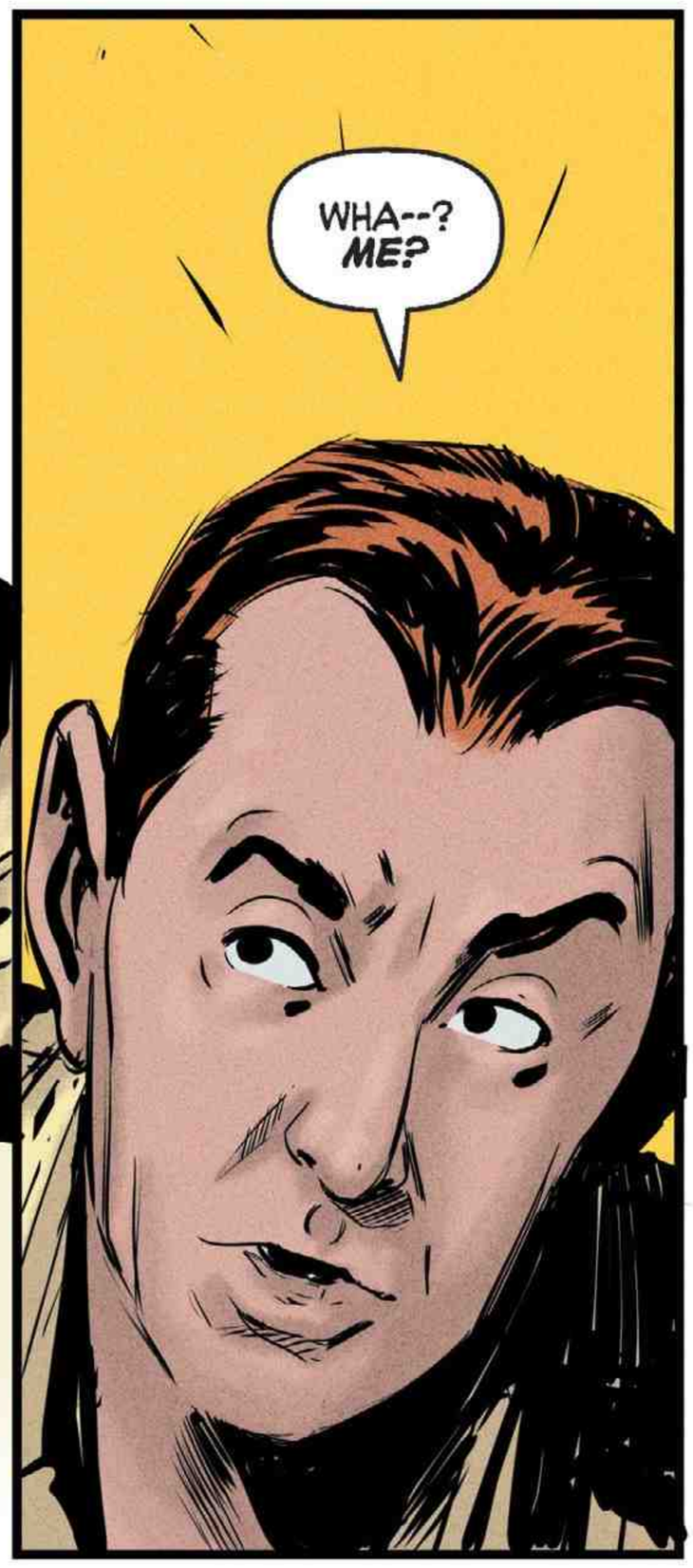
SWEETIE!

NO, NO, HONEY, YOU ARE AMAZING! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE SOMETHING SO DEEP, SO REAL! I'D EVEN WELCOME THAT PAIN.
I LOVE HIM SO MUCH!
YES... I PRAY FOR THAT MOST OF ALL...

Dear Mom:
You'll be happy to know that I'm making new friends.

And by the way, Happy Mother's Day. Sorry I'm not there to celebrate, but soon...

ARCHIE...
Oh, FRED! HOW COULD YOU LET HIM GO?


WHA--? ME?

LATER...

TWENTY CENTS?

20¢ gal.

TWENTY CENTS?!

LODGE!

LODGE

GRAND

TWENTY CENTS A GALLON FOR GAS IS...***PROFITEERING***, LODGE! NO ONE ELSE IN TOWN IS...

EVERYONE IN TOWN WILL BE CHARGING THAT OR MORE IN A MATTER OF DAYS, ANDREWS. THE WAR IS GOING TO TURN BUSINESS TOPSY-TURVY...

...A SMART BUSINESS MAN HAS TO STAY AHEAD OF THE CURVE.

BY THE BY, IT'LL BE 24 CENTS NEXT WEEK, SO FILL 'ER UP.

GRAND OPEN

THAT'S ONE DOLLAR AND FORTY CENTS, SIR.

YEAH, YEAH...

AUGUST.
WHADDAYA S'POSE THIS IS ABOUT, ARCH?
WHEN THEY TELL US, I'LL TELL YOU.
LISTEN UP, GENTLEMEN. I'M CAPTAIN JESSUP FROM CENTRAL COMMAND.
I KNOW THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF SPECULATION ABOUT WHERE YOU ALL WILL BE DEPLOYED. WE HAVE THOSE ANSWERS TONIGHT.
Ahem... THE FIRST INFANTRY TROOPS THE U.S. IS SENDING INTO ACTION ARE BOUND FOR...
...NORTH AFRICA.

BUT... JAPAN?
OR EUROPE?
HANG ON, HANG ON. THE NAVY AND AIR CORPS WILL HIT THE PACIFIC, MEN.
ARMORED AND INFANTRY DIVISIONS ARE OFF TO NORTH AFRICA.

THAT'S WHAT HAS BEEN DECIDED AT THE TOP, AND THAT'S WHAT IT WILL BE. THAT IS ALL.

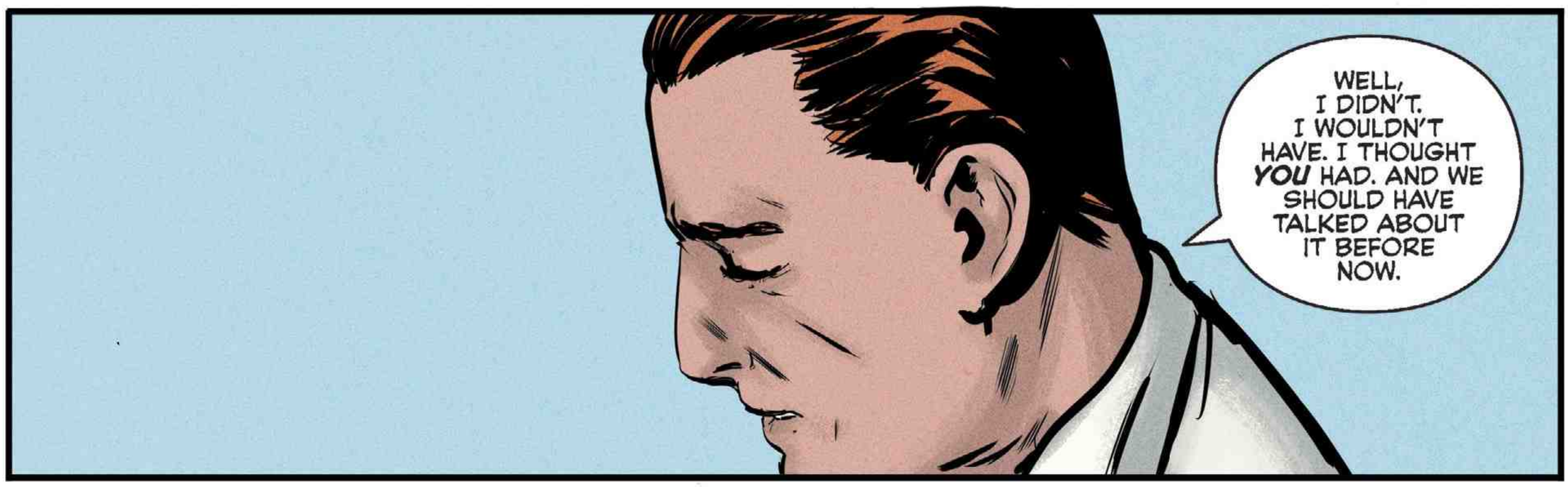
YOU WILL BE RECEIVING YOUR ORDERS AND TRAINING. AND YOU WILL NOT SHARE THIS INFORMATION WITH ANYONE.

WOW.
I JOINED TO FIGHT THE JAPANESE.
THEN YOU SHOULD'A JOINED THE NAVY, I GUESS.

NORTH AFRICA...?

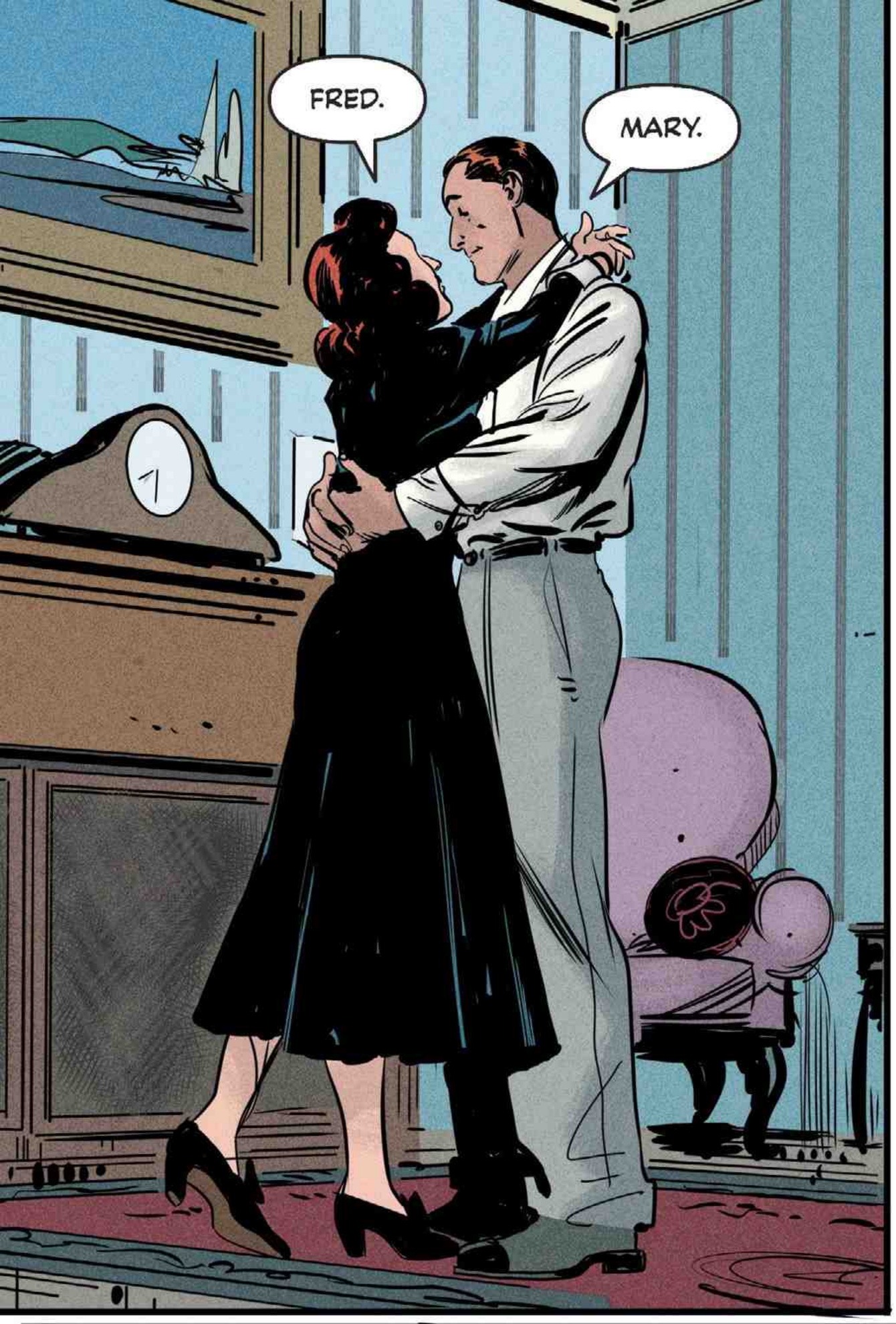
HONEY...?

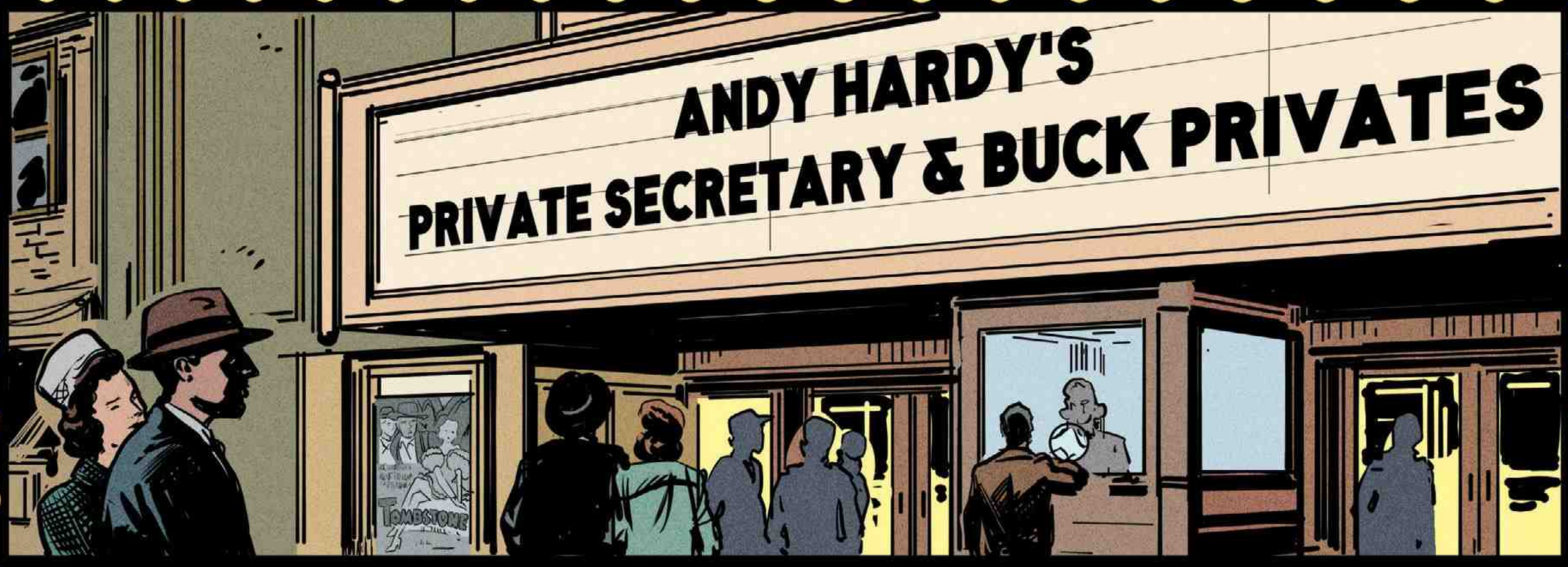
I HAVE ONE THING TO SAY, THEN I'LL STOP BOTHERING YOU.
I SEE NOW THAT YOU BLAME ME FOR ARCHIE'S ENLISTING...THAT YOU THINK I SIGNED HIS FORMS.

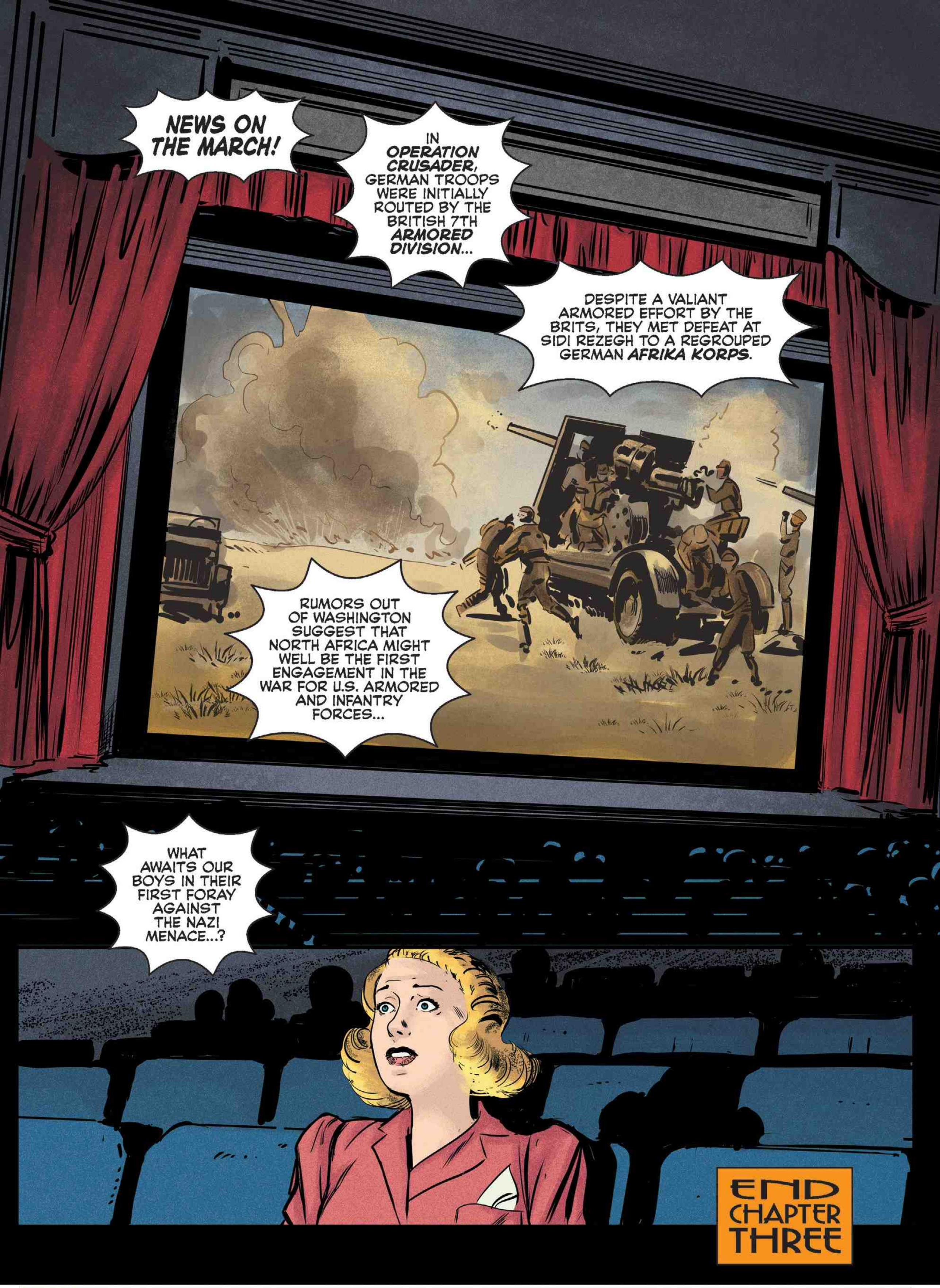

WELL, I DIDN'T. I WOULDN'T HAVE. I THOUGHT YOU HAD. AND WE SHOULD HAVE TALKED ABOUT IT BEFORE NOW.

I DIDN'T...
I KNOW THAT NOW. I WENT DOWN TO THE ENLIST-MENT CENTER, AND ASKED SERGEANT SHELLY.

OUR CLEVER SON FORGED MY SIGNATURE.


FRED.
MARY.


ANDY HARDY'S
PRIVATE SECRETARY & BUCK PRIVATES
TOMBSTONE



NEXT OPERATION TORCH!

NOVEMBER, 1942.
DEAR BETTY, THEY'VE TOLD US THAT OUR MAIL PRIVILEGES ARE SUSPENDED SINCE WE'RE HEADING INTO MAJOR ACTION.
I DON'T HAVE ANY PAPER ANYWAY, SO I HAVE TO IMAGINE THAT I'M TALKING TO YOU. HOW I WISH THAT WERE TRUE.
WE FLEW INTO ENGLAND AND WERE HERDED ONTO AN ENORMOUS SHIP HEADED TO NORTH AFRICA. WHICH WE'RE GOING TO...*INVADE!* INVADE, GOOD LORD.
WHAT HAVE I STEPPED IN NOW? BETTS, I'M TERRIFIED...
OKAY, LISTEN UP, GINKS--IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, WE'RE GONNA HIT THE BEACH AT EL BIAR ON THE COAST OF ALGERIA...
SERIOUSLY, MEN. WHEN THAT RAMP DROPS, WE ARE GONNA BE SMACK IN THE BULLS-EYE FOR EVERY ONE OF THE VICHY BASTARDS WAITING OUT THERE.
WE'RE GOING IN NAKED, SO EAT SAND AND STAY LOW.
I AIN'T GONNA SUGAR-COAT IT. THERE'S A REAL CHANCE WE MIGHT LOSE SOME'A YOU JOES.
ALL YOU C'N DO IS GO LOW, FIND COVER, AND BE READY TO THROW LEAD BACK AT THE ENEMY.

INTO THE FIRE
THE VICHY-FRENCH ARE PALS WITH THE NAZIS AND HATE US. AND WE'RE RUNNING BLIND INTO THEIR GUN-SIGHTS.
IF THIS GOES AS TOPSY AS IT PROBABLY WILL, I HAVE NO WAY OF TELLING YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU AND MISS YOU...
...SO I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT ALREADY.

WH-WHAT--?
MAKE ROOM, FELLAS, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS JOKER IS UP TO.
MAJOR JOHN GAGE, U.S. ARMY. WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
I AM GENERAL PIERRE LECROIX, REGIONAL COMMANDER OF THE VICHY FORCES FOR THE WESTERN ALGERIAN COAST.
MON AMI, THIS IS THE FORMAL NOTICE OF OUR SURRENDER. EL BIAR IS ALL YOURS.

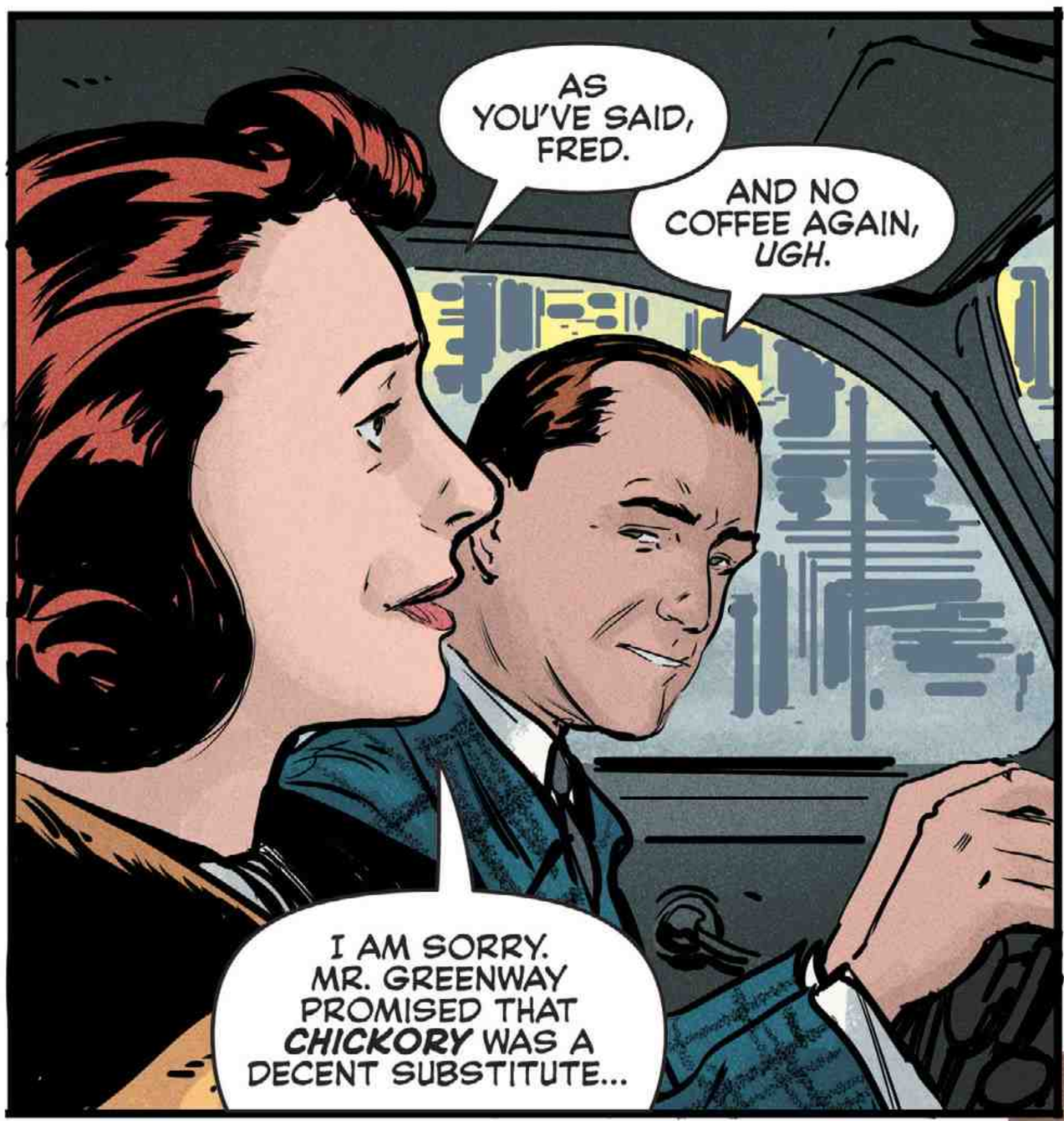
THE FRENCH ARE SURRENDERING WITHOUT A FIGHT!
THE FREE FRENCH UNDERGROUND WERE BUSY SABOTAGING AND CUTTING OFF SUPPLY LINES WHILE WE WERE SLEEPING ON THE SHIP.
THEY HAVE NOTHING TO RESIST WITH.
MOST OF OUR INVASION FORCES WEREN'T AS LUCKY.
THE OTHER BEACH LANDINGS TOOK HEAVY FIRE. MANY CASUALTIES, TOO MANY LOSSES. COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.
YOU'RE MY LUCKY CHARM, ARCHIE ANDREWS! YOU GOT US THROUGH A PRETTY NASTY MAGILLA!
WHAT HAVE WE SAID ABOUT OVERDOING THE HUGS, TUCKER?
AND--URK-- OUR LUCK WAS VERY LOCAL. THINK OF ALL THOSE VERY UNLUCKY GUYS ON THE OTHER BEACHHEADS. MAN...
Um, WHAT'S MY NAME AGAIN--?
DON'T GET TOO HAPPY, LADIES. WE'RE HERE FOR A FEW DAYS WHILE COMMAND FIGURES WHERE TO SEND US.
AND NEXT TIME IT WILL NOT BE LIKE THIS CAKE WALK.

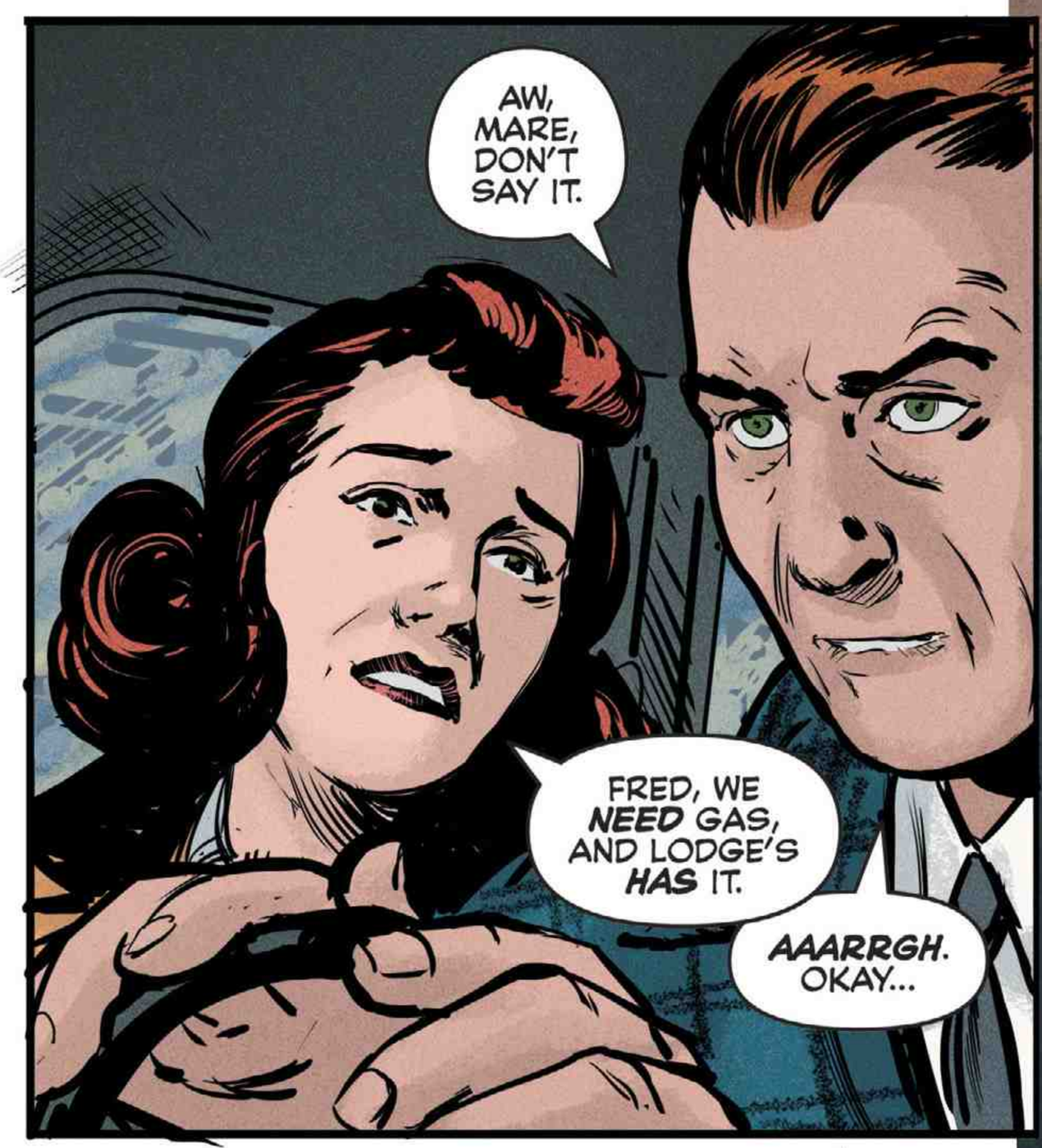
WHEN THE NEWS OF THESE INVASIONS ***HITS HOME***, EVERYONE WILL WORRY THAT I'M HURT OR WORSE. AND I CAN'T LET YOU ALL KNOW I'M OKAY...

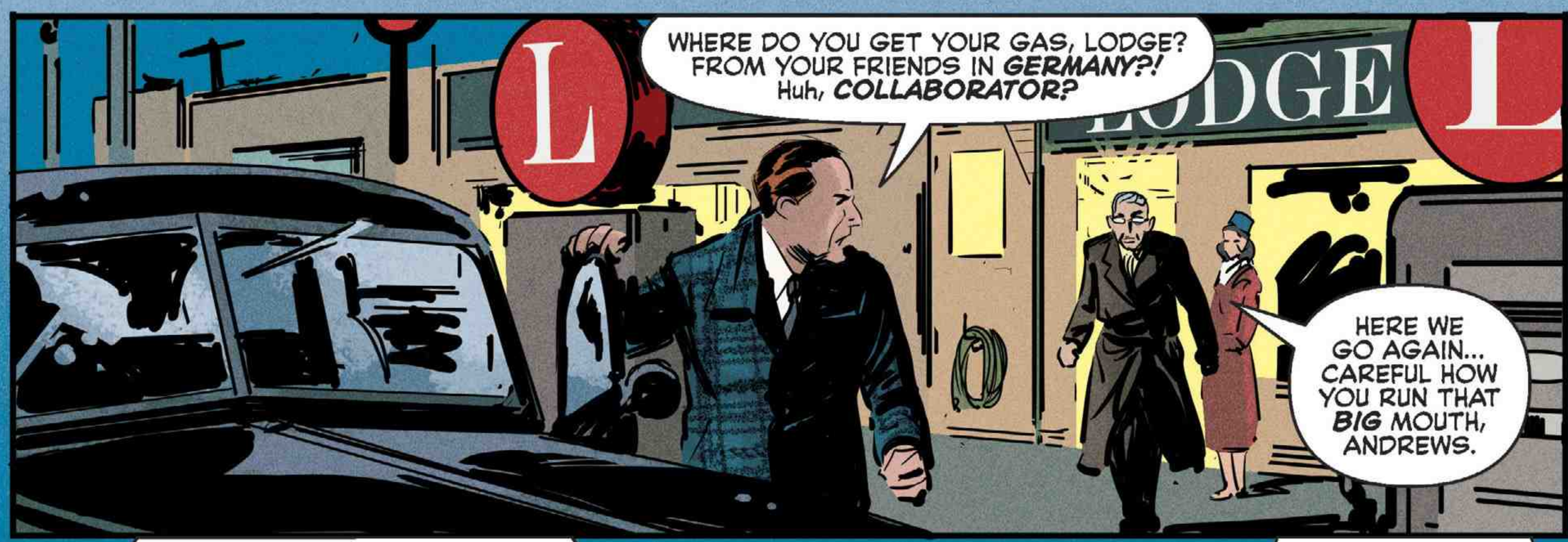
...FOR NOW.

OF COURSE, ***EVERYONE*** IS BEING SOCKED BY THE ***SHORTAGES***.

AND MARK MY WORDS, MARY, ***RATIONING*** IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER.







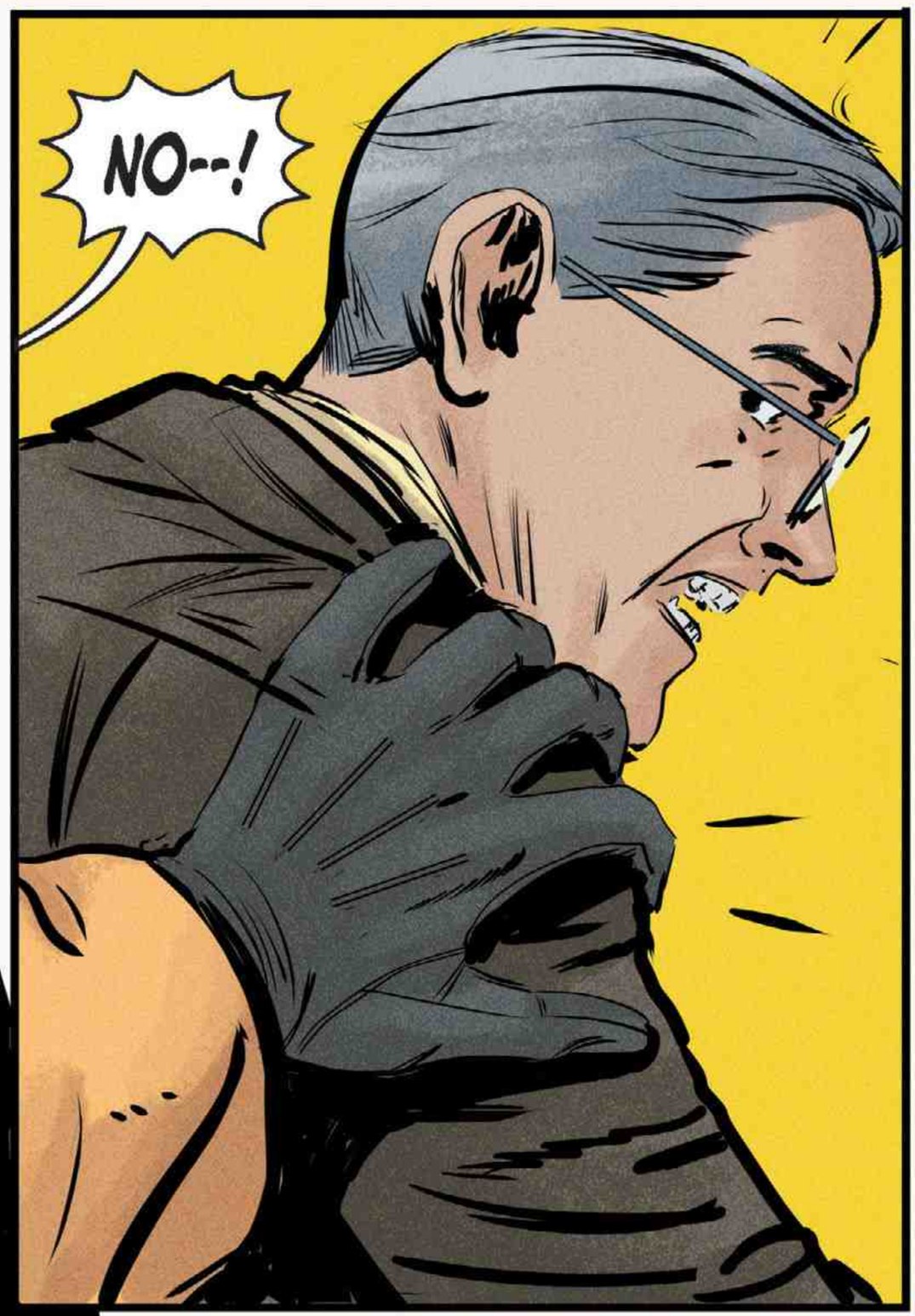
YEAH, I HEARD YOU WERE IN NAZI GERMANY ON "BUSINESS" JUST BEFORE AMERICA GOT INTO THE WAR.

SO WAS THE HONORABLE JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER OF STANDARD OIL, ANDREWS--WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, IS WHERE I GET THE FUEL THAT SERVICES THIS TOWN.

NOT THAT I EXPECT A TWIT LIKE YOU TO UNDERSTAND BIG BUSINESS...
ALWAYS BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE, Eh, LODGE?

JUST SMARTER. MOST MULTI-MILLIONAIRES ARE.
I HAVE A FAMILY TO PROVIDE FOR JUST LIKE YOU. AND THAT MEANS SEIZING OPPORTUNITY, NOT GIVING HANDOUTS OUT OF SOME MISGUIDED SENTI-MENT.
THE RICH GET RICHER, Huh?
THERE WAS A TIME I WAS JEALOUS OF YOUR MONEY, BUT NOW I SEE THAT IT COSTS YOU YOUR SOUL...

I PITY YOU, YOU SMALL MAN.
HOW DARE YOU--!


NO--!

YOU DON'T ***KNOW***, HIRAM! YOU DON'T ***HAVE*** A SON IN THIS WAR. YOU ***DON'T. KNOW.***

CHILDREN WE'VE KNOWN ALL THEIR ***LIVES*** ARE RIGHT THIS MINUTE RISKING ***EVERYTHING*** TO PROTECT ***YOU*** AND ***ME***. WHAT HAVE ***YOU*** RISKED?

HOW DOES EXPLOITING SOMEONE'S ***NEED*** HELP THIS NATION? HOW DOES IT BRING OUR BOYS HOME ***SOONER?***

I...I... THAT IS...

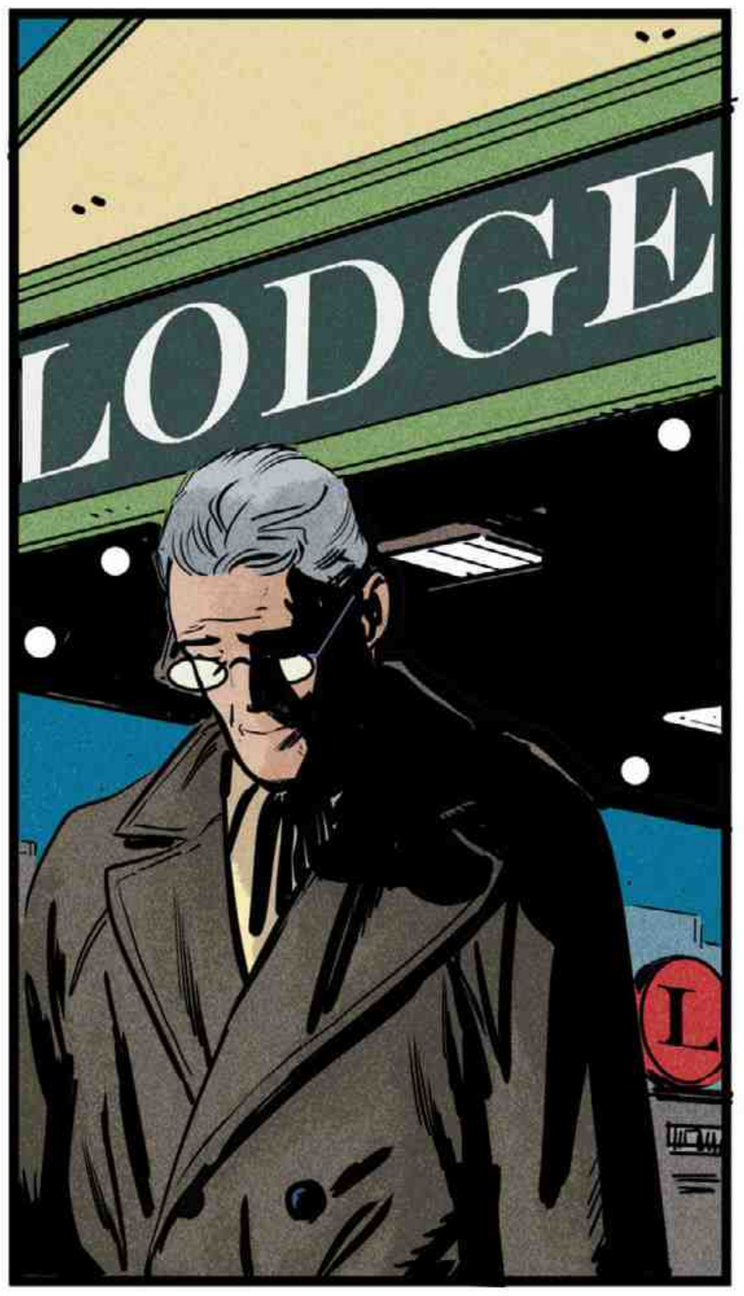
THINK ON THAT.

MARY... THAT WAS SO...

SAVE IT. I'M NOT HAPPY WITH US, ***EITHER.***

WHAT HAVE ***WE*** DONE? REALLY?

WE'VE DONE WITHOUT ***FRESH COFFEE?*** IS THAT ALL IT TAKES TO MAKE ME ***PROUD?***



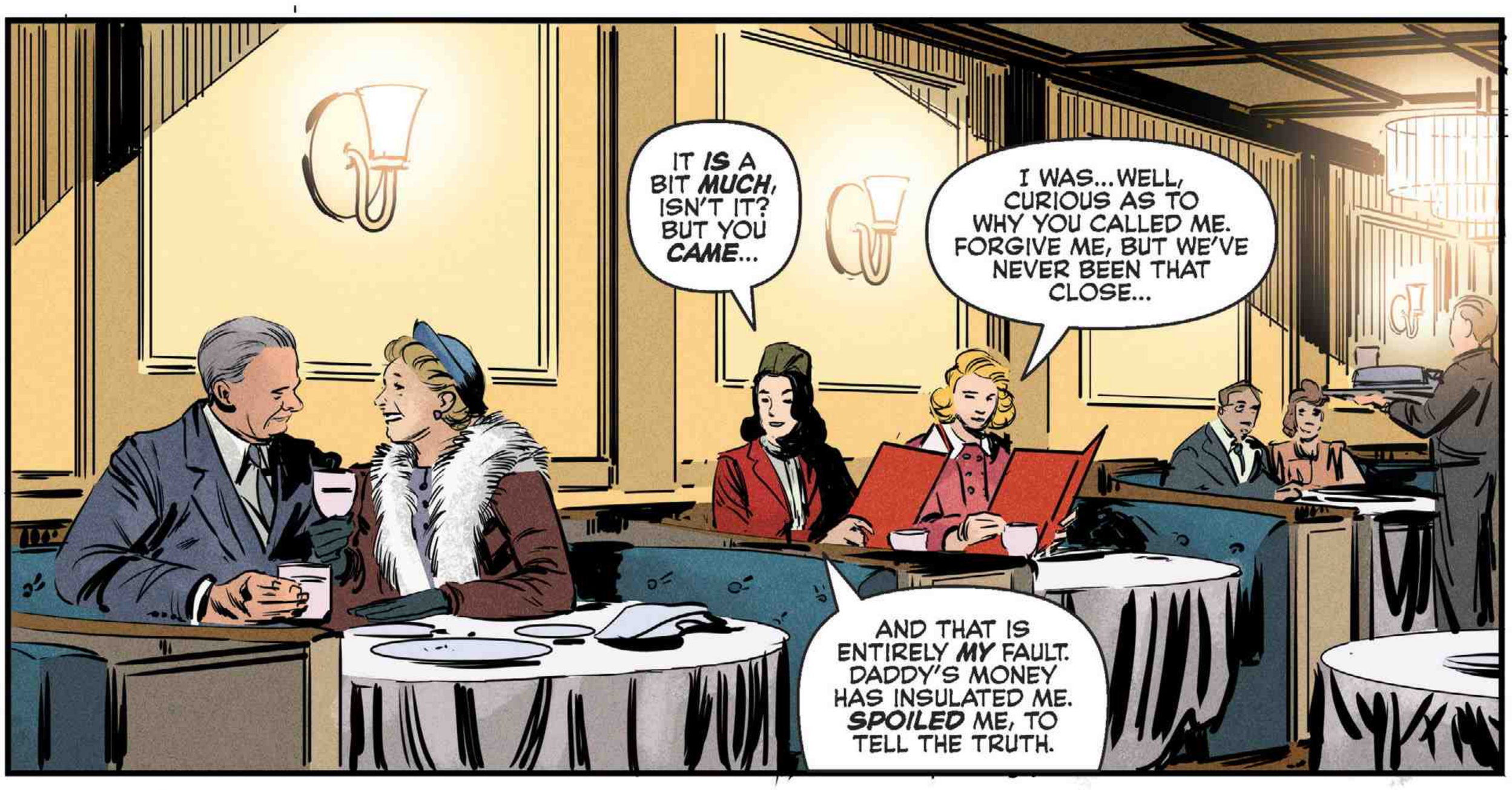
LOUNGE
THANKS SO MUCH FOR COMING, BETTY...
HARRY'S
RESTAURANT
COCKTAIL LOUNGE

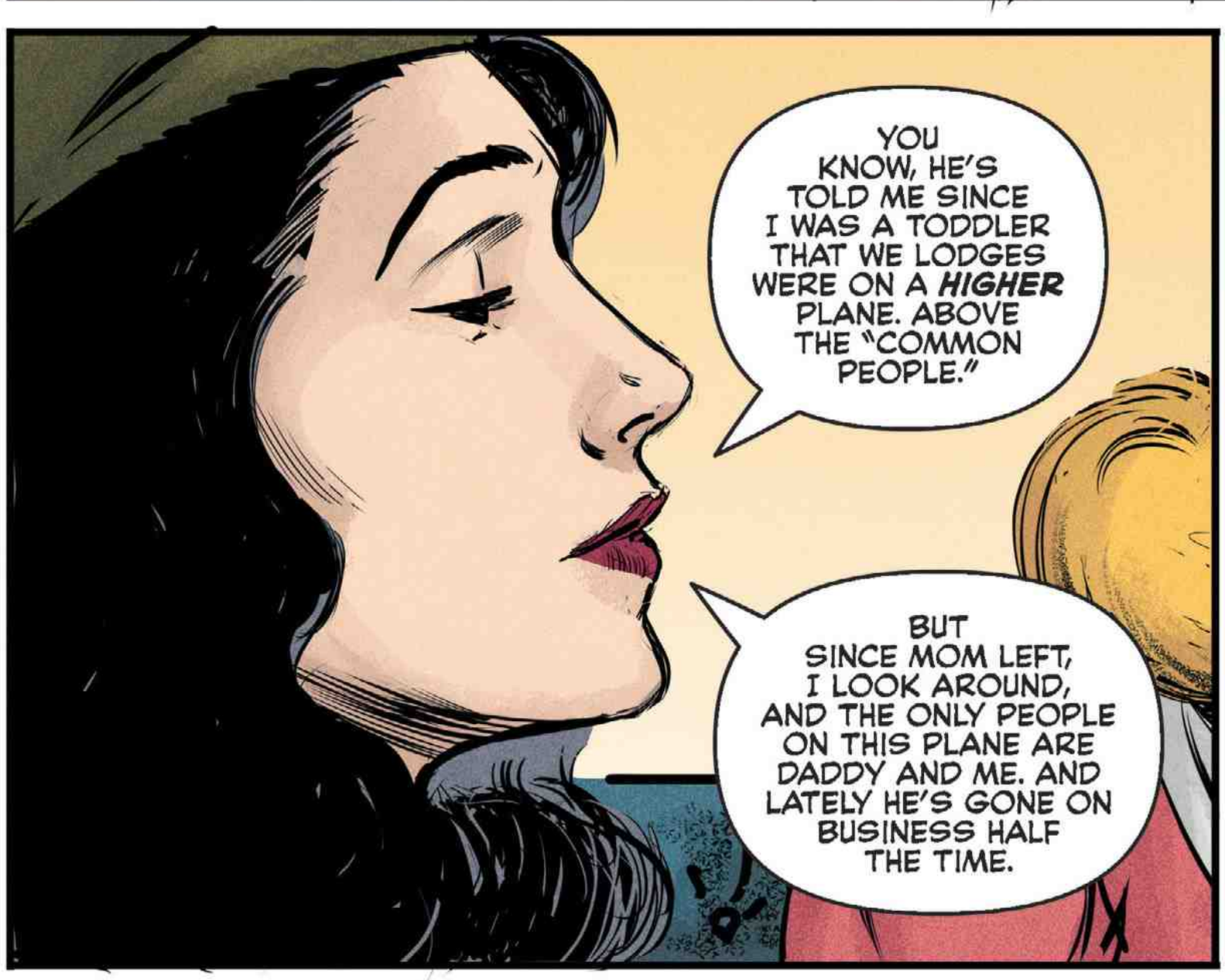
HOW COULD I REFUSE? I'VE NEVER BEEN TO RIVERDALE'S FANCIEST RESTAURANT. THANK YOU, VERONICA.
RONNIE. NOW, SIT, SIT...

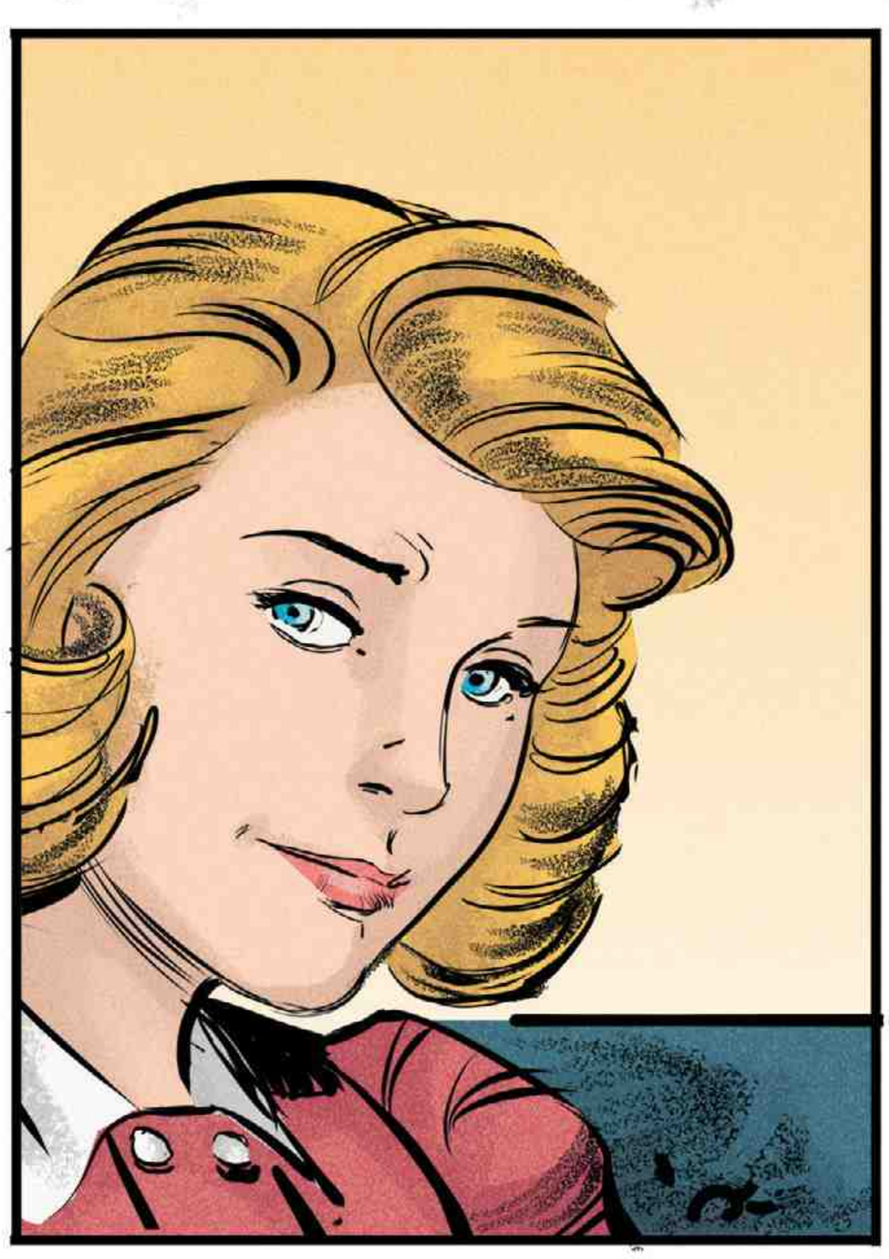
SHOULD WE ORDER SOME WINE?
WE'RE...WE'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH, RONNIE.
WE CAN BE A LITTLE SCANDALOUS, DEAR. I'D ARGUE THAT WE'VE ALL GROWN UP DRAMATICALLY OVER THE PAST YEAR. ORDER.

OKAY...I'LL HAVE A...COKE, PLEASE.
FEEL FREE TO ORDER ANYTHING AT ALL, BETTS. ANYTHING.
A CHERRY COKE.

HARRY'S
GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HALF THESE DISHES ARE!
VER--RONNIE--I DON'T BELONG HERE. WITH YOU.

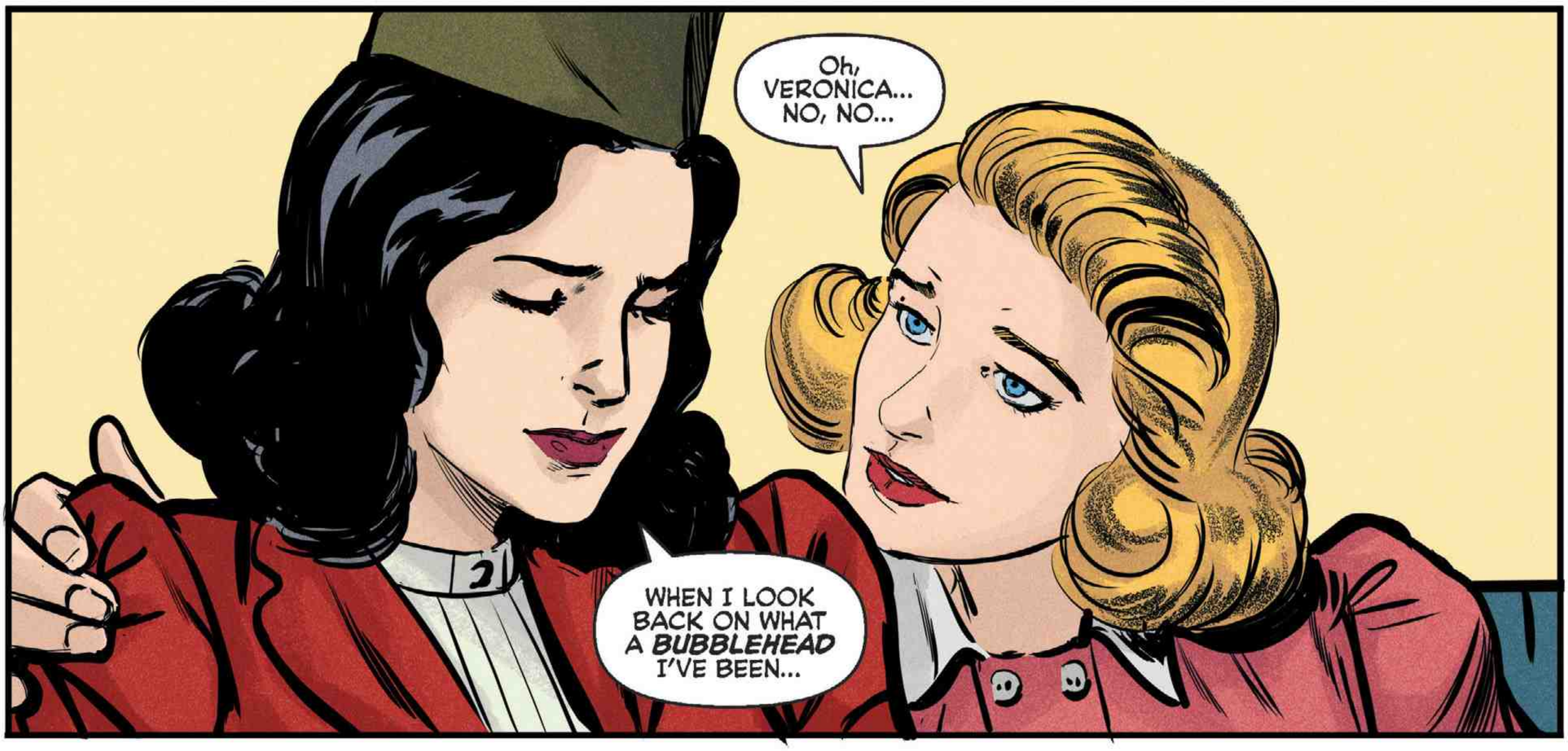

IT IS A BIT MUCH, ISN'T IT? BUT YOU CAME...
I WAS...WELL, CURIOUS AS TO WHY YOU CALLED ME. FORGIVE ME, BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN THAT CLOSE...
AND THAT IS ENTIRELY MY FAULT. DADDY'S MONEY HAS INSULATED ME. SPOILED ME, TO TELL THE TRUTH.

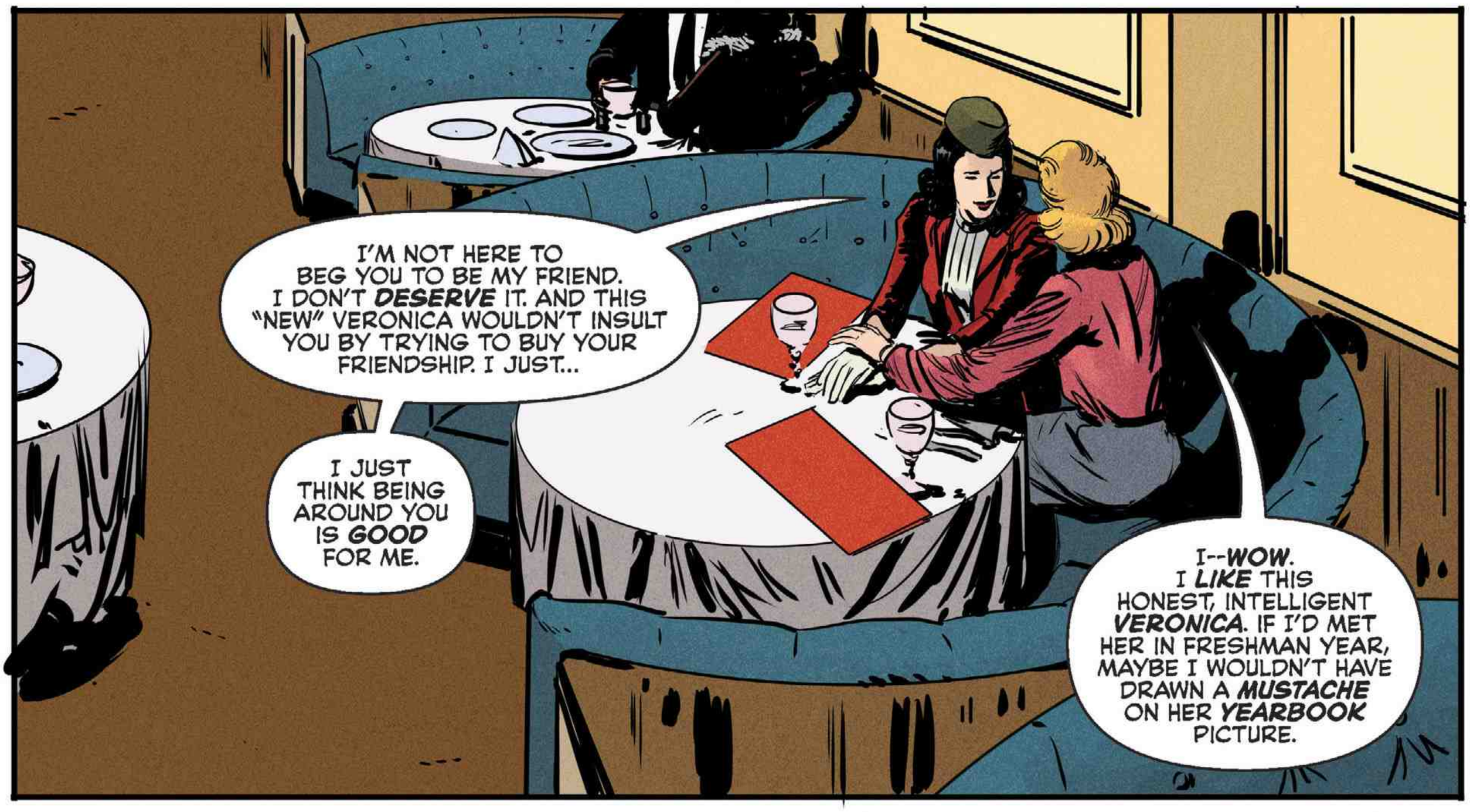

YOU KNOW, HE'S TOLD ME SINCE I WAS A TODDLER THAT WE LODGES WERE ON A HIGHER PLANE. ABOVE THE "COMMON PEOPLE."
BUT SINCE MOM LEFT, I LOOK AROUND, AND THE ONLY PEOPLE ON THIS PLANE ARE DADDY AND ME. AND LATELY HE'S GONE ON BUSINESS HALF THE TIME.

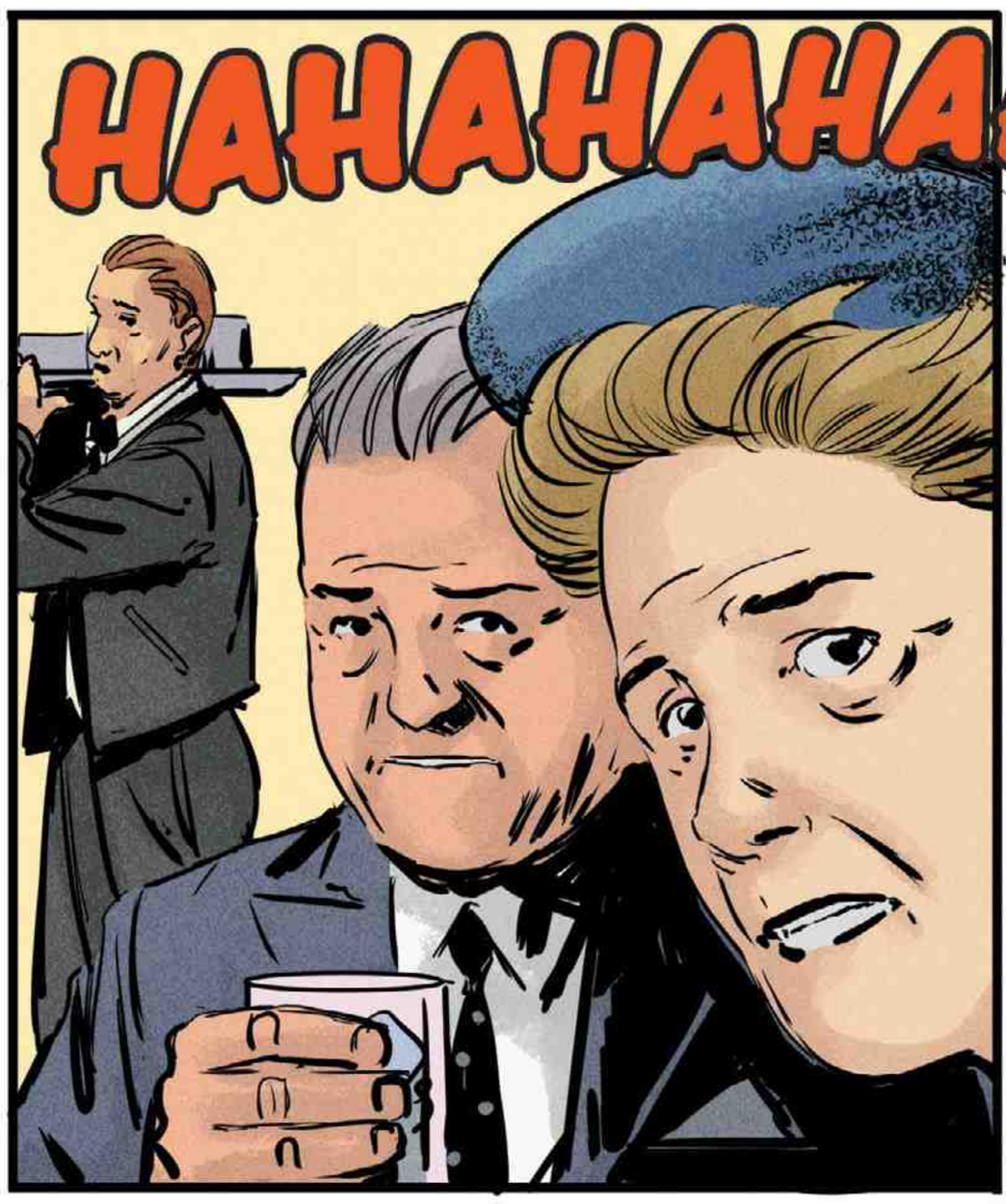


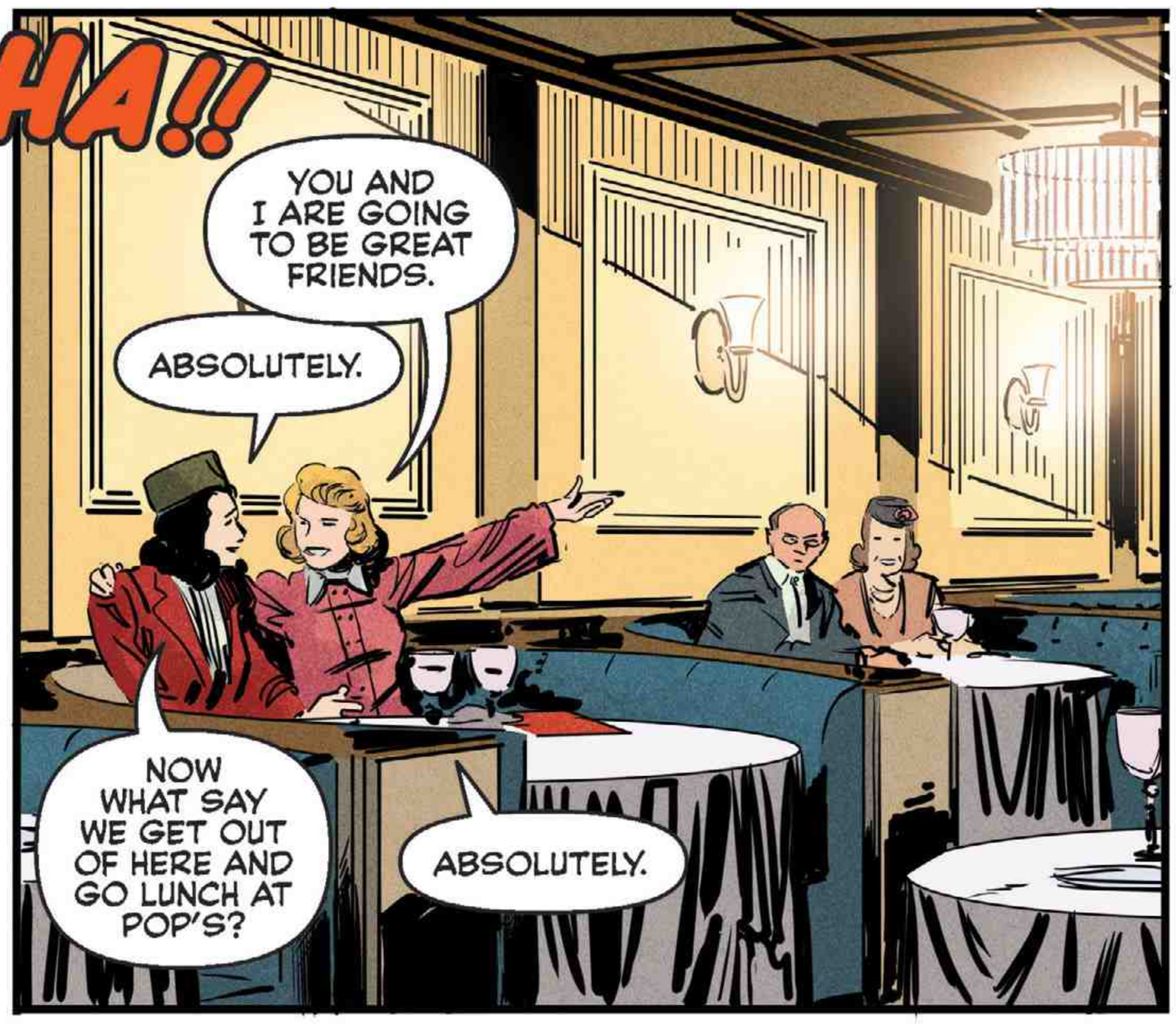
TO BE HONEST... I'M LONELY.
I SEE YOU AROUND, BETTY COOPER. YOU DON'T NOTICE, BUT I WATCH YOU. AND I SEE HOW PEOPLE LIKE YOU.
I'M A LODGE. I HAVE EVERY-THING.

BUT I DON'T HAVE THAT.
PAMPERED, INSULATED AND SELFISH HASN'T READIED ME FOR THIS DAMNED NEW WORLD AT ALL.


Oh, VERONICA... NO, NO...
WHEN I LOOK BACK ON WHAT A *BUBBLEHEAD* I'VE BEEN...


I'M NOT HERE TO BEG YOU TO BE MY FRIEND. I DON'T *DESERVE* IT. AND THIS "NEW" VERONICA WOULDN'T INSULT YOU BY TRYING TO BUY YOUR FRIENDSHIP. I JUST...
I JUST THINK BEING AROUND YOU IS *GOOD* FOR ME.
I--*WOW*. I *LIKE* THIS HONEST, INTELLIGENT *VERONICA*. IF I'D MET HER IN FRESHMAN YEAR, MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE DRAWN A *MUSTACHE* ON HER *YEARBOOK* PICTURE.


HAHAHAHAHA!!


YOU AND I ARE GOING TO BE GREAT FRIENDS.
ABSOLUTELY.
NOW WHAT SAY WE GET OUT OF HERE AND GO LUNCH AT POP'S?
ABSOLUTELY.

EL BIAR, ALGERIA.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SAD SACK--?

AW...I'M TRYING TO WRITE TO BETTY. WE WERE LUCKY TODAY, BUT THINGS ***WILL*** GET ***WORSE***.

SUDDENLY, I'M NOT SURE I'LL ***EVER*** GET HOME, AND I JUST... I JUST WANT TO TELL HER THAT...

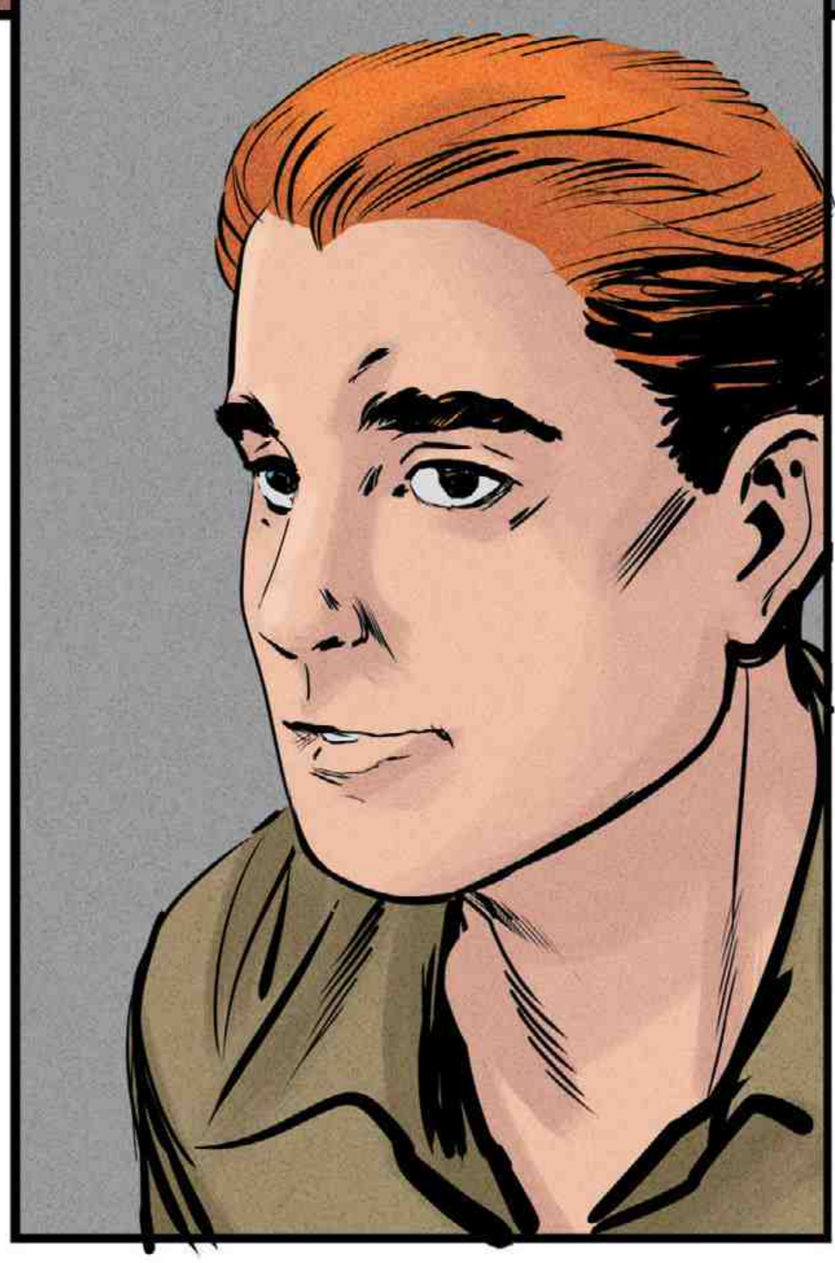
ARCH, YOU KEEP CHASING THAT NIGHTMARE AND YOU WILL END UP KAPUT! I'M GOIN' FOR A ***REFILL***.

HEY, DOLL! KEEP MY BUDDY ***BUSY***, WHYDON'TCHA?

Hrrm.

PUIS-JE VOUS REJOINDRE?

YOU... I'M SORRY... YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY I...
I DON'T... I DON'T KNOW FRENCH, I'M AFRAID. DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH...?
JE NE PARLE PAS ANGLAIS. NO.
NOT A WORD?
NO.



I WAS A JERK TO YOU.
NO OTHER WAY TO SAY IT.

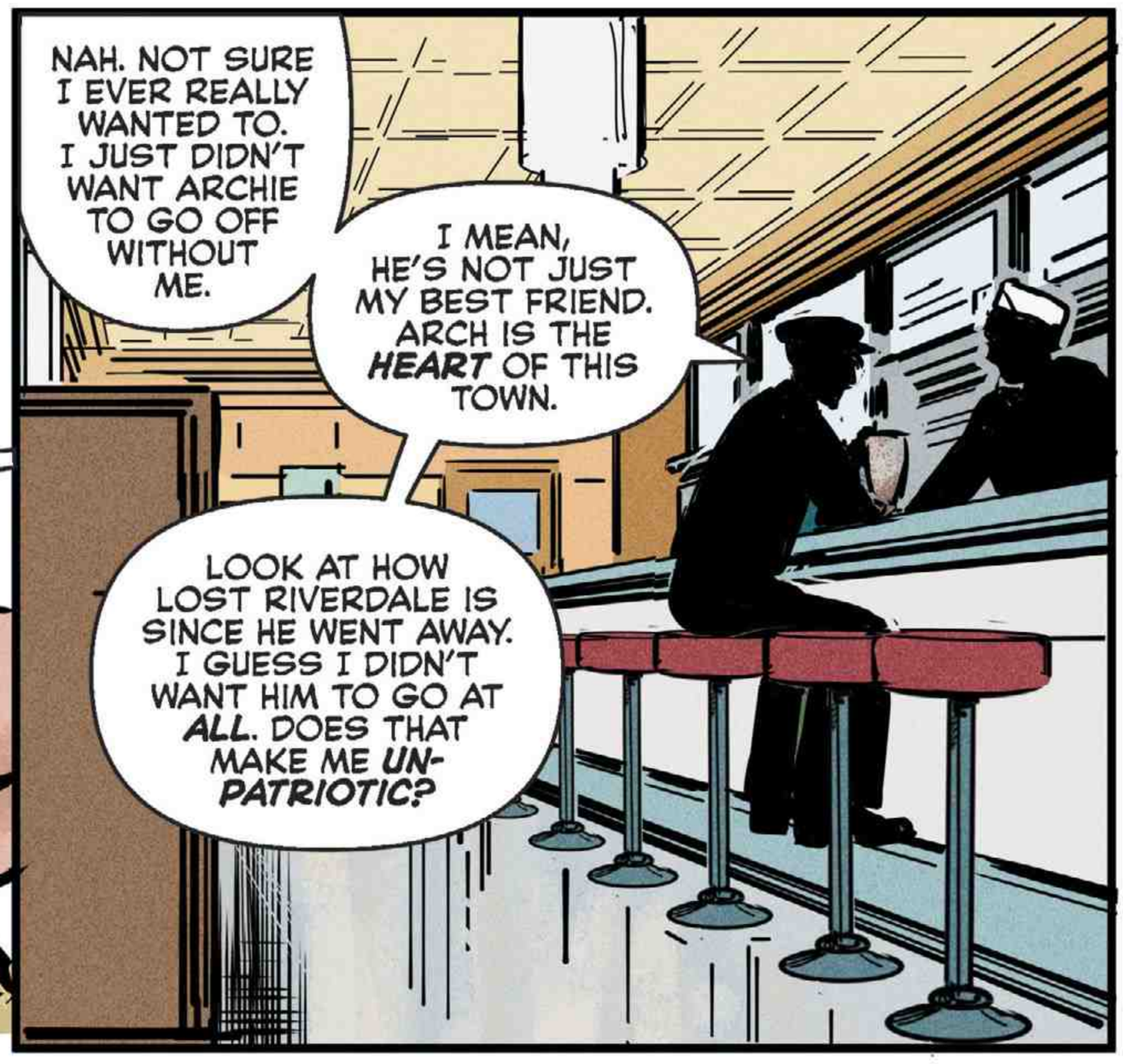
I LOVE YOU. I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE THE DAY I MET YOU. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN THERE ARE STARS IN THE SKY. I WAS JUST SCARED TO SAY SO.
AND I'M STILL SCARED. OF THE FIGHTING. OF THE BOMBS. BUT MOST OF ALL, I'M SCARED THAT YOU WON'T FORGIVE ME.
I NEED YOU TO KNOW--I NEED YOU TO KNOW--THAT I'M COMING HOME TO YOU. BECAUSE IF YOU KNOW THAT, THEN THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN STOP ME. NOTHING.
CAPEESH?
NO...
WHEW
GUYS! WE'RE SHIPPING OUT-- NOW!
ORR VWAH, MAMZELLE.

?

JUGHEAD! MY BEST CUSTOMER RETURNS!
HEY, POP. WHAT'S WITH THE LOMBARD SISTERS THERE? I THOUGHT THEY HATED EACH OTHER.

WHAT I GATHER IS THAT VERONICA HAS DECIDED TO TAKE THAT STICK OUTTA... I MEAN, TAKE THAT SILVER SPOON OUTTA HER MOUTH AND JOIN THE HUMAN RACE.
GOOD FOR BOTH OF 'EM. THIS WAY, BETTY MAYBE MANAGES TO FORGET HOW MUCH SHE MISSES ARCHIE FOR A FEW SECONDS HERE AND THERE.

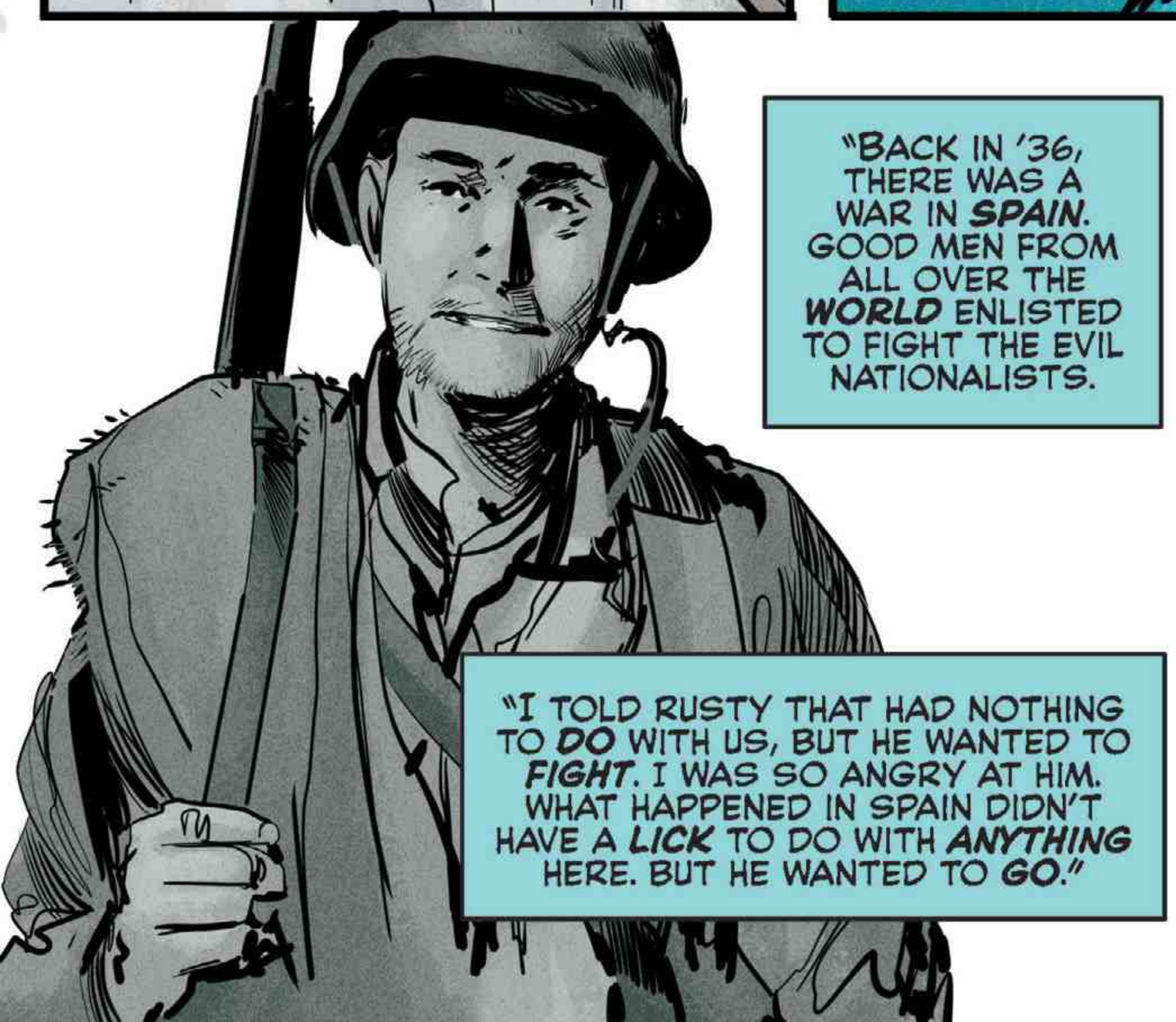
AND HOW'RE YOU DOING, KIDDO? STILL ITCHING TO SLAP ON A UNIFORM?

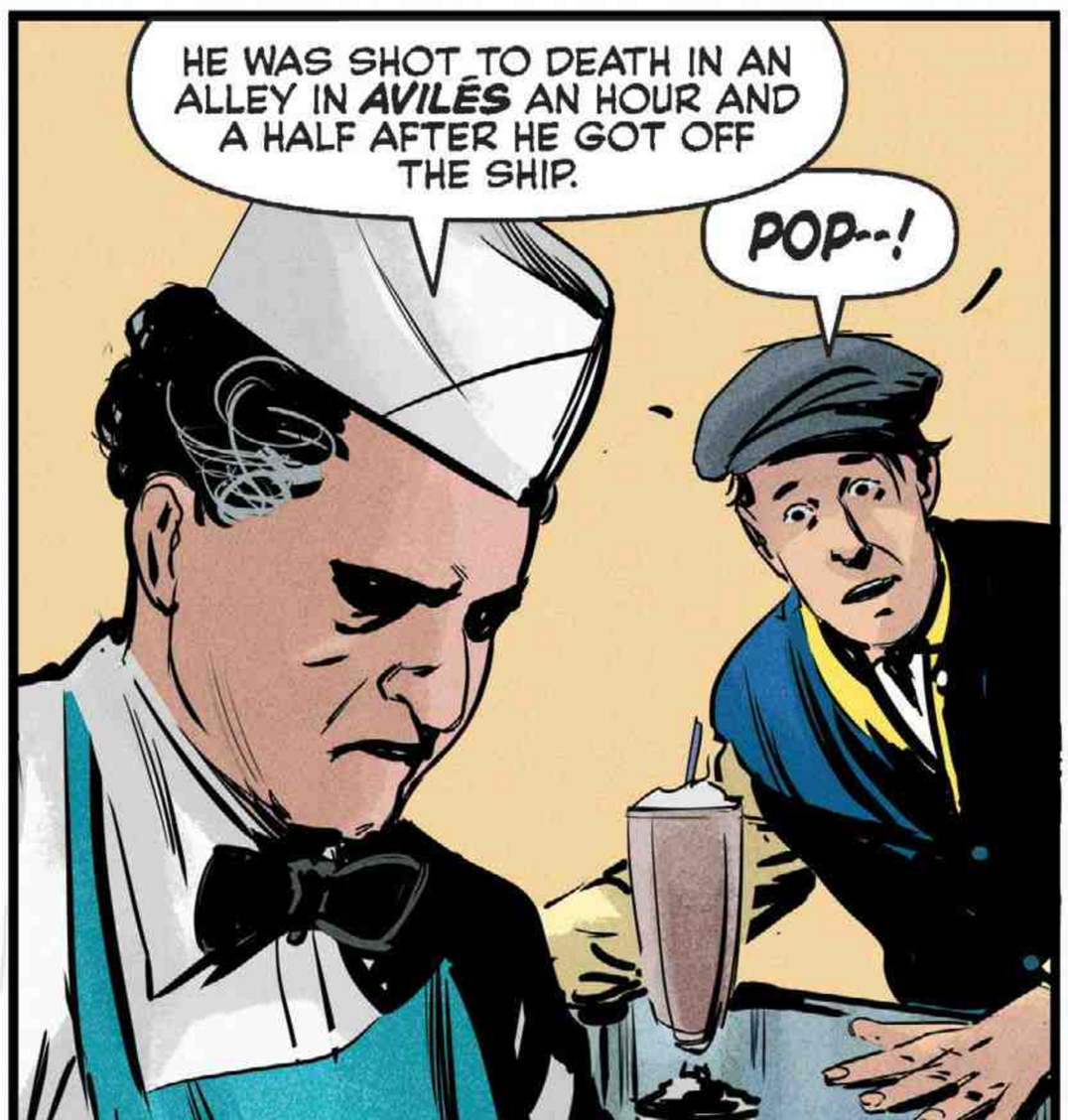

NAH. NOT SURE I EVER REALLY WANTED TO. I JUST DIDN'T WANT ARCHIE TO GO OFF WITHOUT ME.
I MEAN, HE'S NOT JUST MY BEST FRIEND. ARCH IS THE HEART OF THIS TOWN.
LOOK AT HOW LOST RIVERDALE IS SINCE HE WENT AWAY. I GUESS I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO GO AT ALL. DOES THAT MAKE ME UN-PATRIOTIC?

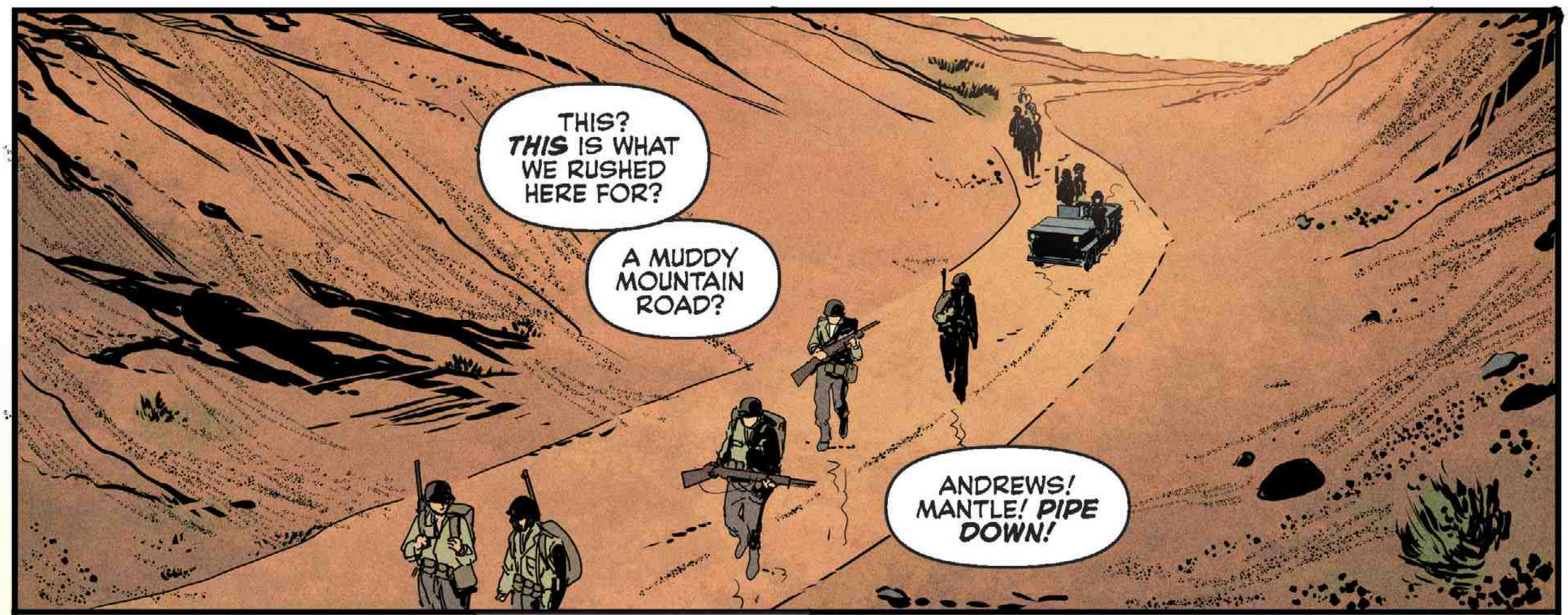
IS THAT A CRACK? AM I THE EXPERT?
Ah, GOSH, POP...I DIDN'T MEAN...
ARE FOLKS STILL GIVING YOU A HARD TIME ABOUT SAYING NONE OF US SHOULD BE OVER THERE? I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T MEAN--

IT'S COST ME SOME BUSINESS, SURE. BUT IT JUST MAKES ME SICK. YOU...ALL OF YOU... IT'S LIKE YOU WERE MY KIDS. AND MY KIDS SHOULDN'T HAVE TO...
NEVER MIND.
I NEVER ASKED. DO YOU HAVE KIDS? DID YOU EVER?

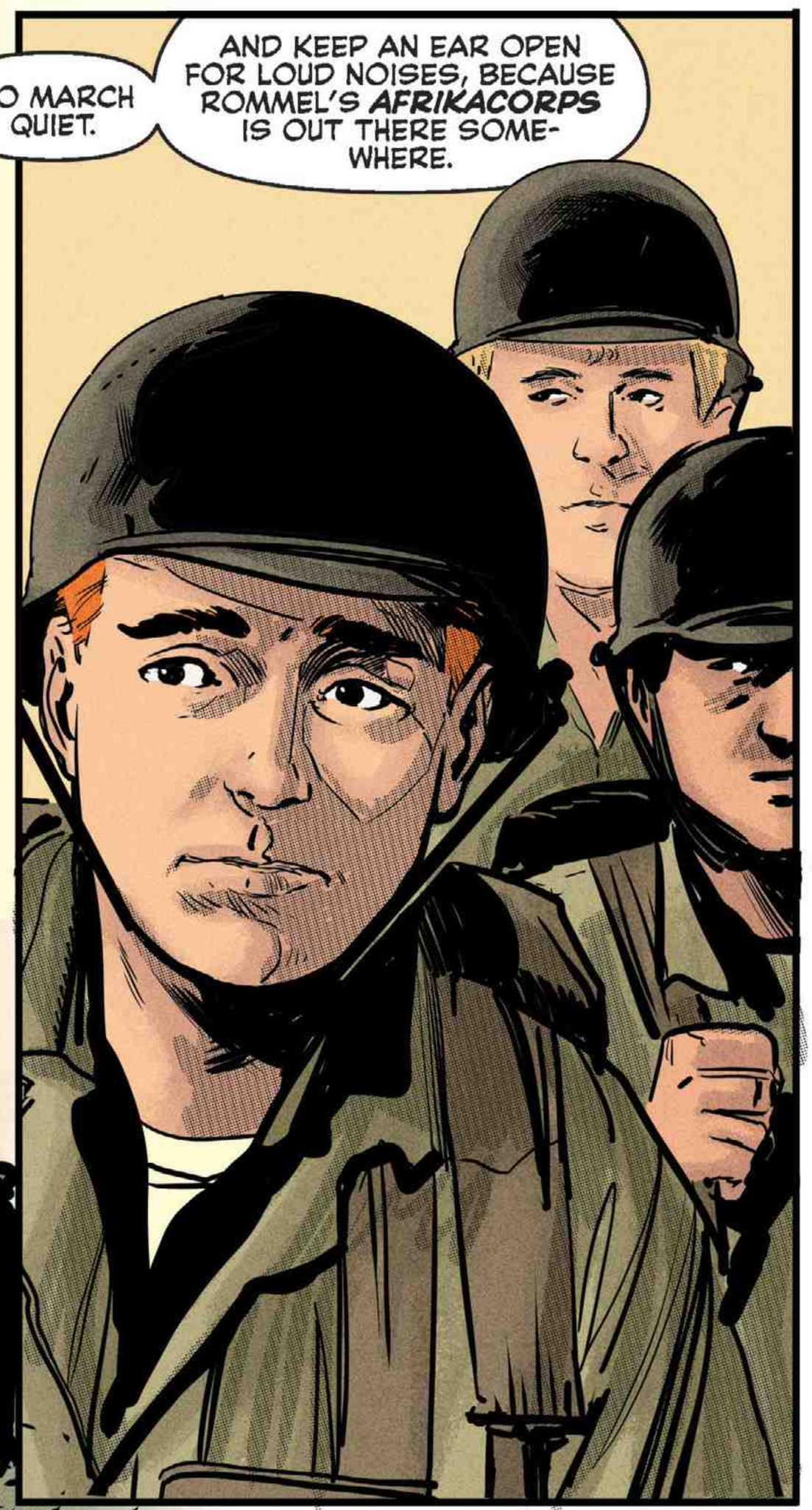
THIS IS RUSTY. RUSSELL. BEFORE YOUR TIME. YOU'D HAVE LIKED HIM.
HE SOLD INSURANCE OVER IN GREENDALE, AND WAS GOOD AT IT, BUT HE WANTED SOMETHING... MORE.


"BACK IN '36, THERE WAS A WAR IN SPAIN. GOOD MEN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD ENLISTED TO FIGHT THE EVIL NATIONALISTS.
"I TOLD RUSTY THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH US, BUT HE WANTED TO FIGHT. I WAS SO ANGRY AT HIM. WHAT HAPPENED IN SPAIN DIDN'T HAVE A LICK TO DO WITH ANYTHING HERE. BUT HE WANTED TO GO."


HE WAS SHOT TO DEATH IN AN ALLEY IN AVILÉS AN HOUR AND A HALF AFTER HE GOT OFF THE SHIP.
POP--!


THIS? THIS IS WHAT WE RUSHED HERE FOR?
A MUDDY MOUNTAIN ROAD?
ANDREWS! MANTLE! PIPE DOWN!

WELCOME TO THE KASSERINE PASS, A MAJOR OPEN ROAD TO THE COAST OF TUNISIA. THE BRASS WANTS US TO KEEP THE AXIS FROM GRABBING IT, IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU.


SO MARCH QUIET.
AND KEEP AN EAR OPEN FOR LOUD NOISES, BECAUSE ROMMEL'S AFRIKACORPS IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.

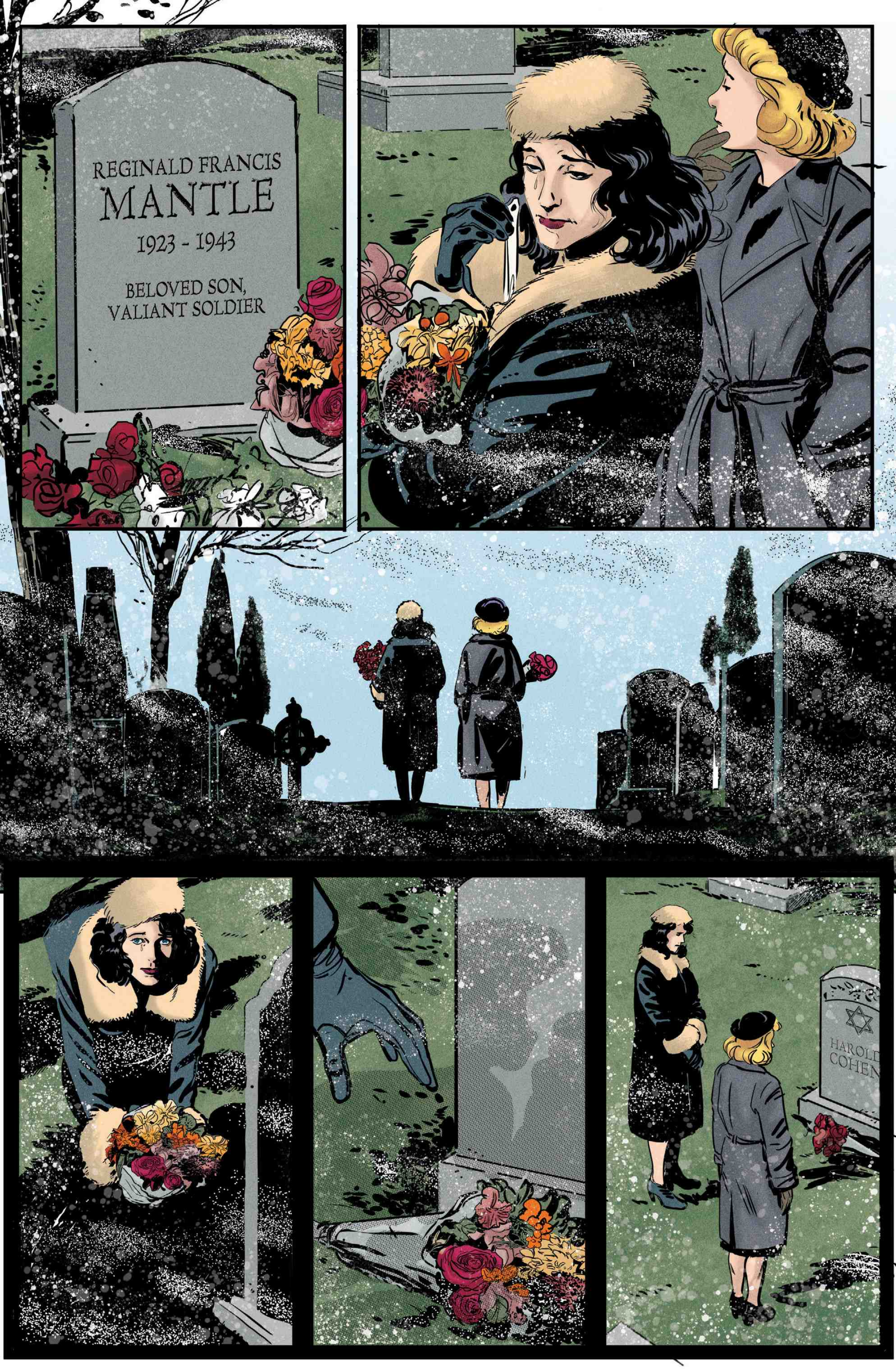
GRRRRRRRRRRR
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT--?
GRINDING?
GRRRRRNNNNNGGGG
HOLY CRAP--!

BRRRRRRTTTTTT BRRRTTTT BRRRTT
BRRRRRRTTTTTT BRRRRRRTTTTTT BRRTT
KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK
KRAK KRAK
GET UP, IDIOTS! WE'RE GETTING SLAUGHTERED!
CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAKKA
RETREAT! GET TO THE HILLS!
WHA-BOOM
BRUMM
KER-BLAM
RATTA-TATTA-TATTA

BWOOOOM

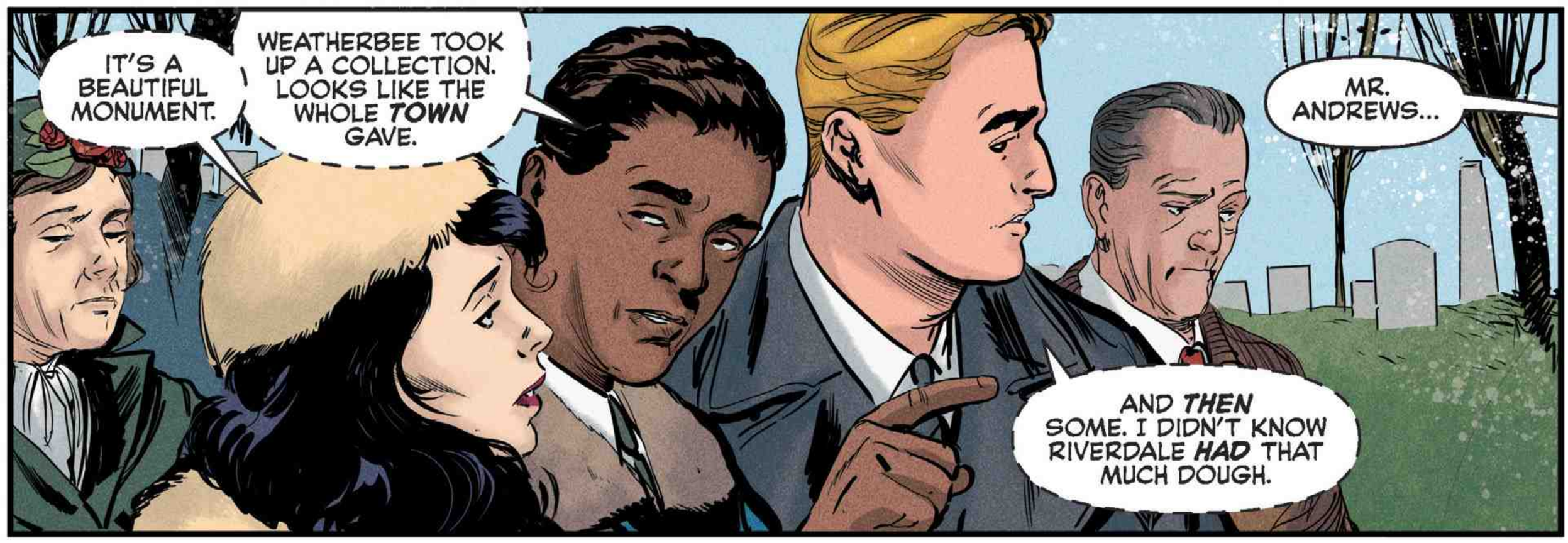
END CHAPTER FOUR

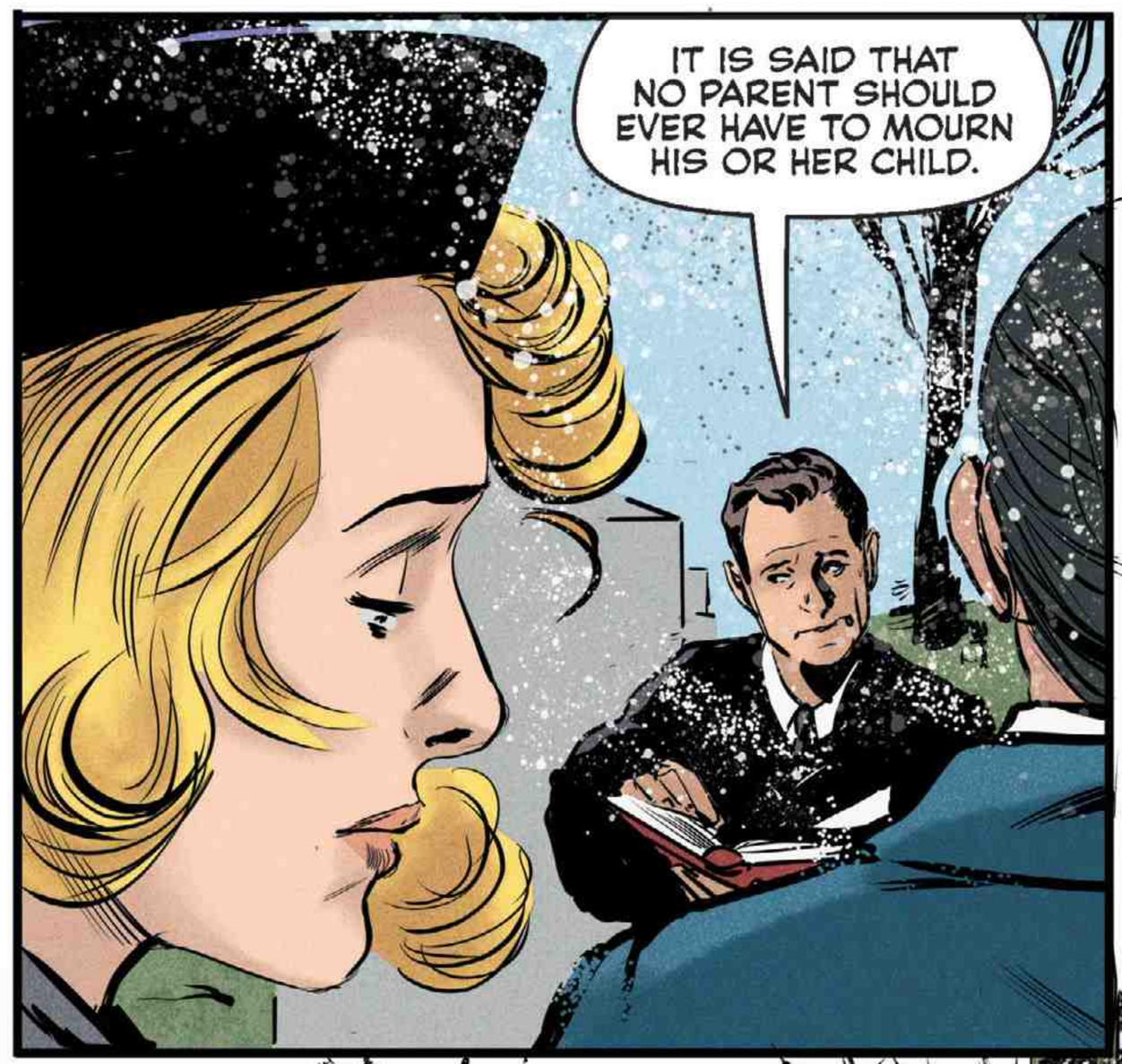
RIVERDALE.


REGINALD FRANCIS
MANTLE
1923 - 1943
BELOVED SON,
VALIANT SOLDIER
HAROLD
COHEN

SUSAN MILLER
JOSEPH FLYNN
MICHAEL BROWN

ARCHIBALD
"ARCHIE"
ANDREWS
1923 - 1943
THE BEST OF
RIVERDALE
THE
LOST



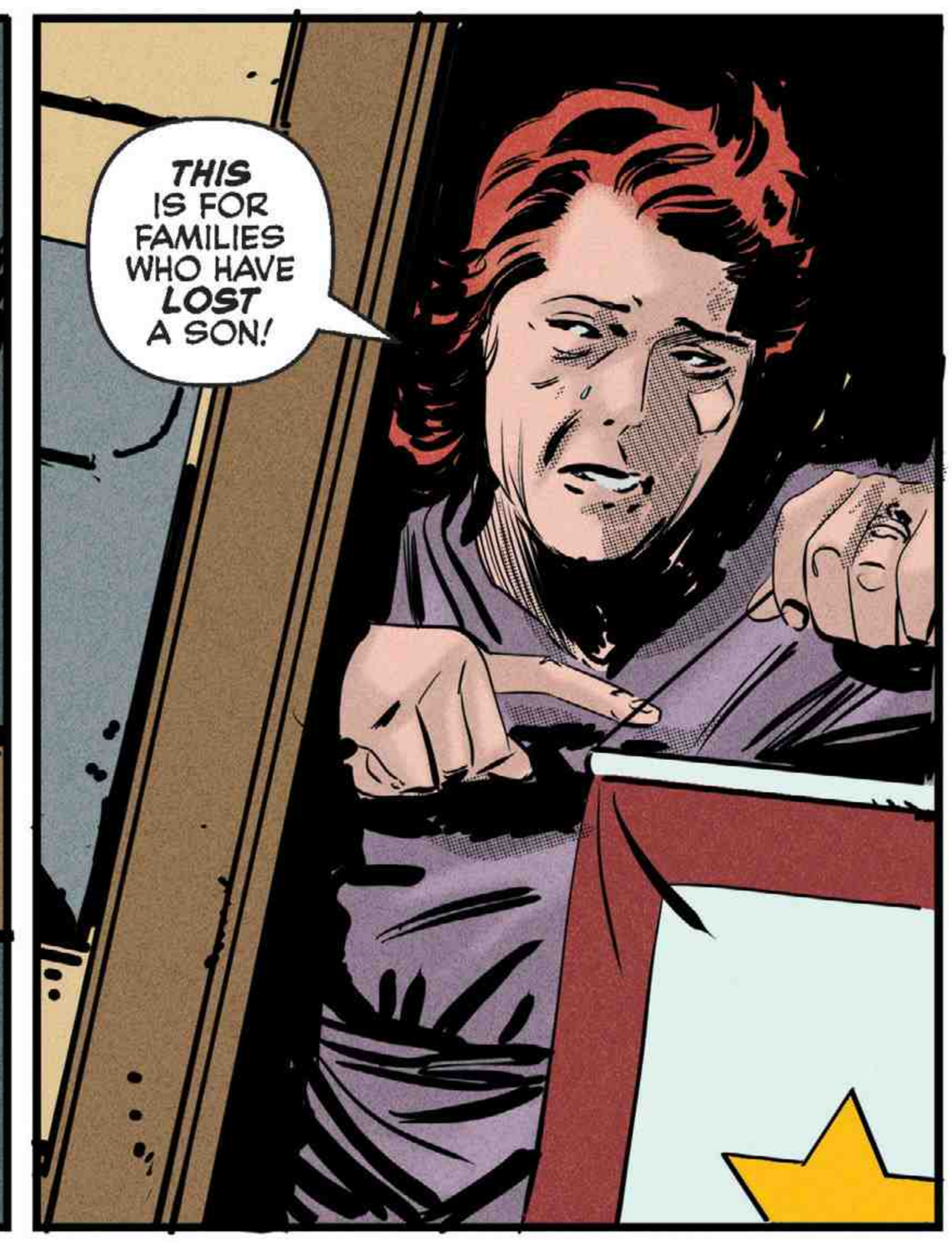


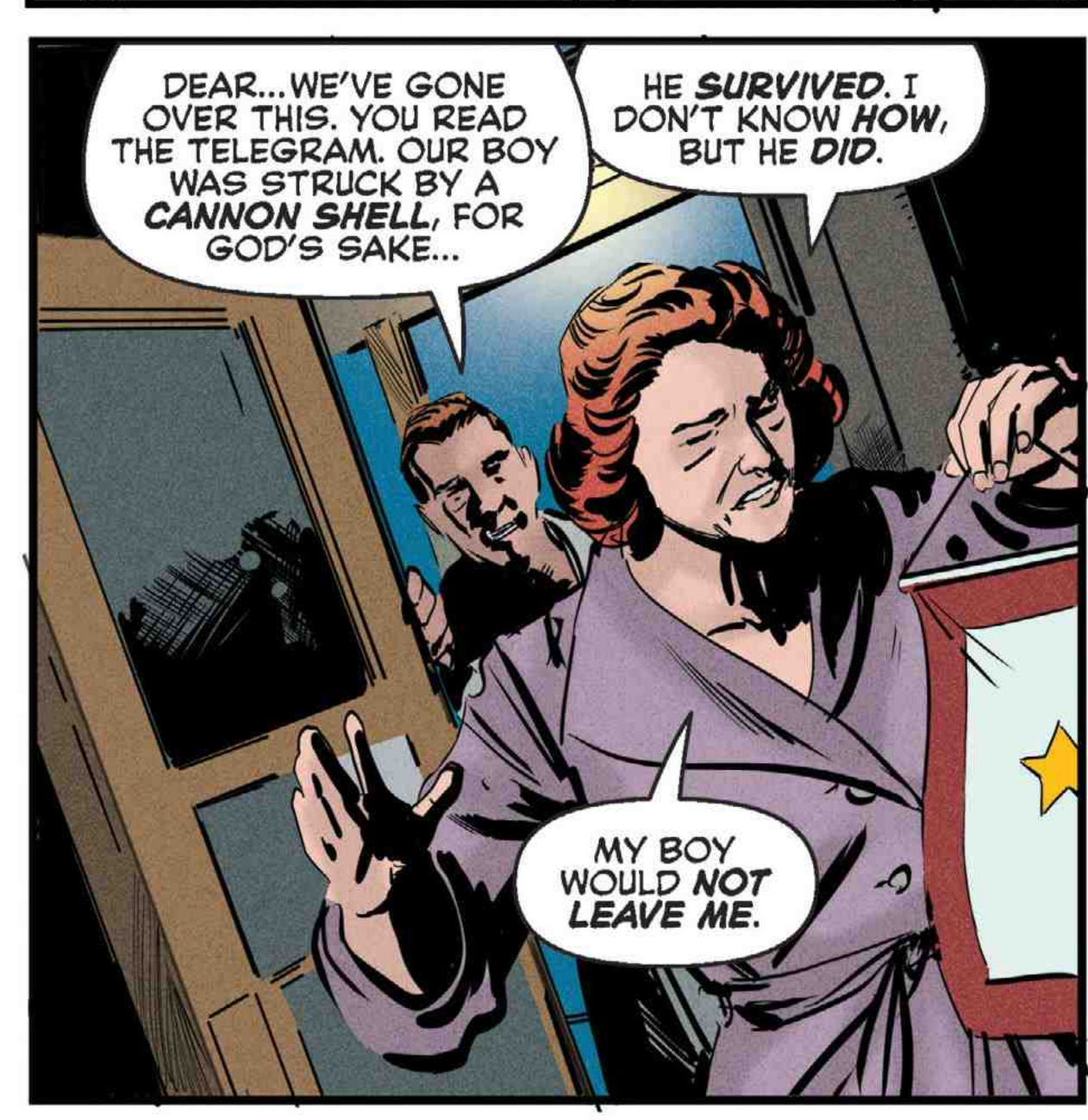
AND YET, AS THE WAR RAGES OVERSEAS, TOO MANY FATHERS...TOO MANY MOTHERS...HAVE BEEN FORCED TO...

BETTY...?

POP'S
RIALTO
CLOSED
tap tap tap

I SAID NO, FRED!
MARY--?
HONEY--


THIS IS FOR FAMILIES WHO HAVE LOST A SON!


DEAR...WE'VE GONE OVER THIS. YOU READ THE TELEGRAM. OUR BOY WAS STRUCK BY A CANNON SHELL, FOR GOD'S SAKE...
HE SURVIVED. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT HE DID.
MY BOY WOULD NOT LEAVE ME.

Oh, LOOK. IF IT ISN'T THIS AFTERNOON'S OTHER ABSENTEE.
I'M HAPPY YOU HAD SUCH BETTER THINGS TO DO TODAY THAN TO MOURN--
MRS. ANDREWS IS RIGHT, SIR. ARCHIE'S NOT DEAD.

I'D FEEL IT.

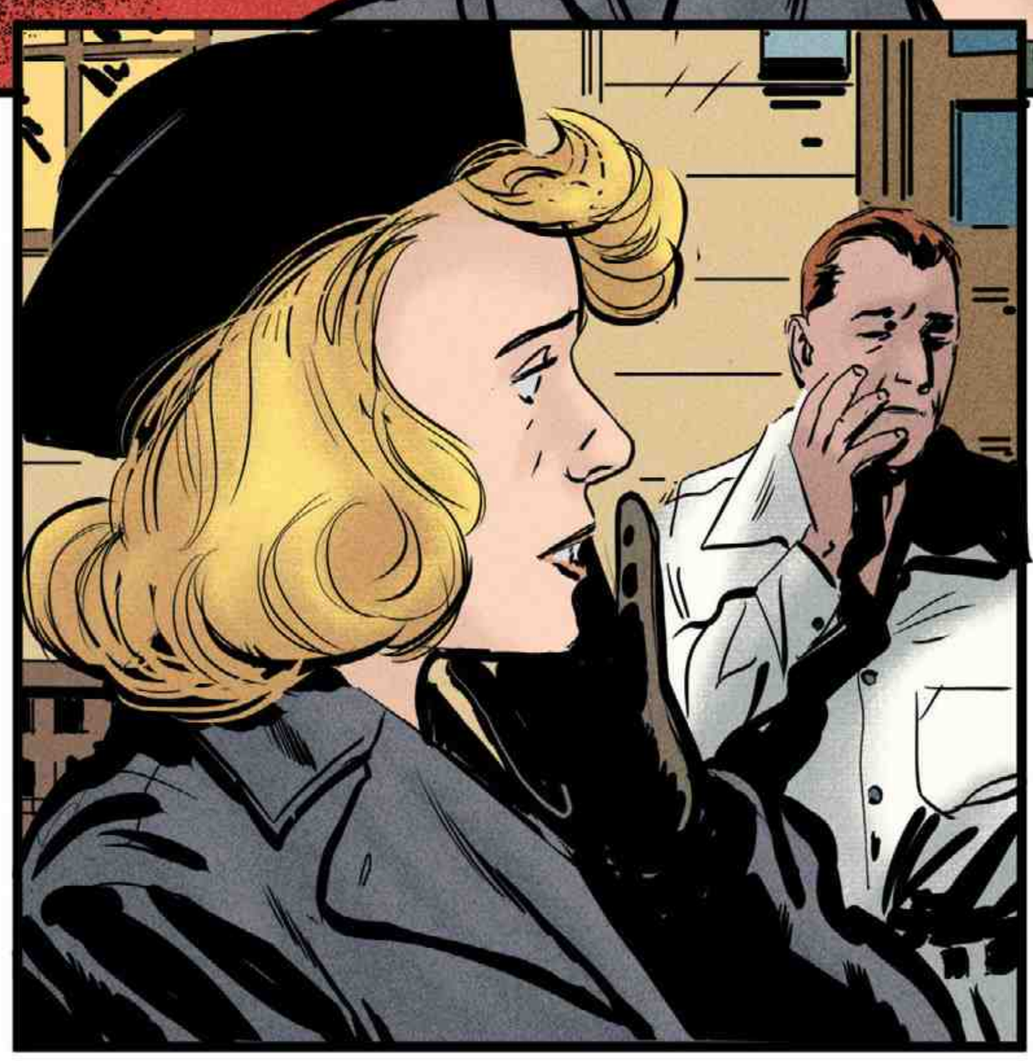
HOW DARE YOU.

I LOVE HIM. I COULD TELL IF HE--
STOP IT! JUST STOP IT!

YOU LOOK. LOOK HARD. THAT'S WHAT DENIAL LOOKS LIKE, MISS COOPER.
THAT'S WHAT IT DOES TO YOU. THAT'S WHAT YOU BECOME.
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR SON GETS DRIVEN AWAY!

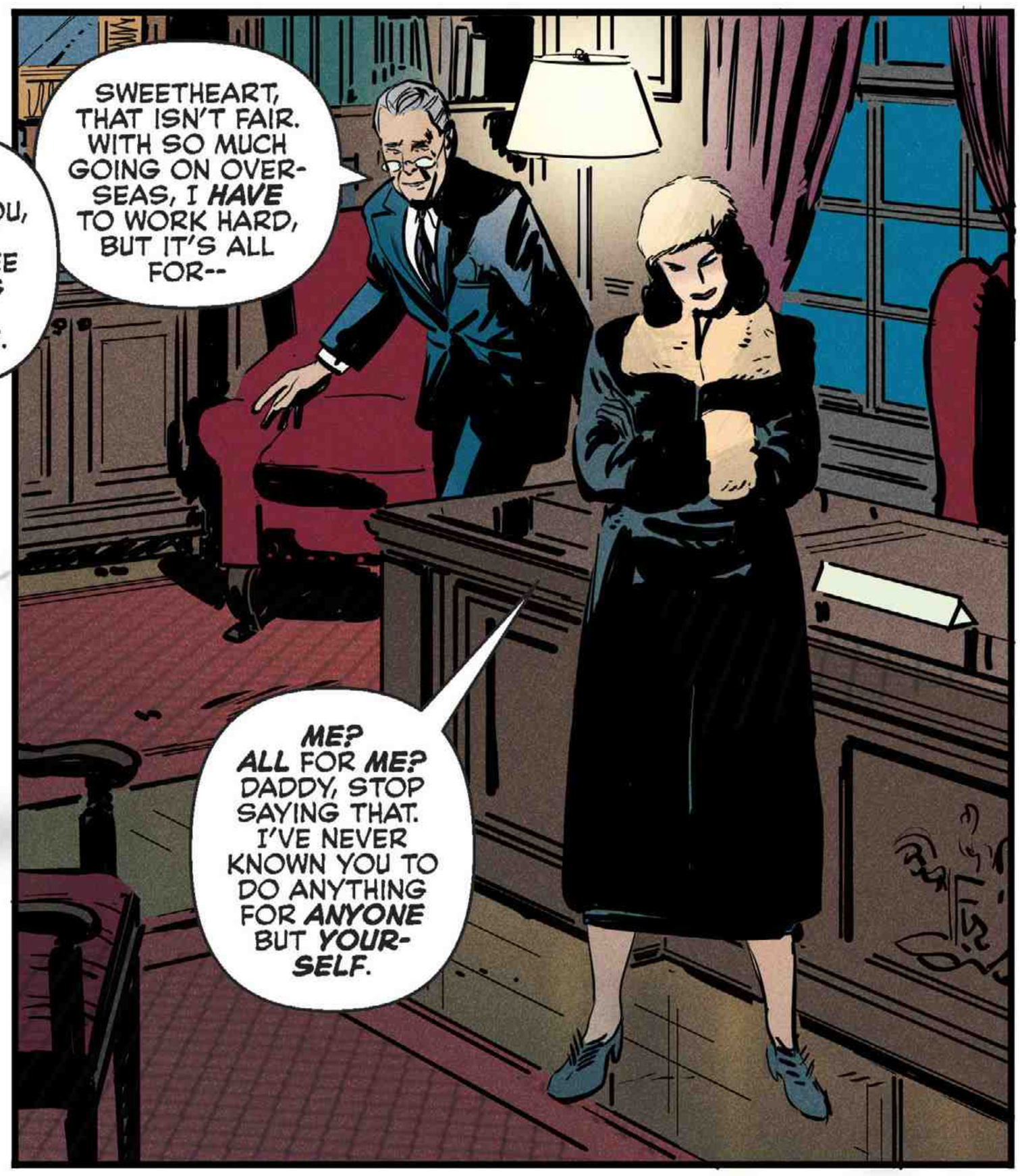
SIR, SHE KNOWS--
SHE'S CRAZY, AND SO ARE YOU!

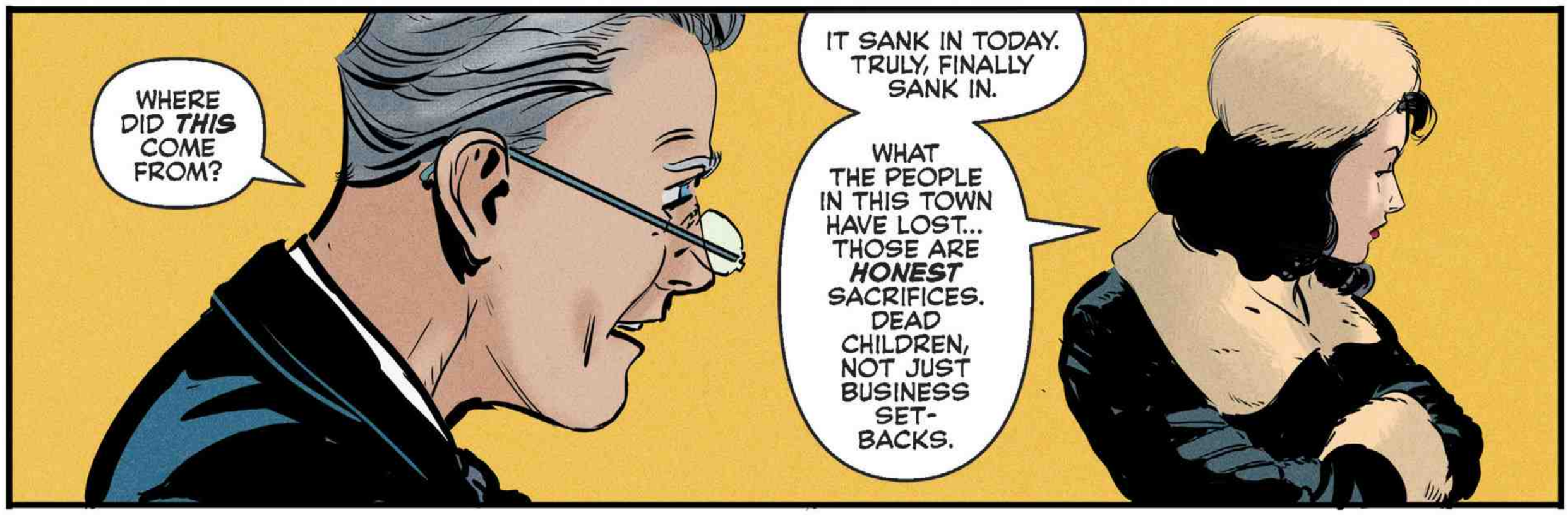
SLAP



BETTY--!

RONNIE? HOW WAS THE SERVICE? I'M SORRY I COULDN'T MAKE IT--
I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU, DADDY. I HARDLY SEE ANYTHING OF YOU ANYMORE.
LODGE Enterprises


SWEETHEART, THAT ISN'T FAIR. WITH SO MUCH GOING ON OVER-SEAS, I HAVE TO WORK HARD, BUT IT'S ALL FOR--
ME? ALL FOR ME? DADDY, STOP SAYING THAT. I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO DO ANYTHING FOR ANYONE BUT YOUR-SELF.

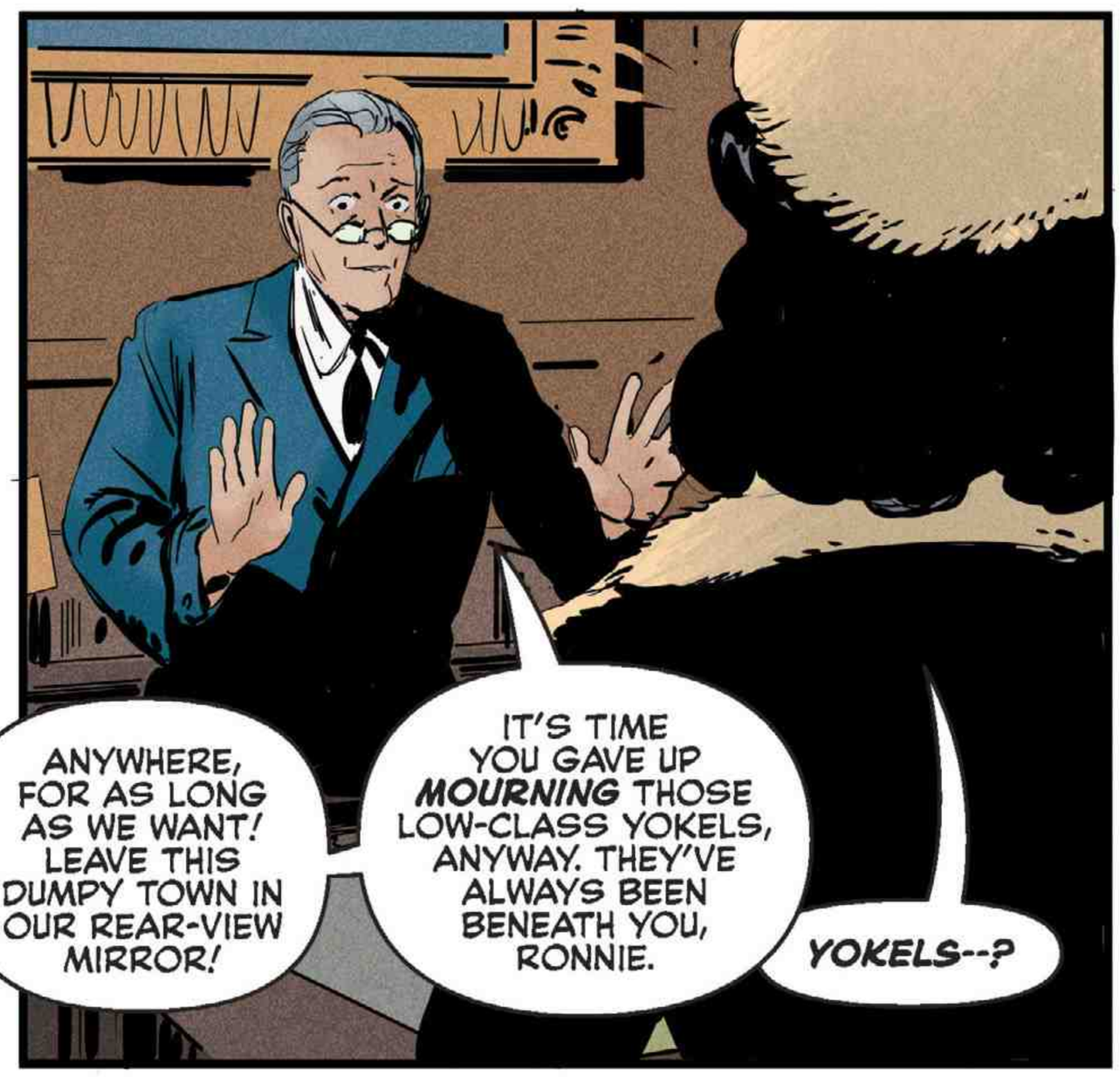

WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?
IT SANK IN TODAY. TRULY, FINALLY SANK IN.
WHAT THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN HAVE LOST... THOSE ARE HONEST SACRIFICES. DEAD CHILDREN, NOT JUST BUSINESS SET-BACKS.

I'VE BEEN BUSY MAKING SURE YOU DON'T HAVE TO SACRIFICE. I'VE BEEN MAKING MONEY! WHICH, I WILL POINT OUT, YOU HAVE NEVER REFUSED. I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU--
HOW? AFTER MOM LEFT, I WAS RAISED BY NANNIES AND BUTLERS.
...

I RECOGNIZE THAT WE'VE NOT BEEN... IDYLLICALLY CLOSE. BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING LATELY. EVEN IF YOU'VE NOT NOTICED.
IF YOU'RE ACCUSING ME OF NOT KNOWING WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE THIS RECEIPT FOR--

FOR WHAT? A NEW CAR? A NEW WARDROBE? I HAVE EVERYTHING YOU CAN BUY!
THEN... LET'S GO AWAY SOMEWHERE. LEAVE ALL THIS TENSION AND SADNESS BEHIND.

REALLY?


ANYWHERE, FOR AS LONG AS WE WANT! LEAVE THIS DUMPY TOWN IN OUR REAR-VIEW MIRROR!
IT'S TIME YOU GAVE UP MOURNING THOSE LOW-CLASS YOKELS, ANYWAY. THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN BENEATH YOU, RONNIE.
YOKELS--?

WELL... THAT IS...
RONNIE, PLEASE... THIS WAR IS TERRIBLE, BUT I'VE MANAGED TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT FOR US. I'VE ALMOST TRIPLED MY FORTUNE. I COULD RETIRE.
BUT YOU WON'T. ANYWAY, I'M LEAVING.

LEAVE...? YOU CAN'T!
I CAN. I'M NINETEEN NOW.
BUT WHERE... WHERE WILL YOU GO?
Oh, SHE'LL BE IN FINE HANDS, HIRAM.

VERONICA IS GOING TO COME LIVE WITH *ME*.

HERMIONE?

YEAH. I'M GOING WITH *MOM*.

WE HAVE *MUCH* BETTER NURSING SCHOOLS THERE.

NURSING--?

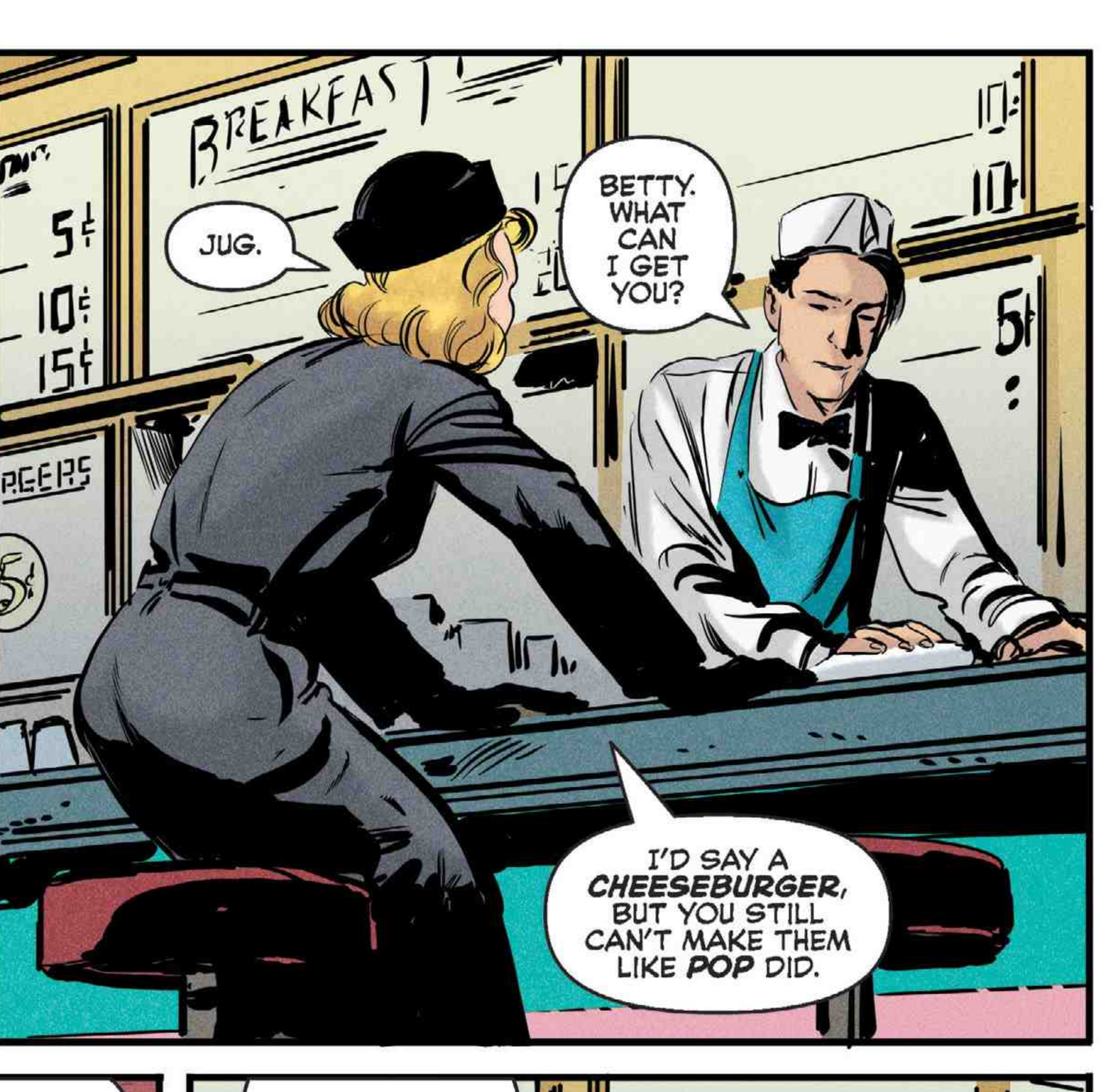
I WANT TO TAKE SOME CLASSES. SEE WHERE THAT LEADS ME. I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT LONG AGO.

THEY SAY YOU CAN NEVER MAKE UP FOR *LOST TIME*.

SLAM

Hiram--
I am touched by the size of your budget-tripling donation towards the Andrews memorial. Rest assured that, as per your wishes, it will remain anonymous. Your receipt is attached. Your daughter would be proud.
Waldo Weatherbee

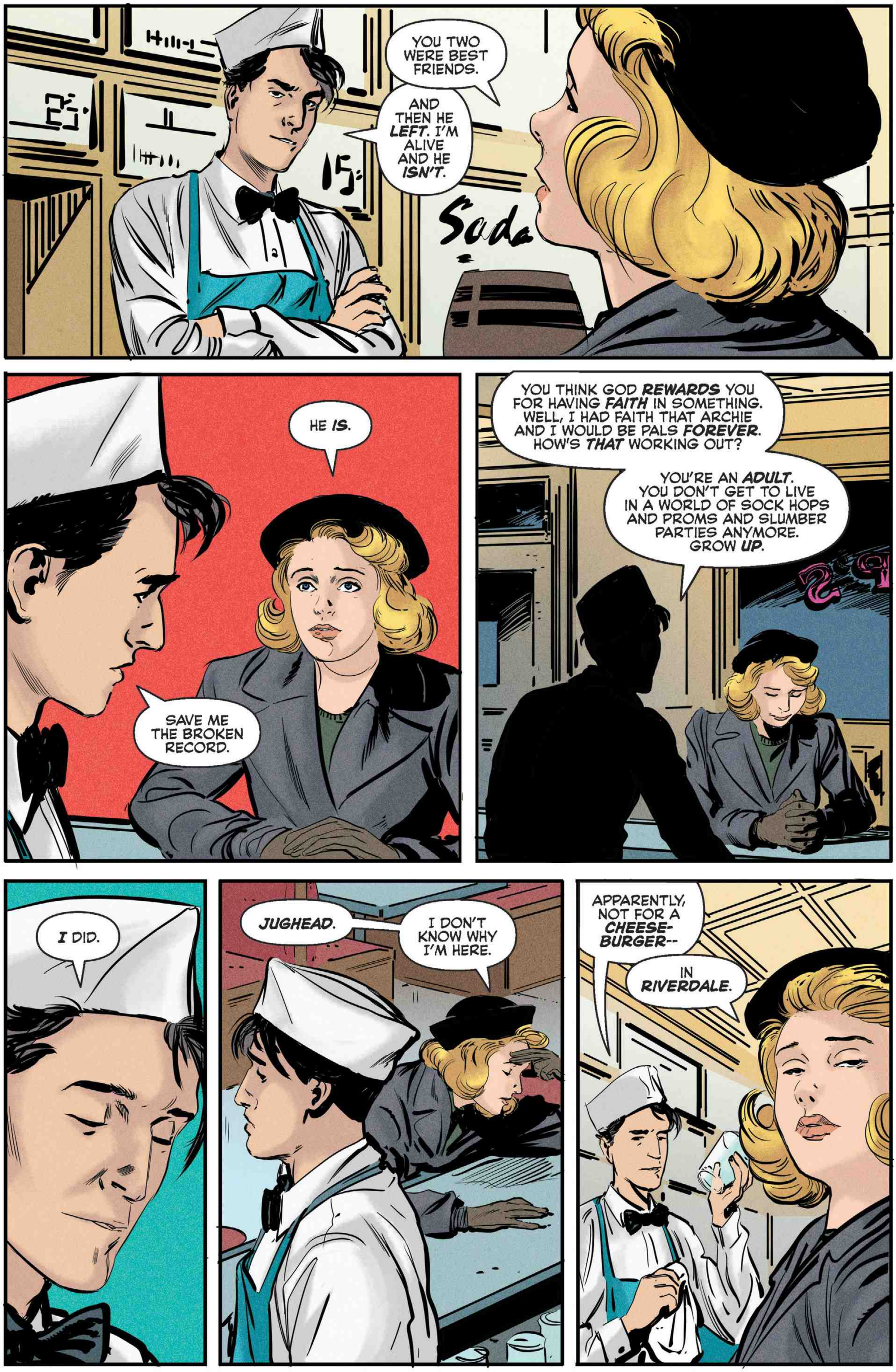
OP'S


BREAKFAST
5¢
10¢
15¢
JUG.
BETTY. WHAT CAN I GET YOU?
I'D SAY A *CHEESEBURGER*, BUT YOU STILL CAN'T MAKE THEM LIKE *POP* DID.

I'M LEARNING. YOU'D RATHER HE'D SOLD THE PLACE TO SOME OUT-OF-TOWNER INSTEAD OF THE *JONESES?*
I WAS JUST TEASING, JUG. DON'T GET MAD.
I'M AT WORK, BETTY. THAT'S NOT THE TIME TO KID AROUND.

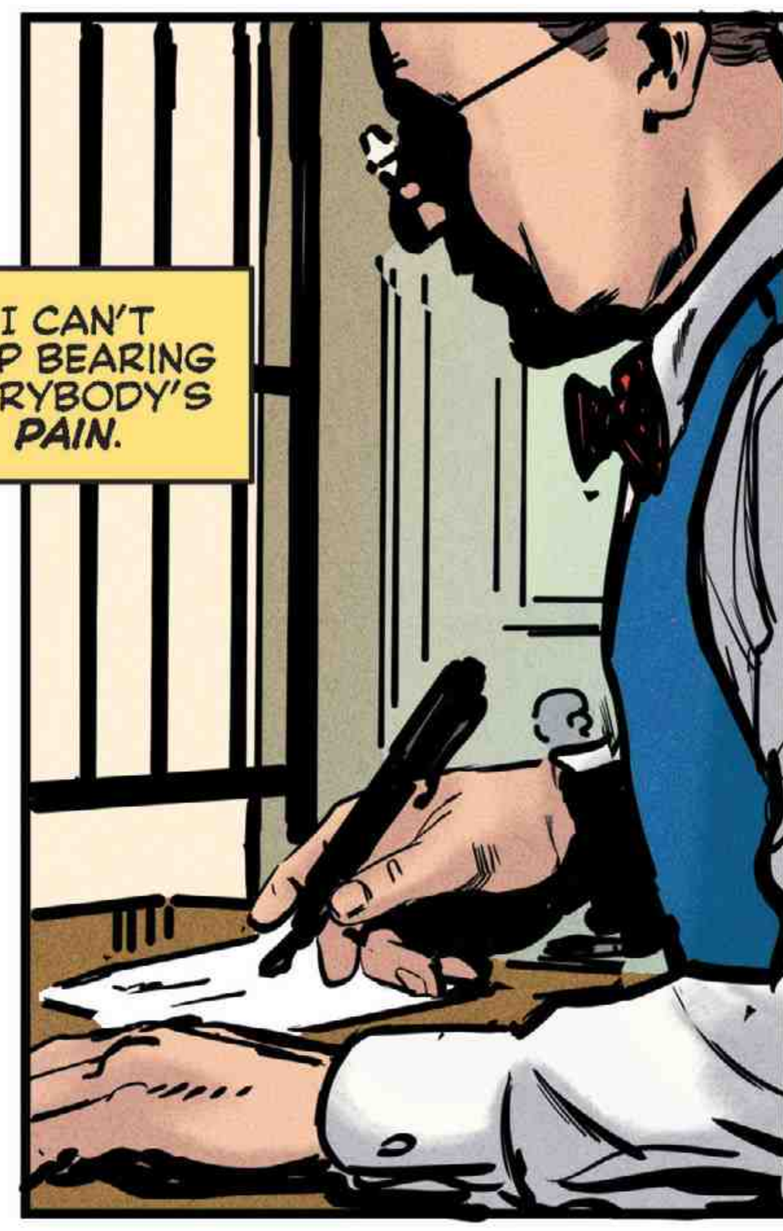
I NOTICE YOU WEREN'T AT THE MEMORIAL TODAY.
NOPE.
DO YOU MIND ME ASKING WHY NOT?

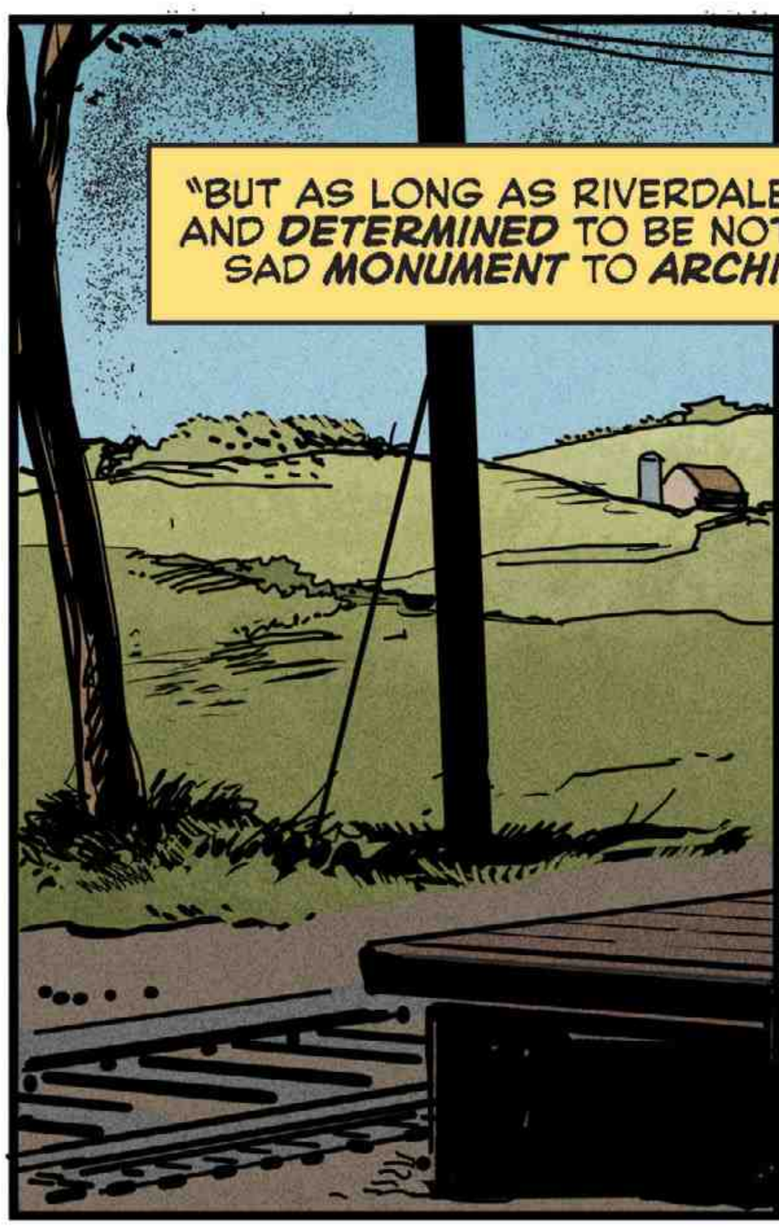
BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT ARCHIE *BACK*.
POP'S

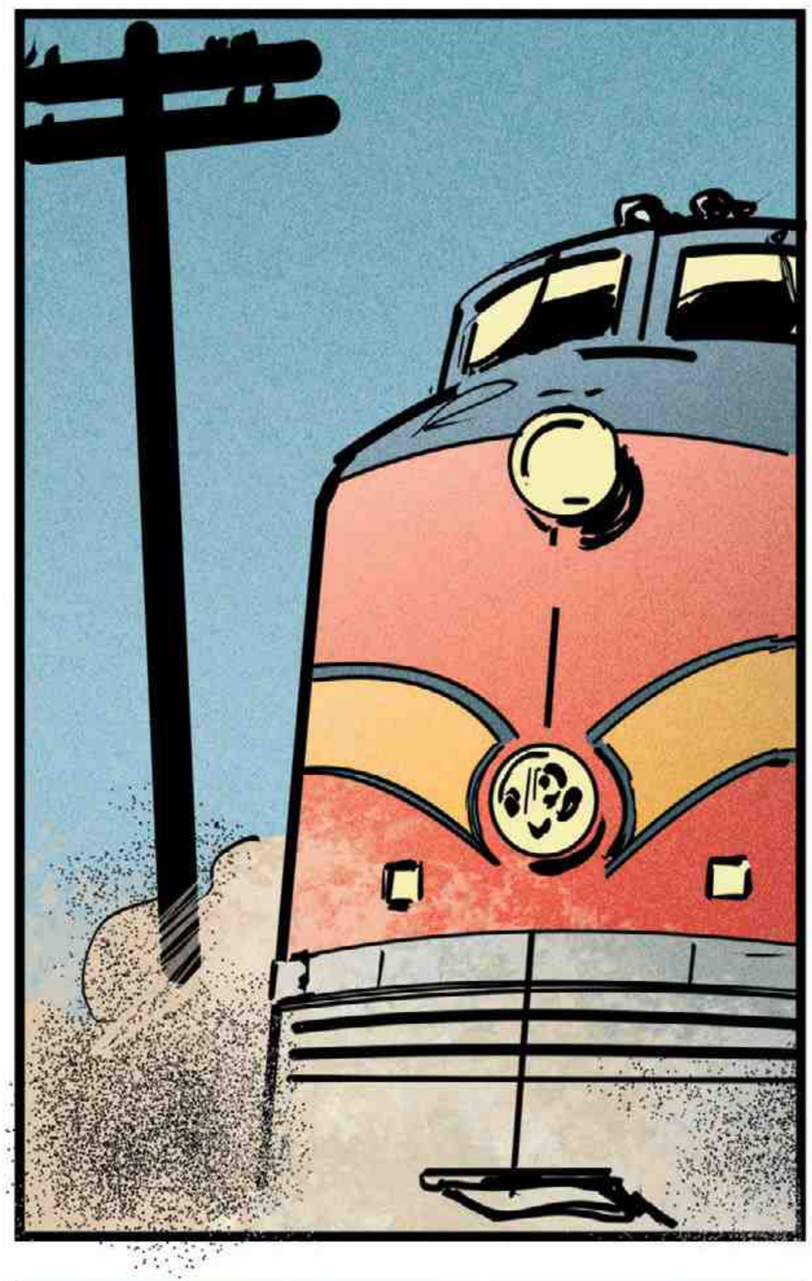

YOU TWO WERE BEST FRIENDS.
AND THEN HE LEFT. I'M ALIVE AND HE ISN'T.
Soda
HE IS.
SAVE ME THE BROKEN RECORD.
YOU THINK GOD REWARDS YOU FOR HAVING FAITH IN SOMETHING. WELL, I HAD FAITH THAT ARCHIE AND I WOULD BE PALS FOREVER. HOW'S THAT WORKING OUT?
YOU'RE AN ADULT. YOU DON'T GET TO LIVE IN A WORLD OF SOCK HOPS AND PROMS AND SLUMBER PARTIES ANYMORE. GROW UP.
I DID.
JUGHEAD.
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M HERE.
APPARENTLY, NOT FOR A CHEESE-BURGER--
IN RIVERDALE.

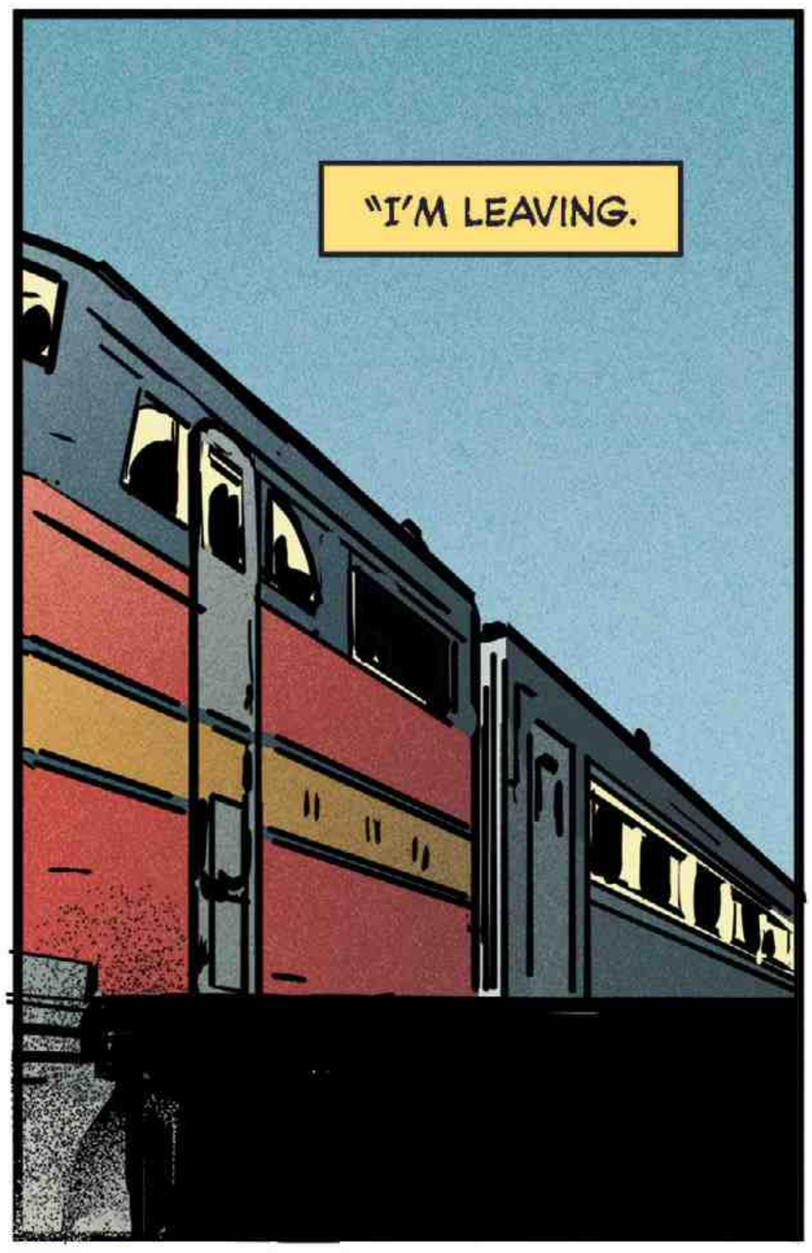
"I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE, JUG."

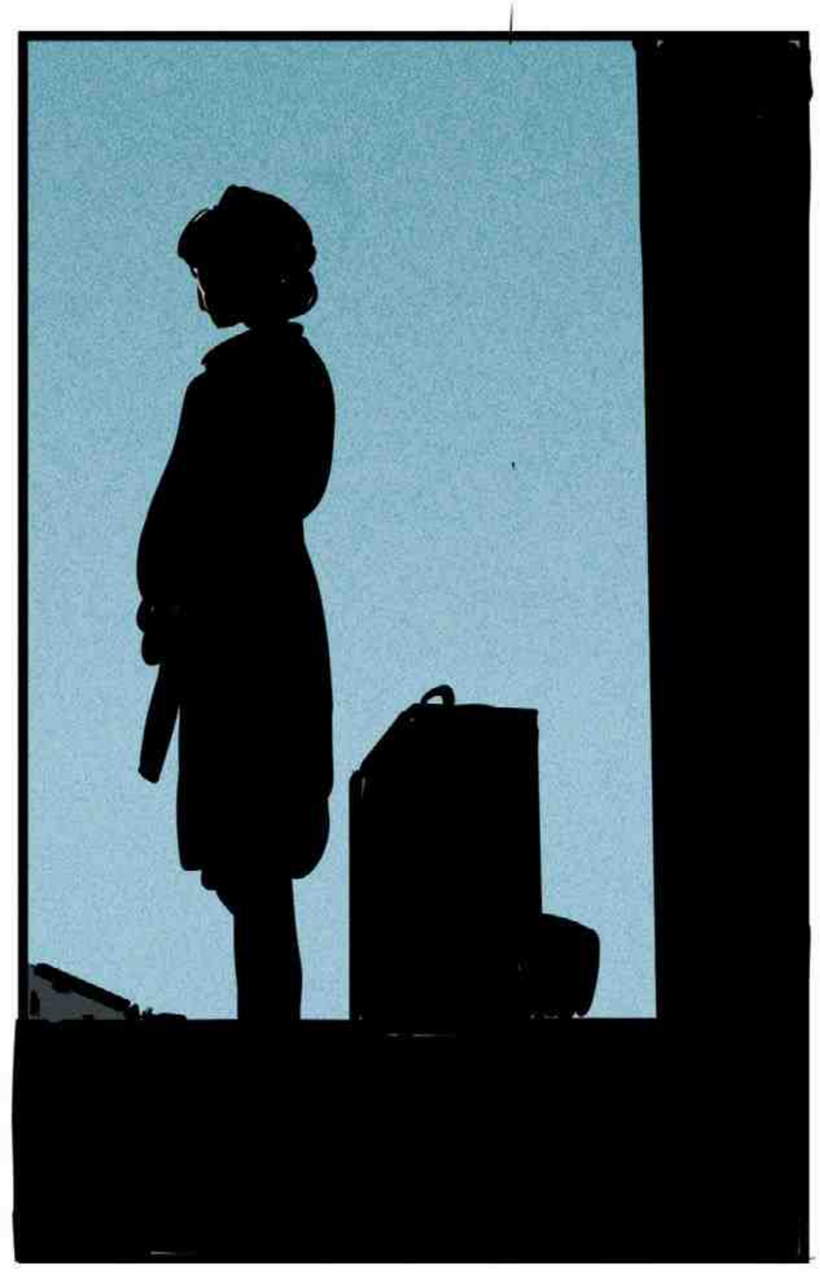
RIVERDALE

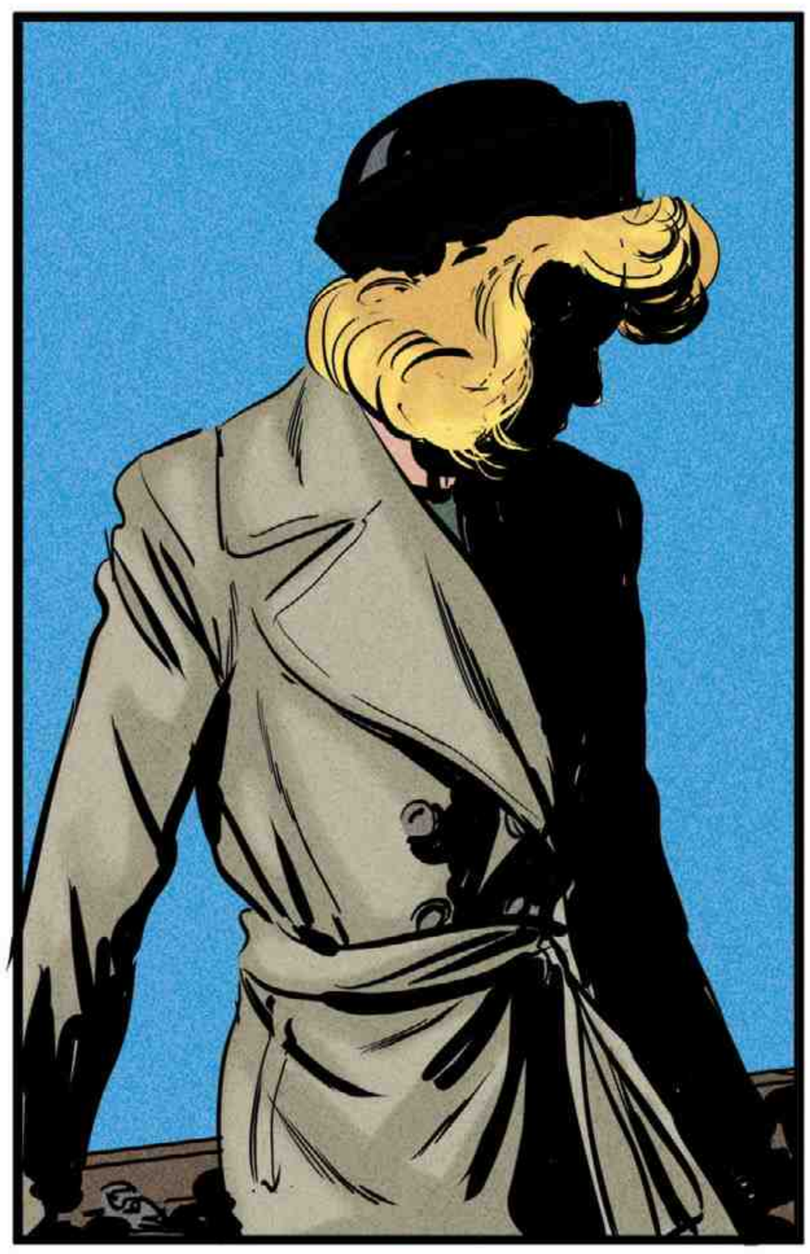


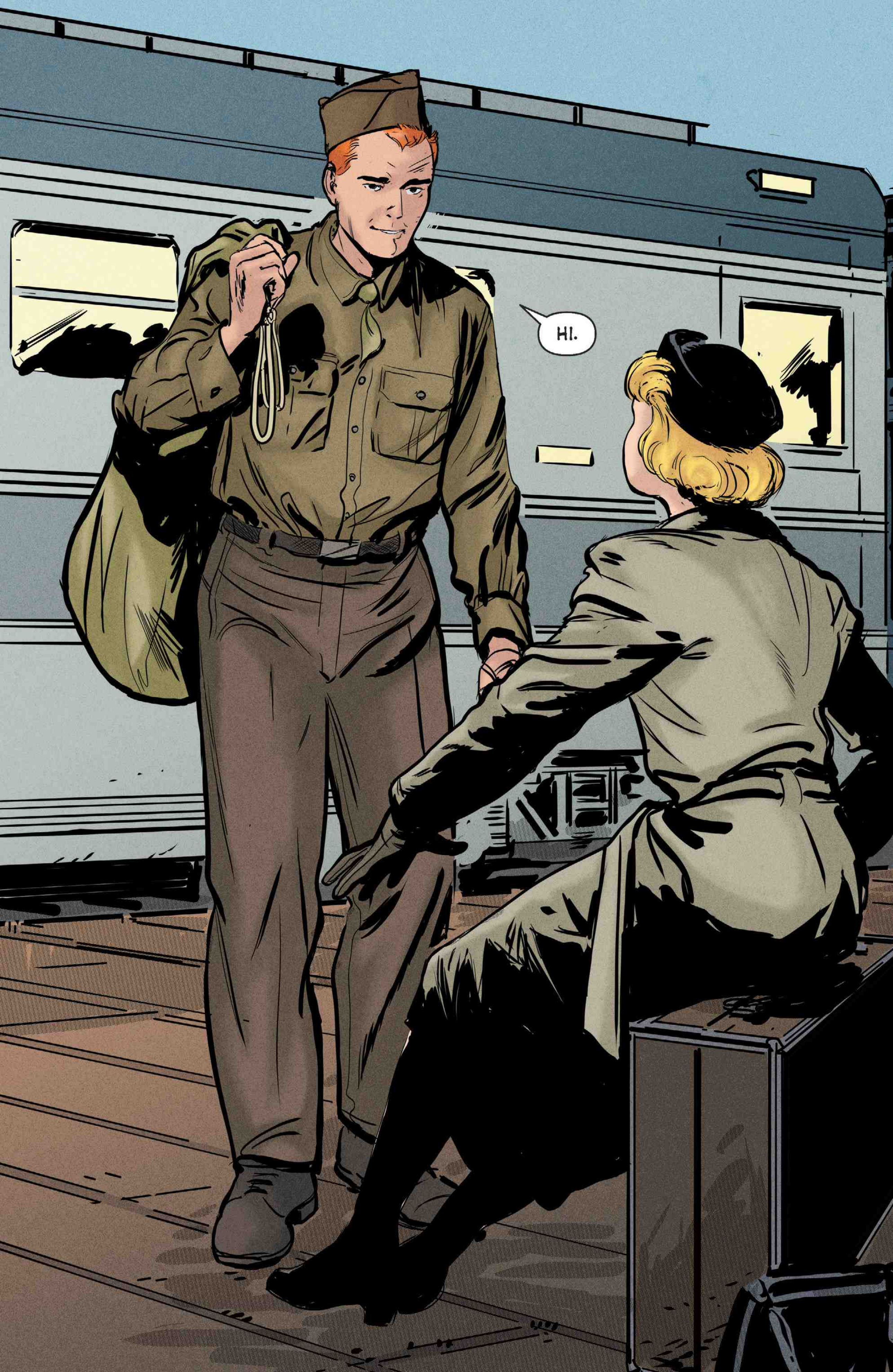





"I'M LEAVING.






HI.

"THE EXPLOSION WAS DEAFENING. BLEW MY DOG TAGS CLEAN OFF. I'M STILL DEAF IN MY LEFT EAR. I DIDN'T KNOW UP FROM DOWN.

"AND THAT'S WHEN THE ***TUNISIAN NOMADS*** SHOWED UP.

"THE ***TUAREG*** PEOPLE.

"THEY HATED THE GERMANS AS MUCH AS ***WE*** DO.

"THEY TOOK ME IN, KEPT ME HIDDEN FROM THE NAZIS. FOUND OUT LATER THEY DO THAT FOR A ***LOT*** OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS...HELP 'EM GET BACK ***HOME***.

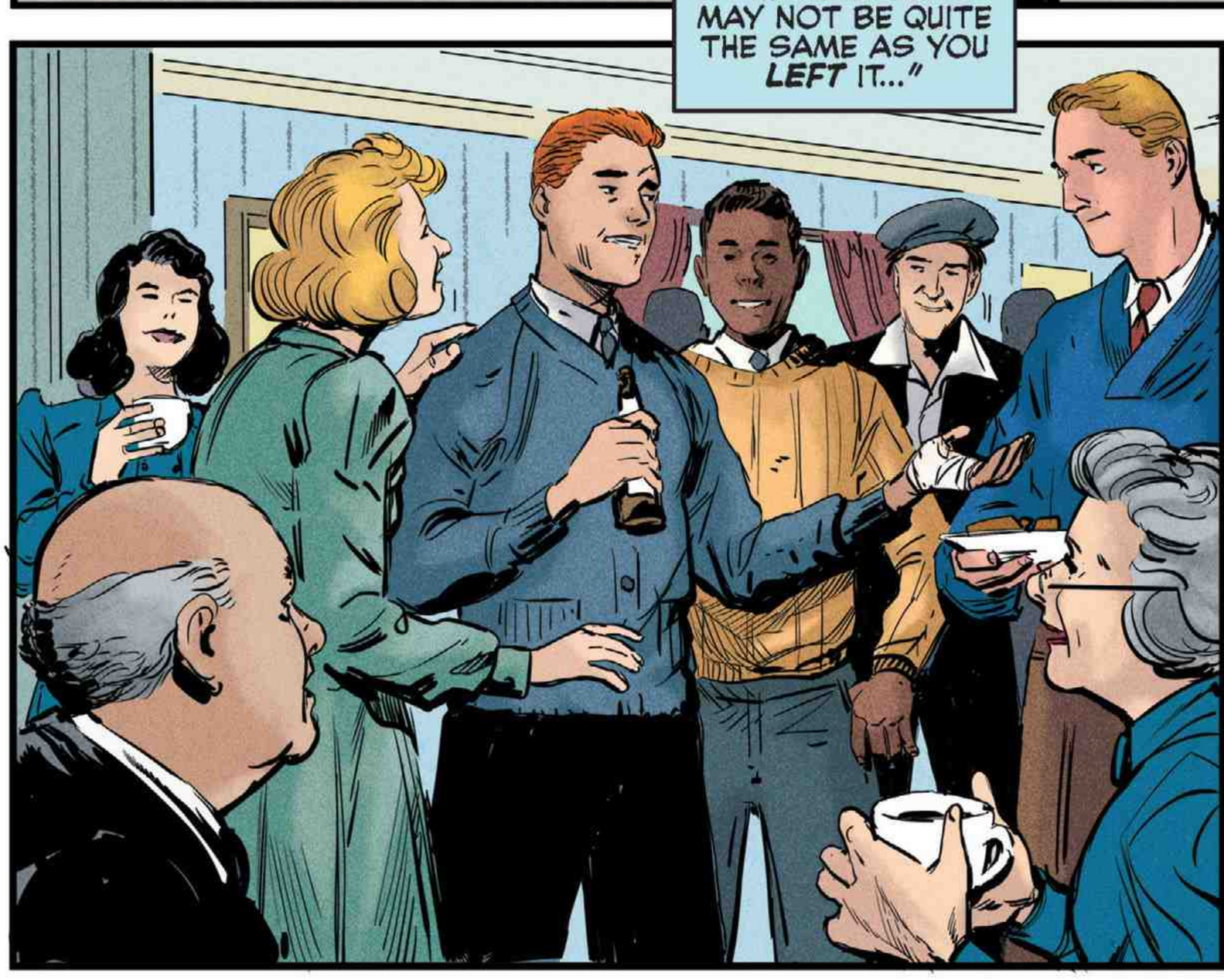
"EXCEPT I WAS OUT OF MY ***HEAD*** WITH ***SHELL SHOCK***, BETS. FOR THE LONGEST TIME, I COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO I ***WAS***. I DIDN'T KNOW REGGIE HAD ***SAVED*** ME, OR HOW...

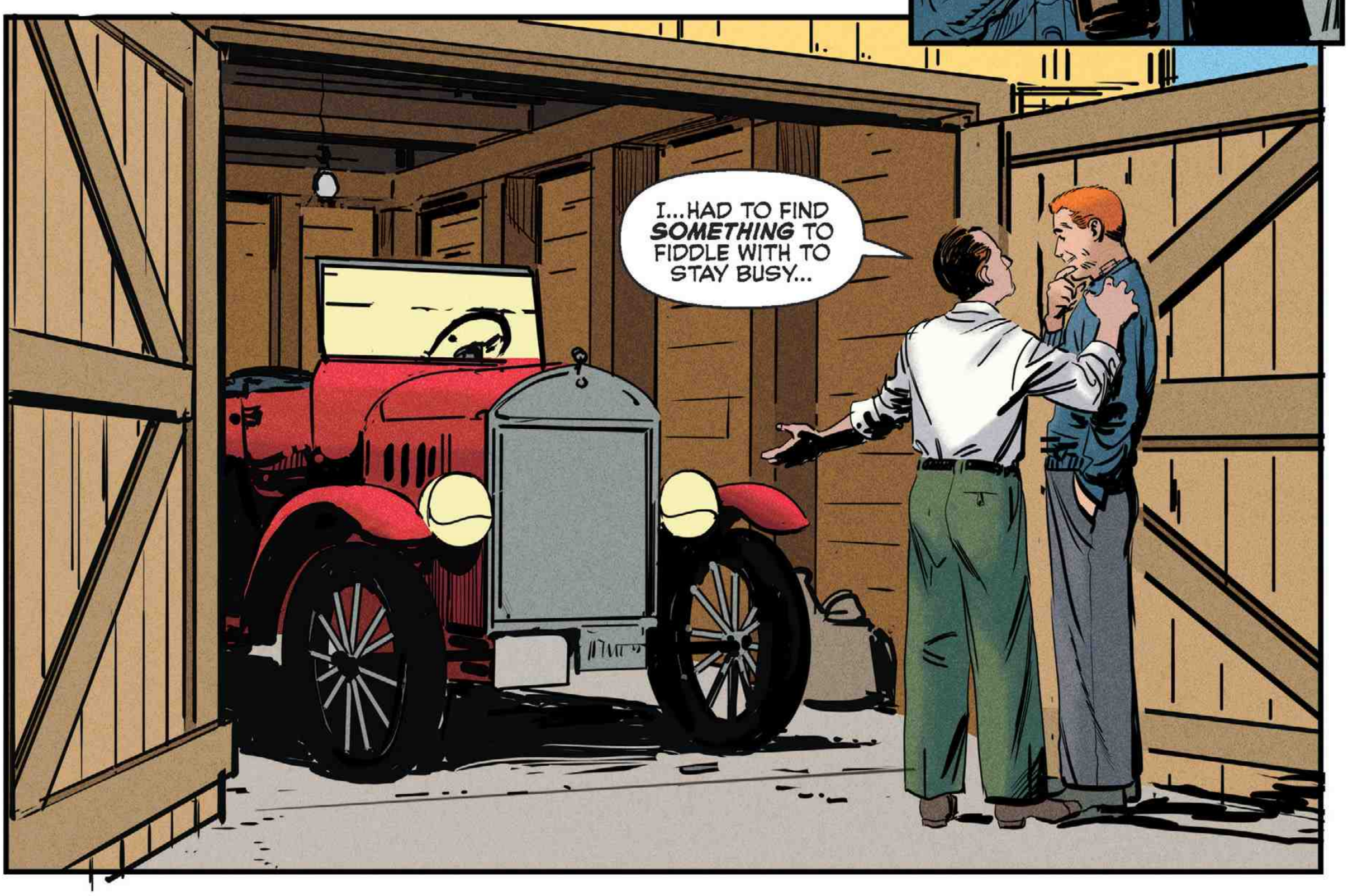
"HOW HE DIED ***SAVING*** ME...

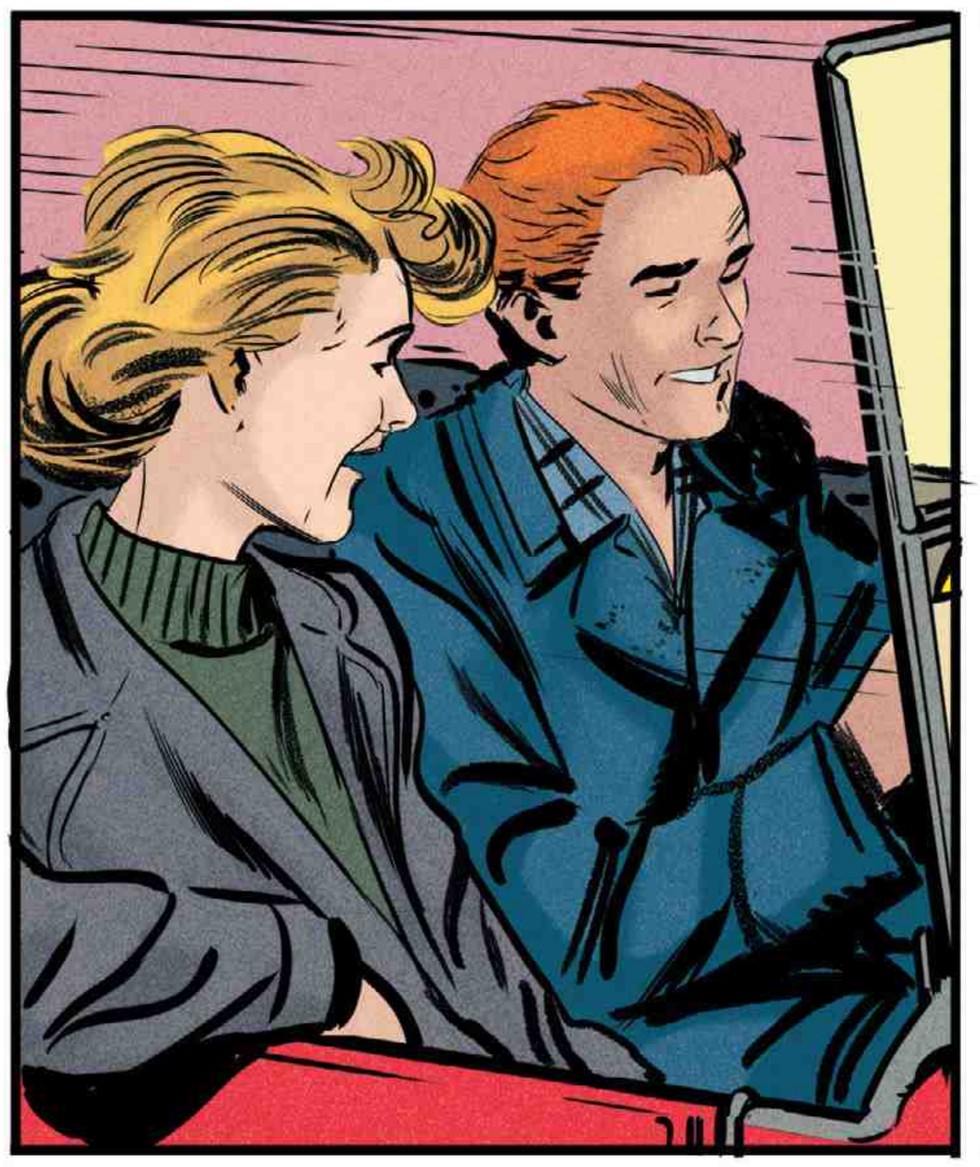
"ANYWAY. I LIVED AMONG 'EM UNTIL I COULD FINALLY REMEMBER MY ***NAME***. THEY PROMISED TO HELP GET ME ALL THE WAY BACK ***HOME***. AND THEY NEARLY ***MADE*** IT."

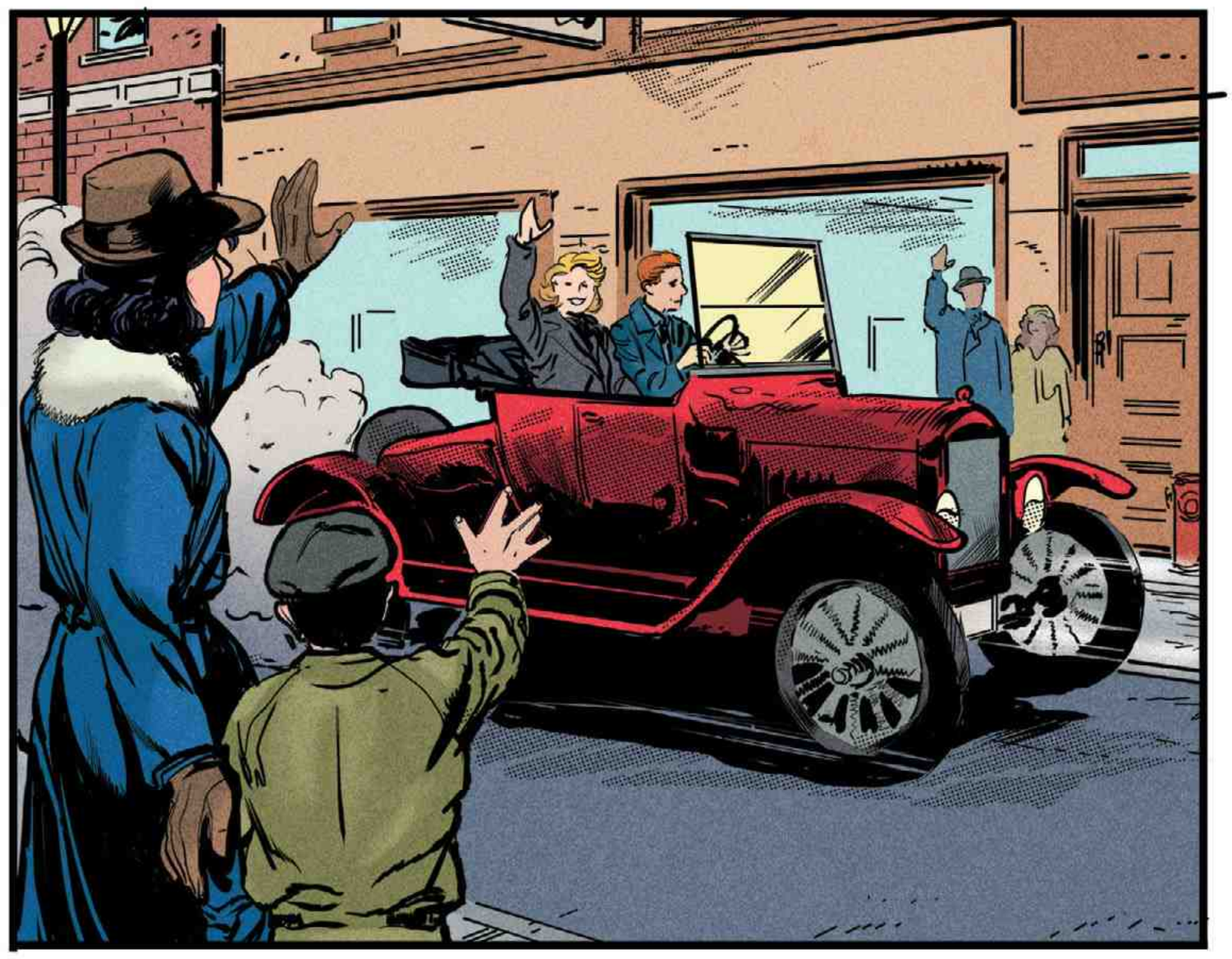
"NEARLY"?
THE FRONT LINE ISN'T *HOME*, BETTY. HOME IS ONLY *ONE PLACE*.
WHEREVER *YOU* ARE.

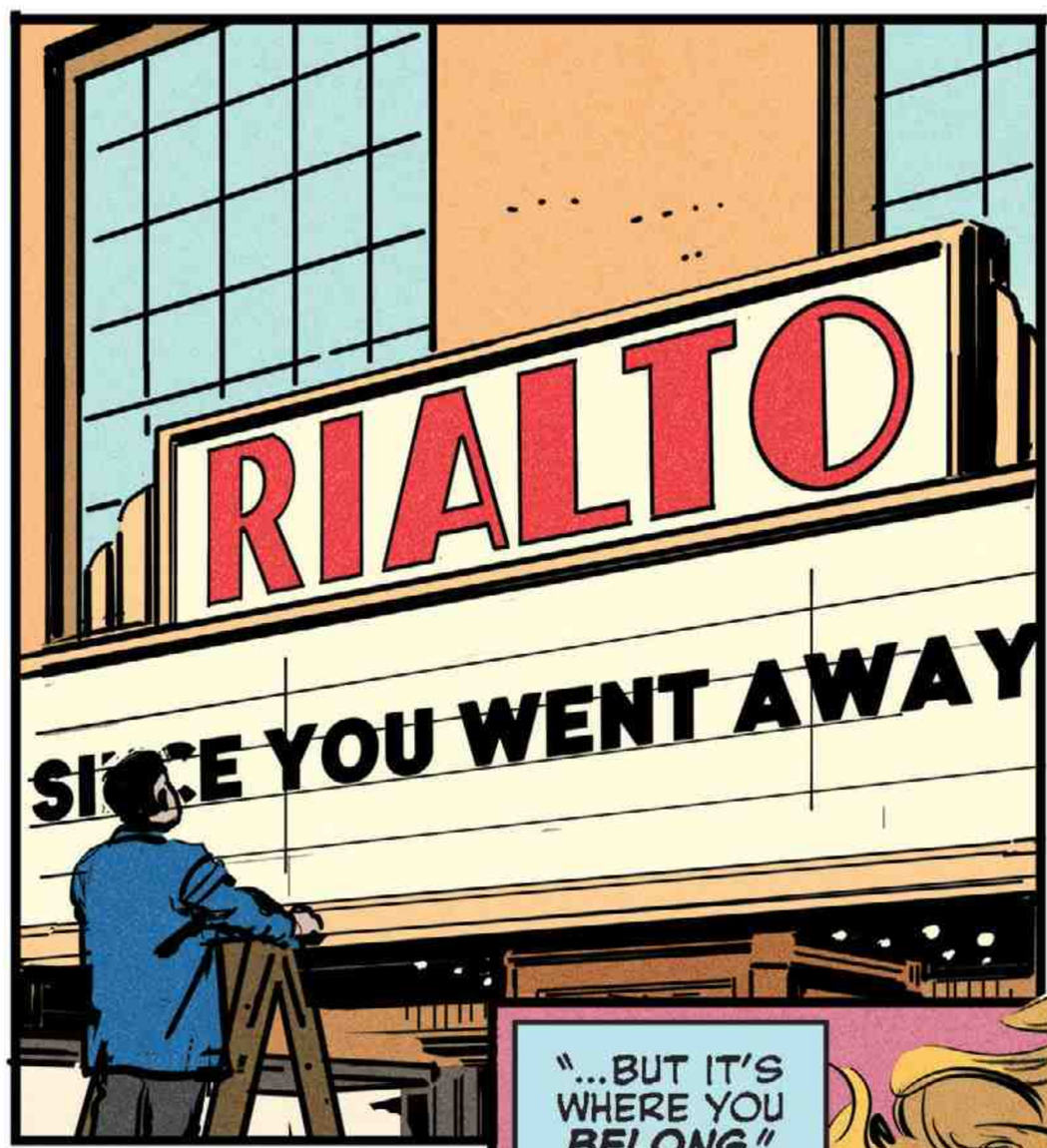
"WELCOME BACK.

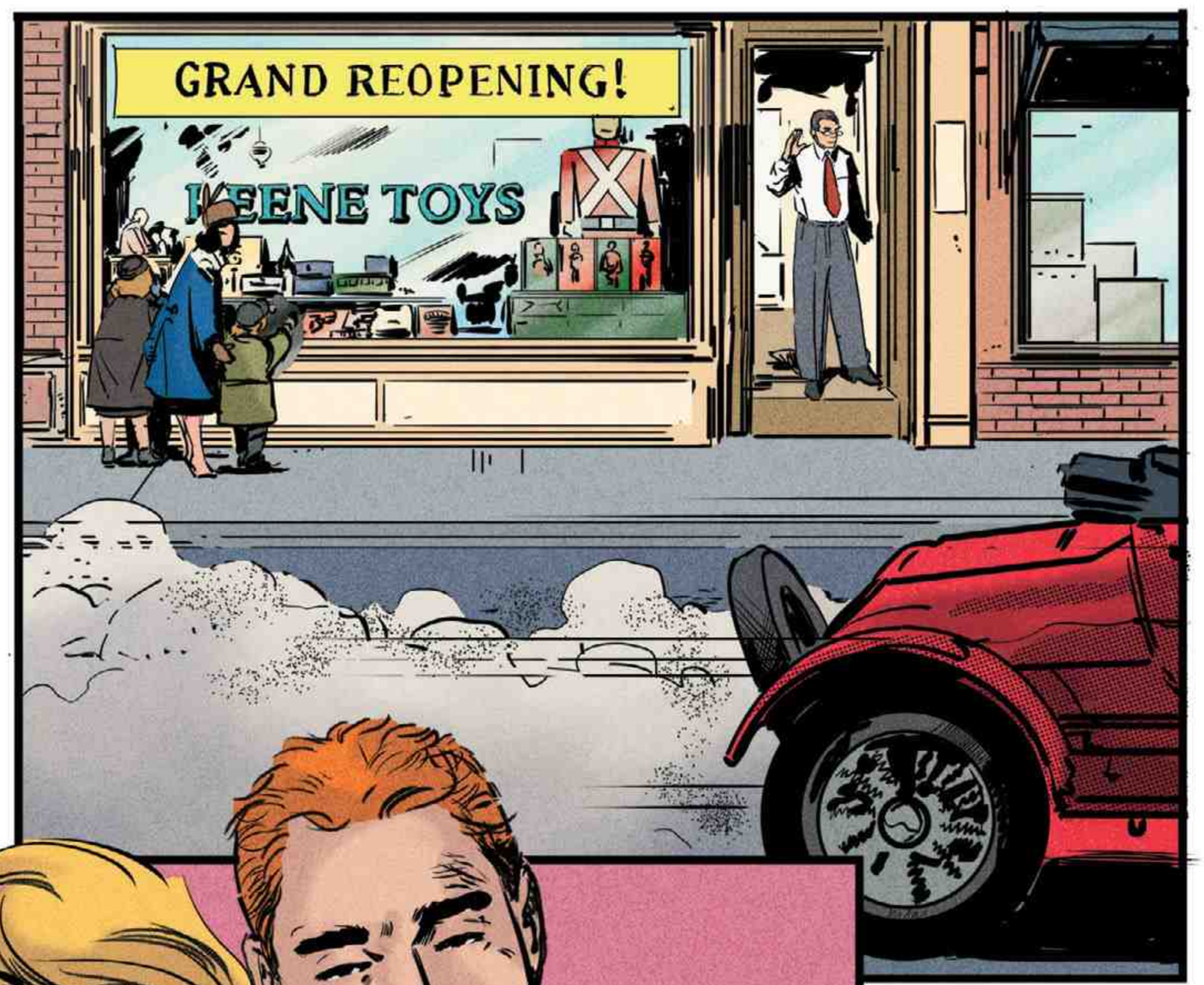

"THIS OLD BURG MAY NOT BE QUITE THE SAME AS YOU *LEFT* IT..."

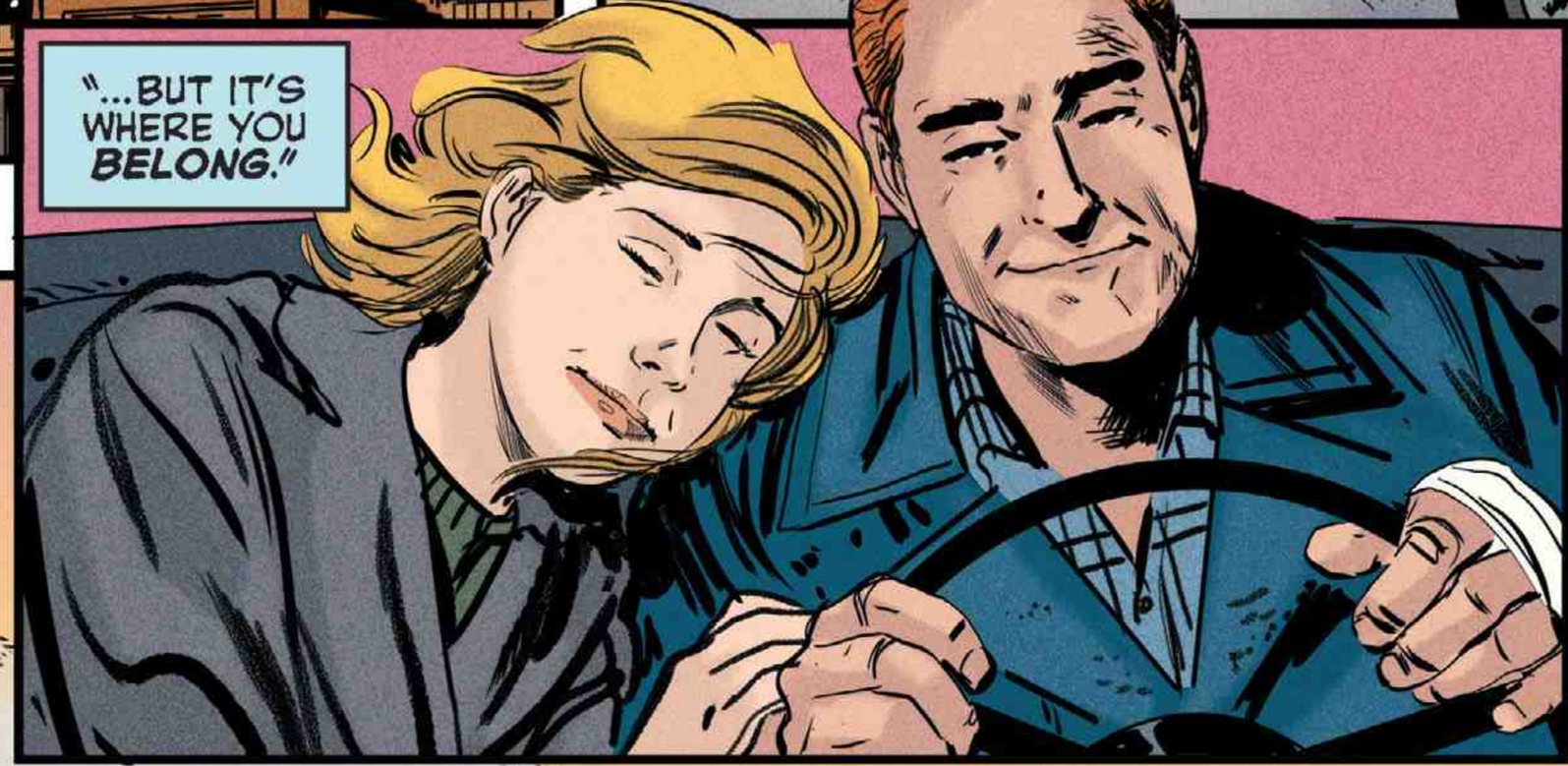

I...HAD TO FIND *SOMETHING* TO FIDDLE WITH TO STAY BUSY...





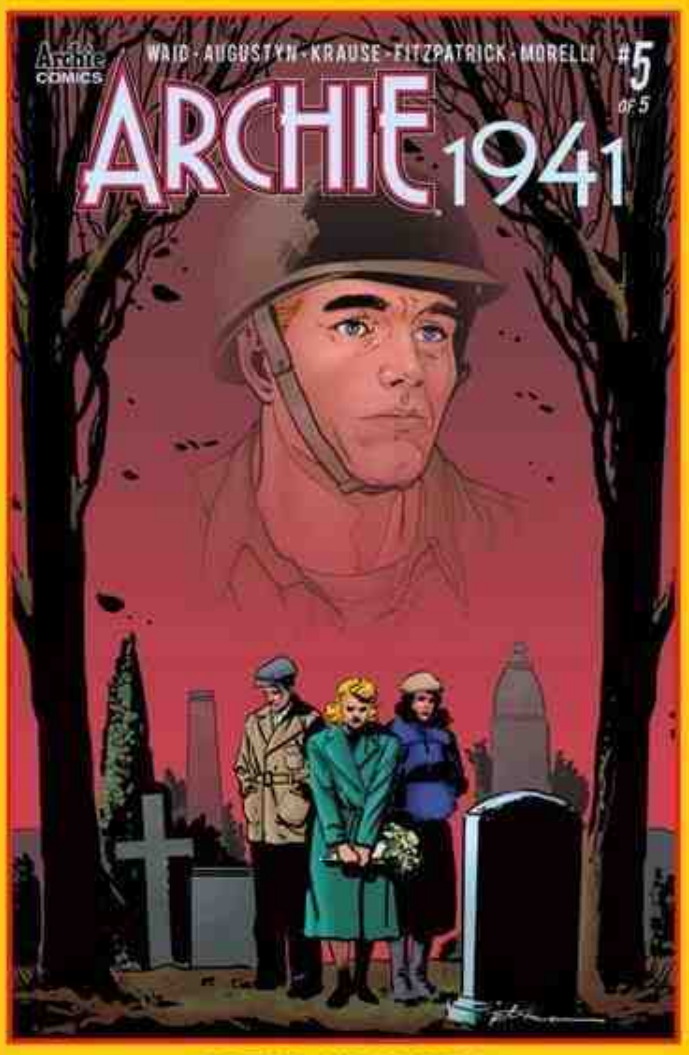

RIALTO
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY


GRAND REOPENING!
KEENE TOYS


"...BUT IT'S WHERE YOU BELONG."

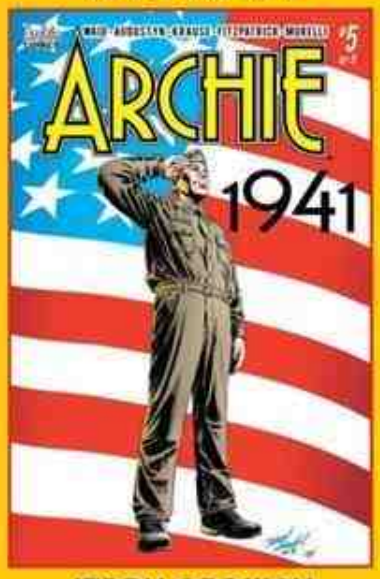
END

COVER GALLERY



PETER KRAUSE &
ROSARIO "TITO" PEÑA

TULA LOTAY



JERRY ORDWAY
& GLENN WHITMORE